

METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1908

ART. I.—THE BOOK OF RUTH

THERE are many beautiful stories, but one than which there is none more beautiful is the book called Ruth. It was written long ago. Its author is unknown. It is hid away from the eyes of many who love noble books by being in the Bible, that library of thoughts and sayings and doings which make those both great and good who translate them into life. If the book of Ruth had been printed in a volume by itself, and had passed from hand to hand as the writing of some sweet, unknown genius, people would have raved over it; as the matter now stands, few know it as a literary masterpiece. Few have considered how perfume-sweet the story is nor how beyond moonlight shines the light upon its barley fields. But not the less there stands the touching, idyllic story named Ruth. Its pages are full of witchery. Whatever stories fade and pass like moaning of autumn wind, this story will abide. It has in it love, and fealty to duty, and the quiet wonder of the harvest field and the sky, and the sound of sobs, and the sound of gentle laughter, and the wistful face of one dear woman, on whom to look is to have procured a picture whose loveliness abides forever.

Sad enough the sight is. All about Bethlehem is parched and bare. The time for harvest is past, but no sickles rang and no gleaners laughed among the sheaves of wheat and on the outskirts of the sunny field. A succession of famine years has baked the soil and cracked the ground till the naked feet of hungry children

crowd down the crevices as they run. The sky is cobalt but glows as if on fire. The well at Bethlehem's gate is dry, and blowing dust foams at its mouth. The sheep upon the Bethlehem hills are lean, and pant even in the shadows. Bethlehem folk gather in tired knots and talk only of the drought. The one theme of these once thrifty villagers is drought, drought, drought. Families once opulent landowners are now reduced to beggary; for of what wealth-use is a land baked like a potsherd—a land whipped with the bitter flails of famine? They are land poor. Servant and master alike are at starvation's brink. They look down this chasm, deeper than the Kidron's as it deepens toward the Dead Sea's brim. Famine—grim, surly, pitiless—is here, and as some somber spirits think and say—for somber souls are swift at saying—the dearth is perpetual. It cannot rain. Are not the heavens burned out? Are not the rain bottles withered with the fervent heats? At night there is no dew. You lie out the hot night through but cannot sleep. Night is hot as day, the sleepless think. The sick die at night. No breath of wind from the hills of Ephraim breathes down like the wafting of a prayer. Men and women and children haunt the sunset to see if some dim cloud shall not shadow the sun's going down. They watch in vain. The glow of sunset is as the glow of noon, only a sun like a huge coal, red as blood, lies on the hearth of the west and fairly melts the hilltops with its ardency. Sunset is hot as sun-noon; and midnight is hot as midday. So the panting, sleepless folks say each to the other as they walk the midnight streets or fields fainting for a breath of air. A citizen of Bethlehem, Elimelech, has sold his land for a song. His wife has grown haggard with the famine and the heat—and his two sons—likely lads, but weakly from their birth—are all but dead. They can scarce stand even in the shadow. Their parents have had hard work to bring them through the ailments of childhood to this rim of manhood. They are in their teens, but pale at the best and never strong like other lads. They are like to die. And Elimelech and his wife, Naomi, had sobbed and prayed and hoped against hope through famine-smit nights and days; but now they see, or think they see with their parent hearts, that there is no alternative. If they tarry in Bethlehem till another Sabbath, Mahlon

and Chilion will be too weak to walk to the land of plenty, and these Ephrathite farmer folk are so poor they have no money to hire a passage to a better country. And so with much sobbing, heard by the neighbors in the night, they rise early and begin their pilgrimage to the hoped-for plenty. Long before sunrise they have looked sadly on the home they left. Naomi has kissed the wall where her little child lay when she died and has left the rain of her salt tears to dry there like a libation. Early as the morning is, Orientwise the village folks are on the streets and rolling hills. And those who stay and those who go give kisses and embraces, and sob aloud: "Shall we meet again?" And this once wealthy family has trudged slowly over the hills, stopping to take a last tearful and pathetic look at Bethlehem, dear Bethlehem. Naomi watches longest; and those stayers at home in the famine village, waiting beside the well before the gate see a last waving hand of farewell—the tear-wet hand of Naomi—and the family has vanished from the sight of such as loved and valued them. Elimelech has heard that in south Moab the crop is good and laborers are wanted and drought is not thought of. He thitherward journeys. He cannot haste. Mother and children stagger at times, and must rest, pathetically often, beneath the burning shadow of the rock. And Naomi faints betimes with homesickness and hunger but, mother-like, thinks only of her sons. In her garments, tied up like jewels for preciousness, she has a few handfuls of parched corn which the kindly neighbors took from their scant store and thrust into her hands at parting. These she doles out to the fainting lads and the husband, who helps in turn wife and sons in the fatigue of the sad exodus. The road leads downhill. That is a mercy, and for that mercy when the day is done they four render thanks to God, who, though he seems not to hearken to their petitions, they still in heart believe has not forgotten them; he is angered with them, but will not hold his anger forever. They have no luggage. They are past that. Famine has taken all they had save a garment for each to serve at night for mantle and coverlet. They are so tired the first night that they fall by the wayside like wounded birds before the evening star has set its quiet light. So tired! And then comes the blessing of dreamless sleep, and when they wake the sun is up

and the ground glitters as fire. Downhill, downhill, the tired, famished family falters. At last the Jordan shimmers before their wistful eyes. The Jordan, thank God! Water, water! Their water cruse is empty, and shrunk with the heat, and once the Jordan reached they run breast-deep into its murmuring waters with a cry of delight, and they lean and drink and drink, and life begins anew. Thence onward it seems but a step to fruitful Moab. Their hearts are gripped with hope once more. Life looks glad as a ruddy day. "Plenty and home," Elimelech says to wife and sons, though truly his saying has the sound of a song. They eat the last scant grains of parched corn when they cross the surly mountain whose top fronts Moab's wheat fields, flashing gold against the sun. Then they fall on each other's neck and kiss each other's cheek and fall on their knees and call out together, like a single voice: "Praise ye Jehovah, whose face shines upon us and gives us peace." Famine was behind them, plenty was before. God's hand rested upon them like a caress.

All this sad story is shadowed in the witching telling of this old holy literary artist in these scant words: "When the judges ruled, there was a famine in the land. And a certain man of Bethlehem of Judah went to sojourn in the land of Moab." Such beauty, such brevity, belongs to the artist souls of men.

"And they came to Moab and continued there." They felt at home. Plainly they found the Moabites humble but wholesome folk, peaceful, neighborly, and given to quiet friendliness. When these starving refugees from Judæa's famine hills came tottering into the Moabitish borders the welcome they were accorded won their hearts. You may set this down as explanation why Elimelech stayed in Moab. The kindness to travelers, strangers, brought strength to their hearts, and often on summer evenings, when neighbors met in groups on the streets ruddy with sunset, Naomi with woman's volubility, would rehearse, with laughter and tears, how when they were strangers these good neighbor folk had taken them in and dealt with them not as intruders but as friends. And so they tarried and their hearts were quiet. Naomi had grown strong, the lads grew like reeds that lined the Jordan's brim—and of course the father was well. He was so strong. Nobody gave

heed to him or thought that he might have ailment. He had been health to the household, and his stout arm had been sufficient strength to help their feebleness from Judæa to Moab. But on a sudden he, the man of strength, fell sick, and lay, cheek hot with fever, all the summer's day, and with the evening died. Then Naomi knew she had never known sorrow and had never tasted the bitter water of calamity. She thought of famine as it had been a rugged dream and no disaster. Here was famine for her heart. She held her husband's head upon her lap and sobbed his virtues forth to all the neighbors who came in to weep with her. "So sweet, so sweet," she sobbed, and when at last they buried him in spite of her entreaties to have him yet a little longer, she said her cup was running over-full. Then for her lad's sake she tried, as women do, to be brave. Her tears were in secret; and the boys saw only a smiling face when their mother welcomed them home from work and wooing. Some heartless woman neighbor said, "She is soon done with grieving," but she kept her heartache, and the weariness of it almost made her die. And she was seen often, now, standing upon the Moab mountain looking northward and westward, always looking northward and westward. And her sons said, with a tug at the throat, "She is looking toward Bethlehem." But she lived in her boys. Their work and play were her work and play. "I live for you, my children," she would say, as all the widowed mothers since the first sunset of sorrow have ever said. "You look so like your father," was her sweet reiterant to her sons. Then they would kiss her fondly and reply: "You always say that, sweet mother."

Then the lads were men! How that came like a surprise to their mother! They were babes, fairly babes to her, little tots clinging to her hand or garment. Men! Why, no, not possible, surely. But each son brought to their home, to greet the gentle mother, a sweetheart, then a wife. Chilion wedded Orpah, Mahlon wedded Ruth. And to them in their honeymoon Naomi flowered out into the poetry of telling of when she was first called wife by the dearest husband woman ever had. Now, Naomi had the faculty, infrequent among mothers, of loving and enjoying her daughters-in-law. She took them to her heart for daughters and was glad, for

had she not always had a longing for a daughter of her own? Ofttimes she was not found at home, and came back at last with tears warm and wet on her cheeks, and the family knew she had been weeping at her husband's grave. Sometimes slow-traveling news came that at Bethlehem golden harvests grew again, and the well at the gate was full of water, and the land laden with sunny harvests had forgotten it was ever harvestless and parched with drought. And Naomi wondered, if they had stayed the famine out, if her husband had not still been with her. Then her eyes could not discern the near and could only see the far. But she was happy, for all, with a sort of Indian summer happiness. The joy of seeing her happy sons and daughters gave her lips a song sometimes when she knew it not. But the young men, like their father, grew wan and weak, and no physician could stay their disease. They had been weakly all their lives, even as babes, for "Mahlon" meant "sickness" and "Chilion" meant "consumption." Their cough was incorrigible. Day and night they wasted away till there were two funerals; and the grave of Elimelech at the village edge had companions. Three women wept there where one woman had been sole mourner, and Naomi of the widowed heart, and now of the sonless heart, sobbed her way along: "I am all alone, all alone." And then she would stumble in her tearful speech, falter to her knees, and pray: "The Lord Jehovah help me or I die." And the Lord heard her and helped her. Her bitterness was not all gall. The touch of honey was in the sullen drink. God had been her help in many years. She had not forgotten him. Elimelech, her husband, had died with the names "Naomi" and "Jehovah" on his lips; and Mahlon and Chilion each had died whispering: "My hope—is—in—God; the living—God. My hope—." But for God she had died in her day-dusk of sorrow. With God she was not utterly bereaved. No one is. God is a very present help in trouble. The sobbing centuries have confided this secret to their broken hearts. Over her heart comes a great wave of loneliness and longing for home. If she could be in Israel once again among her kinsmen, and see familiar fields and faces, her grief might be assuaged a little, so she fondly dreams. Naomi was very poor. Poor they had come from Bethlehem to Moab.

Poor she must make her return from Moab to Bethlehem. But her sore heart hungered so for Bethlehem and its gray hills that she could tarry no longer. Afoot and alone, trusting only in God, she would make her weary way back to the land of her girlhood and the cradle where she had sung lullabies to her babes. The Bethlehem hills tugged at her heart as receding tides tug at a boat swung at its chain. The good-bys were all said. The neighbors have lovingly piled in the path of her going all the impediments they could conceive, but finding all unavailing bid her farewell. And her sons' widows go with her to the hilltop to see her on her journey, mayhap to go with her all the way. With sweet unselfishness she dissuades them from going. They are young, she is old. Their life is before them, her life is a shadow falling eastward. All we see in Naomi makes us feel an exceptionally fine nature. Sorrow is prone to selfishness and thinks little, or less, or none, of others, but all of itself; Naomi's grief does not obscure her sense of the rights of others. Though swayed with grief as willows by the wind, she is thoughtfulness itself. To the young widowed women the old urges: "Stay; you are young. Love will visit you again. It is morning in your day. Tears shall dry from your cheeks, though not from mine. I love you now, and shall love you till I die. I go to my old home, heartsick as I am. You are in your own land. Abide here, where your own tongue shall make music in your ears. My land will speak a language strange to you. Go not, beloved; stay; though to part from you is bitter as the grave." And Orpah kisses her mother and goes, weeping, back to her own mother's home, a sweet woman figure given over to the abandonment of grief. We shall not hear her name or voice again nor see her evermore. She has vanished utterly. Ruth, entreated, will not be entreated. Her lonely heart is such a loyal heart. She has fallen in love with her husband's God. The Infinite has got her by the hand and she must pilgrim toward him. "Thy God shall be my God," is a sounding from a deep as well as from a very true nature. Orpah kisses Naomi and leaves her, but Ruth kisses her and will not leave her. Her husband's mother is dearer to her than all Moab's land. Her mother's God answers to her broken heart. She will not let her mother wander out sad, bereft, alone. And

Ruth said: "Entreat me not to leave thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." "So they two went until they came to Bethlehem." Sweeter things than that are not written. Scant wonder Ruth has gotten into poet hearts wherever her story has been rehearsed. You cannot forget a woman like this. The return of Naomi, bereaved of sons and husband, had been made utterly alone but for Ruth. To Naomi's anticipation the journey was to have been made without company: a sole woman making slow journey toward her fatherland with steps that faltered, with eyes that sometimes could not see for weeping. Going home! "Good-by," she said; "good-by!" Ruth clung to her. Her return is not companionless. She shall weep but she shall not weep alone. Commingled tears are less bitter than solitary tears. So these two take their journey. They are pathetically poor, yet they are more pathetically alone. Their loneliness drowns their penury. Along the valley they walk, talking. Talk eases a woman's heart. The blue mountains of Moab stand off at lonely removes. The more distant mountains are purple. Ruth looks at them wistfully. She shall not see them any more. And she was born to them. Morn and noon and night, how they filled her heart and sky since she knew to remember! At night their purple heights had glided solemnly into darkness to wake again with morning light and walk out into proud blue splendor. She had loved them all her life, but never as she loves them now. Naomi talks of Bethlehem, dear Bethlehem. Ruth thinks of Moab, dear Moab, but says no word of the loss she feels. Silent tears fall swiftly, and she wipes them hurriedly away with her lithe brown hand. There are sterner loves than the love of native land. Women, by custom, leave native land for a lover without the farewell of a tear. Ruth leaves her land in tears for she is loverless, but she goes with her mother and her mother's God. Ruth is a pilgrim of love and of faith. She, like another, walked "as seeing him who is invisible."

They made their journey alone. It was not over safe, but

they were too poor to attract robbers and too sad to think of fear. They ate of the ripening wheatfield in Moab, for there the wheat was billowing gold along the plain. The harvest there outran the northern harvest of Bethlehem mountain lands. As they walked they caught the golden ears and rubbed the yellow kernels out between their hands and so satisfied their hunger, and they slaked their thirst at a clamoring mountain brook which hasted from the Moab mountains far away toward the Dead Sea's silent sullenness. As they sat beside the brook, in the shadow of the rock, Naomi thought how she and hers had crossed that self-same stream: then the pain and loss overwhelmed her and she sobbed aloud—and looked toward the land of Bethlehem. Ruth sobbed in unison—and looked toward the hills of Moab's land. Then once more they took their way. Down deep ravines, stooping to drink out of the rushing brook; past steep places where shadows lurk till noon has almost come, up gentle acclivities which seemed meant for tired feet and tired hearts—and then Naomi caught Ruth's hand with a cry and sang out like laughter: "The Jordan!" There it lay, a line of smirched silver far below. Beyond, the yellow hills of Israel climbed to a sky all amethyst. Southward, there lay the all-but-level Moab mountains, so blue and beautiful, built like a straight partition wall against the sky. North and east a mountain towered, a perpendicular wall of rock, looking blackly down on the Jericho plain. Westward, Bethlehem! That night they slept in the plain of Moab. They were timorously brave—women yet, and needing lover and husband. From a not remote mountain came a wolf bark. Then they drew close to one another in woman fear. They were very weary. "Lord, watch till dawn be come." The waters murmured soothingly like a caress—on, till dawn. The stars lit their white lamps. The shadows deepened. Quiet clothed the land and sky with peace. Even their tears stopped. In the evening murk they could hear the winds whisper through the thickets of thorn. Then when night was fully come they built a camp fire and roasted some wheat heads over the perfumed flame. They talked of their dead beloved and of the living God; and to him they made their evening prayer: "O God of widowed women, be our shelter and our peace. Do not foresake us, lest we die of

heartache. Amen." And the fire burned low. The last flame expired. The glowing coals lay like a neglected sunset, then gray ashes whitened the glowing coals, and then—it was sunup. Morning skies shone in their faces. And both women laughed aloud—and wondered why they laughed. They crossed the sparkling stream margined with zukkim, splashing across it with their naked feet with a touch of glee, like happy children. They kneeled and washed their faces and dusky bosoms in the limpid waters and then they drank of the fountain of Jericho. With the quiet of the dreamless night, and the coming of the sunrise, and the touch of the cooling waters on lips and breast, comfort came and they took their journey with a song, a psalm of gladness. Life was sweet once more. God had heard their prayer. God's peace was their recompense. The road was familiar to Naomi; not only because she had trod this way in her journey to Moab, but because now, in sight of Jericho and its plain, she was on her own ground. She was Israelite. She was about to ford the Jordan where God had made a dusty road amid the flood for Israel to troop upon. So her words flow fast. She is telling Ruth what glorious things happened here. She spoke with pomp, as if she were in truth a king's daughter—seeing such a God was hers and Ruth's. The Jordan passed, the slow ascent began toward Bethlehem. In a scant six hours a horseman might ride from Jericho to Bethlehem, but these women had eager feet. They were going home. A lonely home, a bereft home, and yet, for all, a home. Dear Bethlehem! They climbed the yellow hills. They looked backward and saw Nebo and Pisgah's height. And these women, whose only property was graves, talked of that funeral where God buried him he loved; of how no one saw Moses after he climbed the lordly hill, for God had him to himself. The women stood and watched the stately mount, wonderful because from that brave height Moses, the mountain soul, had with hungry eyes scanned the Promised Land and with eager lips had prayed, "Let me go over this Jordan," and God had put his hand across his servant's lips and had hushed his prayer, but had loved him utterly, and had let no one come to sob at his funeral; for why should there be sobbing when a man who is greatly loved of God and has wrought greatly now lies down

and falls asleep, head fallen on the breast of God? God smiled him to sleep and kissed him into awakening. What need for funeral pall and mortal sobbing? God was with Moses; and now Moses was with God. Naomi and Ruth sat and watched brave, lonely, sacred Moab, and then rose and climbed their hill. They hasted by the gorge of the brook Cherith, with its wild and desolate beauty. The slow vultures swam along the sky. The ground burned hot against their naked feet. Their little remnant of corn was exhausted. Their lips were parched with climbing and with thirst; but they were coming toward beautiful Bethlehem. When Naomi saw before her the yellow shoulders of a mountain silver-green with olive trees, her heart chimed like a psalm: "Near Bethlehem!" And when their tired feet stood on the hilltop, there stood, grim and majestic, Mount Moriah, and past it, like love realized, stood on its gray hills precious Bethlehem. Then their sad feet ran. They seemed to those who saw them in that springtime afternoon to be like romping children, care-free and very glad. O Bethlehem! Home Bethlehem! And as the sun was lowering a little to watch the ripening barley fields, these two, spent with journey, footsore, heartsore, and yet strangely heart glad, came past Rachel's tomb and at last knelt beside the curb of the well at Bethlehem's gate and with quiet laughter drank its cool waters; and Naomi said: "No water is sweet like the waters from the well of Bethlehem's gate." And Ruth nodded and smiled acquiescence. Hearing of these lonely travelers,

From street to street the neighbors met.

Then Naomi's loss and homesickness and emptiness came on her like a drench of rain and she sobbed: "Call me no longer gladness, but bitterness. Call me not Naomi, but Mara."

Hear the sacred narrative record: "And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi, call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty." This is sorrow and great bereavement finding tongue and voice. Famine was nothing. She went out hungry: she comes back now with the famine-hunger of her heart and thinks she then went out full. Now for the first time is she

hungry. Women's hearts are the same—a sea of love and, in consequence, a sea of sorrow. No, woman with thy sorrow, thou hast Bethlehem and the Almighty and thy daughter Ruth. Her company must be computed in any reckoning. Thou hast not come back quite empty. While she is beside thee and holds thy hand thy heart need not count itself desolate. And, once come to Bethlehem, Ruth goes out to glean along the edges of the barley field of Boaz! for “they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest.” In Ruth is such modesty, such chasteness, such fine reserve, such womanliness, such worth, as that others do as Boaz did—love her. Once seen she is loved, and never forgotten. Ruth herself has cast her spell on Keats; and Keats stands for the substance of poetic mind. He is compact of dreams. In his “Ode to the Nightingale,” listening to her song he,

Half in love with easeful death,

half sobs:

This is perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

Ruth, after such a song as this, has definitely passed into eternal poesies.

Suppose we do this: match Paul and Virginia, Rip Van Winkle, The Vicar of Wakefield and Lorna Doone with Ruth, and see how this far-away Hebrew idyl fares. These later day stories all have that indescribable thing called atmosphere. We see and feel the landscape of them. We see Rip Van Winkle losing himself among the blue of distant hills. Paul and Virginia, the springtime of sweet love is on them evermore. The Vicar of Wakefield brings home-hurt and home-help to all hearts which mingle in the homely family life of that dear vicar. Lorna Doone brings springtime with its willowy song into the breath of all who company with Jan and Lorna. What these stories have in common is atmosphere and immortality. Let the book of Ruth walk into this midst. We feel the hush and share the heartache and the homesickness and heartsickness; we see the harvesting, and the clean summer landscape, and the rising of the hot noon air, and house us in the comfort of the shade at noon beside the reapers and

the gleaners where Ruth alone sits solitary among the throng. We see her brown lithe fingers gleaning golden ears; we see the shadows of the nighttime call the harvesters to sleep, and one lone woman wends her way along unaccustomed paths to a lone mother's lonely door. The stars arise. The reapers sing among the sheaves, the lover comes; and love, old as earth and new as morning, has her way. And lonely Ruth is lone and sad no more, for in her arms a baby coos and calls. And Moabite Ruth is ancestress of David, poet-king. Herself was poetess; and before her shine harp and sword—Poet David's harp and brawn David's sword. And, come to think of it, who among the singers of that elder day could have writ this prose poem, Ruth, save Poet David—of the sheepfold, and the dawn, and the wistful quiet of the sunset and the dawn of stars where,

Like a drift of faded blossoms
Caught in a slanting rain,
His fingers glimpsed down the strings of his harp
In a tremulous refrain.

In an age which had scant notion of the value of woman is written a poem to womankind. The two chief characters of this story are women, one old, one young, both widowed. The other character is a man, Boaz, a widower, rich, generous, manly, affable, clean, pure in thought and behavior, broad-minded, religious. You must like Boaz. Across the rippling barley fields you can hear his blithe salutation ring out like a quail's whistle over a field of growing corn. You see him, you feel him, you wish you had been his neighbor. His is a hearty face. His eyes are keen and miss nothing. They run over the faces of the harvesters and scan them thoroughly at a look. This is not the look of an inquisitor, but of a friend. He sees a new face among the gleaners. She, he opines, is not native to Bethlehem. He knows all the Bethlehem folk, girl and boy and woman grown, and gray beard. And this face is not one of them. The girl is very poor. She gleanes a few handfuls of barley, meant to be her wages for the day. On inquiry Boaz finds her name to be Ruth, a Moabite, talked of in the village because of her fidelity to her dead husband's mother. Boaz

shows himself much the man in that Ruth's beautiful fidelity appeals to him. He gives strict orders that she be not molested. He speaks to her kindly, and his words warm her heart like sunlight. He is not abrupt but frank, and she feels that she has found a friend. She is lonely, and so sad, and a kind voice brings her comfort which is like to strength. A man's voice has in it a courageousness to a woman, and with woman's intuition and divining Ruth knows here is a man. She tarries gleaner in his fields while barley harvest passes to wheat harvest, and comes to feel herself in part at home. In Ruth lying at the feet of Boaz at the threshing floor at night some prosaic souls have professed to find something lacking in modesty and womanliness. Apologies are wasted words to such. Those who cannot see the simplicity of a pure heart are so remote from the fair fields of poetry that a moonlit night would have to explain itself to them. Boaz did not misunderstand Ruth; neither should we if we were possessed of that poetry which was in him. He knew Ruth: he was a man; he was a poet: he loved the moonlight and the smell of the new-reaped barley; he slept out of doors, under the drench of dew and balm of starlight and wonder of the night. Ruth appealed to him as not doing a questionable thing but a beautiful thing. Nobody but poets should write commentaries on some of the Bible books. King David would not have misunderstood Ruth, and we must not. She was simply a maiden heart, wise only in sorrow and poverty and chastity, and did those accustomed things as lovers betroth each other with a kiss. No word was on her lips. She lay at his feet awake, obedient to her mother's admonition, and rose at dawn while the early morning light stammered along the east. Ruth, daughter of chastity, how fair thou art! You can see her in the early light, with garment weighted down with measures of barley, bringing home a happy and pure heart and bread for impoverished Naomi and Ruth. I pity anyone who cannot see in Ruth chastity, worth, faith, love, loyalty, and hope, wrought into all-but-incomparable womanhood. The scene at Bethlehem's gate makes the world young again. Leisure and neighborliness are neighbors now. The hale voice of Boaz is breezy as the breath from Ephraim's morning hills. The colloquy, the results,

the public announcement of genial Boaz that the sweet Moabitess is to be his wife—all this we hear and see. Nothing escapes the eyes of this quaint narrative. Bethlehem is at song. The reapers' sickles and the threshing flails make not such cheery music as the songs on Bethlehem's streets. Boaz sings. Ruth sings. Naomi sings. Bethlehem sings. The song is a marriage hymn. O happy, happy Bethlehem!

And as Ruth sang baby Obed to sleep at twilight when earth walked out unwittingly into summer and lovely Bethlehem was strangely adjacent to the set of sun and the rising of the stars, may we wonder if ever before her happy mother eyes there came a vision of a throne, and a king, and a cross, and another mother holding another babe and he "the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, the only Wise God"? And did she think as she sang her happy mother lullaby that she, Ruth, the Moabitess, was ancestress of David, king, and David's King, the Christ Messiah? At Bethlehem asleep in the hay the King, Ruth's King, our King, but her son! O Ruth, sweet Moabitess, knew you that, in any happy moment of maternal vision far-seeing as the gift of prophecy? I hope she saw across the crowding years, dim as a dream yet certain as the sun, upon a windy hill a gaunt, grim cross with arms spread wide and on the cross a Form whose face makes murky midnights light. I think she saw; for as she crooned her lullaby one springtime evening, when the barley harvest smell was in the air, her voice ached and her lullaby emptied in a sob; and her tears ran and spilt hot on baby Obed's face so that he wakened with a cry, whereat she held him close and sang: "I saw what seemed a sword huge as an oak tree and nailed on to the sword a face like thine, my babe, like thine grown into manhood—like thine and God's. My babe, my babe, sleep, sleep."

W. A. Ingle.

ART. II.—HENRY DRUMMOND

"HE died too young for his full fame, but not too young for that love which is better than fame." So Mr. Gladstone wrote of Arthur Hallam; and the words apply with equal force to the subject of this paper, Henry Drummond. For he was a quarter of a century short of the allotted span of man's life when his career was cut short by death. And those twenty-five years doubtless would have been the most fruitful and eventful of all. Ten years have passed since his death, and we may now view his life in a truer perspective than was possible at the beginning of the decade. We must be some distance from a mountain before we can take in its true proportions, and appreciate its beauty of form and color. So also of men's lives. It is the purpose of this essay to briefly trace the career of Henry Drummond and notice the peculiar value of his life and message for Christian workers, and especially the ministers, of our own day.

Henry Drummond was a Scotchman. He grew up in that most independent and virile of all the British churches, the Free Church of Scotland. Perhaps no other denomination in the world has produced thinkers who have fertilized the thought of so many preachers of Anglo-Saxon speech. What other church can present such a group as Marcus Dods, George Adam Smith, Alexander B. Bruce, A. B. Davidson, David Patrick, W. Robertson Smith, James Stalker, Principal Rainey, Hugh Black, Alexander Whyte, W. Robertson Nicoll, John Watson, and Henry Drummond? Of these, Drummond, Stalker, and Watson were classmates at New College Divinity School, Edinburgh. Half a dozen of these men were members of a club which met once a year for the discussion of the latest thought, although it went by the title of the "Gaiety Club," from the building in which it met. I cannot withhold the tribute of my unqualified admiration of a church that without the state patronage, or lofty pretensions, or parade of titles—"Very Reverends" and "Right Reverends" and "Most Worshipful Highnesses," of the great ecclesiastical body to the south—has quietly pushed its way to the front of the world's religious thought. In

casting about for the causes of this church's remarkable success in developing strong thinkers and theologians I venture to suggest that it lies in three things: first, the Scotch brain—patient and thorough as the German, but with a better sense of proportion, and with a Celtic wealth of poetic feeling; “granite base, fluted column, and lily work at the top”; second, proximity to the sources of continental scholarship, of which they have made more effective religious use than the continental scholars themselves; third, a certain independence and individuality as a result of the church's traditions—the fact that sixty-four years ago their fathers, with Thomas Chalmers at their head, marched out of the state church, and the comfortable livings it afforded, and cast themselves upon the people and upon God for support. How magnificently the Scotch people responded, and how wondrously has God honored their heroic faith! It was in this church that Henry Drummond grew up, and its independent and evangelical spirit he imbibed. His college course was taken at Edinburgh University, and his course in divinity—although he never considered himself a clergyman—at the Free Church Divinity School, New College, Edinburgh. It is an interesting psychological and spiritual fact that during his entire college and theological course he was in doubt as to what his future vocation should be. The thing that caused him more pain than aught else during his early manhood was the thought that while his friends were preparing themselves for this or that professional career, with confidence in the wisdom of their several choices, he was wholly at sea. Only after his first great contribution had been made to the world's thought, and its value fully recognized by the general public, did he come to see that God had been leading him all the time, and that toward a place of singular usefulness and power—the work of a religious pathfinder for that large number of men and women who had been unsettled in their religious convictions by modern scientific progress. The way *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* came to be written is an interesting story. He had been appointed to a lectureship on natural science in the Free Church Divinity School of Glasgow. Afterward he became the full professor of this chair. At the same time he took up a mission in Possil Park, a suburb of Glasgow.

And his book on Natural Law came from the fusing of these two fields of thought. But we will let him tell the story.

He says: "For four years I had to address regularly two very different audiences on two very different themes. On week days I have lectured to classes of students on the natural sciences, and on Sundays to an audience consisting very largely of workingmen, on subjects of a moral and religious character. . . . They lay at opposite poles of thought; and for a time I succeeded in keeping the science and the religion shut off from one another in two separate compartments of my mind. But gradually the wall of partition showed symptoms of giving way. The two fountains of knowledge also slowly began to overflow, and finally their waters met and mingled. The great change was in the compartment of religion. It was not that the well there was dried; still less that the fermenting waters were washed away by the flood of science. The actual contents remained the same. But the crystals of former doctrines were dissolved, and as they precipitated themselves once more in definite forms I observed that the Crystalline System was also changed. New channels also for outward expression opened, and some of the old closed up; and I found the truth running out to my audience on the Sundays by the week day outlets. In other words, the subject matter of religion had taken on the method of expression of science, and I discovered myself enunciating spiritual law in the exact terms of biology and physics."

These addresses were published first in an obscure paper, and attracted almost no attention. Later he gathered them together under the title by which we know them, and offered them to a London publisher, but they were declined with thanks. He tried another publisher, and again the manuscript was sent back. So he laid away the papers—buried them, he thought; but Mr. M. H. Hodder, of Hodder and Stoughton, happened to have read some of them in the fugitive form in which they first appeared, and offered to republish them. Mr. Drummond agreed, although he had little expectation of their amounting to anything. Almost immediately afterward he left for an exploring expedition in East Central Africa, and almost forgot the whole transaction. But five months later, while he was in camp near Lake Tanganyika, at midnight, one night in November, a bundle of letters from home—the first he had had since leaving in June—was thrust into his hands. These letters told of the immense sale and popularity of the book. His thesis was that the laws of the physical and spiritual world are identical. The style of the work was so clear and simple, its power and charm of illustration so marked, its happy phrases so numer-

ous, and its religion lessons so beautiful and apparent, that it came like a new evangel to multitudes, especially to those who had had just enough scientific study to raise many questions, and not enough of theology or religious experience to thoroughly ground them in the faith. The book grew in circulation by leaps and bounds. It was translated into a dozen foreign languages. In America and England, especially, it was talked about by everybody that was in the habit of reading on religious themes at all. Later, there came some clear, strong attacks on its fundamental position, the justice of which Mr. Drummond himself came to recognize. So that a short time before his death he expressed the wish that it might be withdrawn from circulation. In this he was too sensitive; for, notwithstanding its faulty fundamental thesis, the practical value of the work was so great—in suggesting the unity of the kingdoms of nature and grace, and in illuminating spiritual processes by the countless analogies that exist in nature—that it would be a real misfortune to blot it out, if such a thing were possible, as, happily, it is not. It has given to thousands a new standing in religious faith. Dr. George Adam Smith was an unsparing critic of the philosophical errors of the book, while at the same time one of Drummond's warmest friends. Yet he says of it:

The effort of the book to reduce the phenomena of the Christian life to reasonable processes under laws—whether or not these laws were what the volume alleges them to be—constitutes, of itself, a valuable contribution to religion. Their analysis and orderly arrangement of the facts of Christian experience, their emphasis upon the government of the religious life by law, their exposure of formalism and insincerity, conscious and unconscious, in the fashionable religion of the day, their revelation of life in Christ; their enthusiasm, their powers of practical counsel and of comfort, and their atmosphere of beauty and of peace, must have made these addresses to the hundreds who heard them, as well as to the hundreds of thousands whom they reached in the volume, an inspiration and a discipline of inestimable value.

The book called forth twelve books in reply, besides numberless magazine and newspaper reviews, friendly or unfriendly. Many booklets—chiefly addresses—followed from Mr. Drummond's pen. Of these *The Greatest Thing in the World* is easily most popular, with *Pax Vobiscum*, *First*, and *Baxter's Second In-*

nings, following. Tropical Africa is a clear and interesting account of Mr. Drummond's travels in central eastern Africa, and is his only original contribution to physical science. His last work, and in the minds of scholars his ablest work, was *The Ascent of Man*. Of it Mr. Drummond himself says in the Preface: "All that the present volume covers is the Ascent of Man, the individual, during the earlier stages of his evolution. It is a study in embryos, in rudiments. . . . Tracing man's rise as far as family life, this history does not even follow him into the tribe." The standpoint of the book is that of theistic evolution, "as the theory," to use again Mr. Drummond's own words, "with which at present all scientific work is being done." Its main argument is occupied with showing that "love, or the struggle for the life of others, is a law deeply imbedded in the heart of the universe," that there are ethical forces at work in animal as well as in human life, that altruistic factors modify the processes of natural selection. Perhaps in the enthusiasm of the new-found analogies Mr. Drummond applies the terms of moral life too confidently to the instincts of animals. But it is certainly true that he finds abundant and striking analogies of altruistic impulses in the lower creation. And if it be admitted that humanity ascended to its present eminence by the animal stairway, we have in these altruistic instincts of animals the adumbrations and the potential soil of the altruistic impulse and principle in man—only in man, of course, illuminated and intensified by reason and by the example and influence of the Divine Man, Jesus Christ. George Adam Smith characterizes the book thus:

In *Natural Law* Drummond had attempted to carry physical processes into the realm of the moral and the spiritual; in the *Ascent of Man* he essayed the converse task, and succeeded in showing the ethical at work in regions of life generally supposed to be given over to purely physical laws—or, at least, he succeeded in exhibiting among the lower stages of the evolution of life bases and opportunities suitable for the action of moral feelings and for the formation of moral habits.

Dr. Gardiner, Fellow of the Royal Society, and Professor of Medicine in the University of Glasgow, compares the two books as follows:

The earlier book, while full of suggestive and finely expressed thought, did not convince me nor appear to me a permanent forward step in the Eirenicon between Religion and Science. The latter book has, to my mind, a far wider sweep and a much more permanent value in its marvelously lucid and at the same time profound exposition of the root principles of altruism, as evolved in the wide field of nature. Nothing that I have read on the subject of ethical theory has appeared to me to go so deep or to be so convincing as this.

An unprejudiced and thoughtful mind cannot follow the argument throughout without having the suggestion borne in on him with much force that God's universe, to use Drummond's fine phrase, "is woven without seam throughout"—that it is the garment of God. And it tends to produce the conviction that the Saviour's enunciated law of spiritual development, "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear," applies not only to spiritual things, but has its abiding place in the physical world from which the Master took the figure, and is the key that will unlock the mystery of the method of building the physical universe. But Henry Drummond's greatest work as a mediator between evangelical orthodoxy and scientific unbelief—that scientific world which spelled Universe with a large "U" and God with a small "g"—and his principal achievement as a pathfinder to the confused multitude of semiscientific, semireligious people lying between, was not what he wrote but what he was. Drummond went on writing all these things from the standpoint of an evolutionist, yet believing as profoundly as the most ultra conservative that God was in it all; and all the time he went steadily forward in a soul-winning career that has had few equals since the days of John Wesley. Neither flattery nor criticism, neither the lionizing nor the misrepresentation and abuse to which he was subjected, especially during the last ten years of his life, swerved him a hair's breadth from his work as a loving, enthusiastic preacher of the gospel and personal worker for souls. He was not spoiled by the one nor soured by the other. Perhaps the Master, with whom he seemed to be on good terms throughout, saw to it that the proportions were properly mixed. He did not fall into the error of a celebrated evangelical leader who had written a tract on "Come to Jesus." This was replied to in bitter fashion by a nonevangeli-

cal, and was so abusive as to arouse the ire of the tract-writer, whereupon he answered it in kind, but, before publishing, submitted his manuscript to a judicious friend, asking him to suggest a title. "I suggest," replied his friend, "that you call it 'Go to the Devil,' by the author of 'Come to Jesus.'" Drummond showed that it was possible to hold the views he held as to science, and the views of Scripture involved in them, and remain a loyal follower of Jesus Christ and a most effective winner of souls to like precious faith. Drummond's life demonstrated this. Hence I call him a pathfinder. Other eminent evolutionists were also theists, and some of them professing Christians—such as Joseph Le Conte and John Fiske, and, during the last year of life, George J. Romanes. But they were not active Christians—what we are in the habit of calling "soul-winners." Drummond was. Drummond was an evangelist, a good deal of his time, up to the end of his life. He was the bosom friend of Moody. He was an accepted guest at that hotbed of evangelism and conservative orthodoxy, Northfield. And to the large number of cautious people to whom the scientific theories of the day looked inviting, but who almost feared to adopt them because of the fear that they might undermine their religious faith, Drummond's course was a revelation. It was a concrete interpretation to them of the truths of both science and spiritual life, it was a *demonstration* of the harmony between science and religion.

Drummond's evangelistic work began under Moody during the visit of that peerless evangelist to Scotland in 1873. At first it was such personal dealing with inquirers as any Christian worker might be expected to do. But as his rare gifts of leadership and public address became known he was drafted to supply a vacancy now and then where the great evangelist was expected but could not go. Thus before Drummond left college he began to speak to students on religious themes, and from the start was successful in leading many to Christ. Seven years later, when Mr. Moody again visited Great Britain, Drummond accompanied him, and was a chief lieutenant. But his labors were by no means confined to the times of Mr. Moody's visits. Again and again he conducted series of services for young men in colleges, and also for boys.

He threw himself into the Boys' Brigade movement, and was largely responsible for its wide popularity. He was invited to London to give series of addresses to the *élite* of the fashionable West End. In the ballroom of the Duke of Westminster, holding six hundred people, he gave Sunday afternoon sermons for several weeks, to the profit and blessing of many. Later he held services for ladies in the mansion of the Speaker of the House of Commons. These were especially directed toward the social and moral betterment of the poor. Many society women, hitherto uninterested, gave themselves to this form of Christian activity as a result of the meetings. The Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor) tells how he heard Drummond address a meeting for men in Edinburgh at which some eight hundred were present:

Tall, slight, full of grace and perfectly at ease, he stood before the audience looking straight and steady into us out of his large, clear, blue eyes, the eyes of mesmeric power. . . . His words were simple Saxon, but chosen with exquisite exactness and arranged with almost poetic grace. . . . It was the most luminous and light-giving speaking I ever listened to. He was commending Christ to the men as a Friend worth having. With what gentle, firm, quiet insistence he made us feel our need first, and then a longing for that Friend of his! With what respectful urgency he appealed to the men who had not yet discovered this Friend to seek his acquaintance! And above all and through all, how dear and well known this Friend seemed to him! He made us feel as if he had met him on the street that day, as if he would meet him round the corner when he left that hall, and would take him home with him. . . . When the address was over he stood looking at us with those marvelous eyes of his with a kind of yearning look, and then in the frankest—I had almost said indifferent, but it was not indifferent—manner, he invited any man who would like to have a little private conversation with him on the matter to step into one of the side rooms. By some strange tact of his own he gave us the feeling that it would be the most natural and perfectly manly thing for anyone to go and speak to him about this Friend.

And then followed the description of the scene which ensued when many men yielded to Christ.

For ministers the greatest lesson of Mr. Drummond's life was the uniting of culture and evangelism. Those two characteristics which have been so persistently set over against each other, and which have divided ministers into hostile camps, were beautifully blended in Henry Drummond. It is sadly true that the attitude of most men of culture, including the ministers of

culture, toward the evangelist or the evangelistic pastor has been for many years an attitude of sneering criticism and belittlement—the pharisaism of the intellect. The attitude of the evangelist and the evangelistic pastor toward the enthusiastic student and devotee of culture has been too often that of denunciation and “holier-than-thou-ness”—the pharisaism of the conscience. Henry Drummond proved in his own personality, in this generation, as John Wesley proved in his day, the perfect compatibility of the highest culture with the most thorough spirituality and evangelistic fervor. And the man with a message of compelling power for our age is going to be the man of his type—who keeps a hospitable mind for new truth, from whatever source it may come, who accepts and rejoices in the highest achievements of the human intellect, and who at the same time transfuses all with the fire and passion of a sanctified heart in its supreme devotion to the work of saving a lost world. Drummond’s whole career might fitly be called a ministry to the elusive classes—the classes which are ordinarily so difficult for the church to reach. First, to the young men of the colleges; to boys, also, especially the boys of the street; to the fashionable society people, the most difficult—I was about to say the most hopeless—class on earth, either in pagan or Christian lands, to reach with a real Christian message; and, last, to the devotees of science. Undoubtedly Mr. Drummond’s personality had much to do with gaining him a hearing. His bearing was graceful and his manner gracious. He was always courtesy itself. With this went a thoroughgoing manliness—indeed, he was a fine representative of the best athleticism of the day. The heart life of Drummond is revealed by an incident in one of his American trips. By “heart life” I do not mean his relation to the other sex, for, while he labored long on *The Ascent of Man*, he seems never to have sought the assent of woman, but remained a bachelor to the end of his days. I refer to the things which had the deepest hold on his affections. When he had finished his journeyings in the Rocky Mountains he found two days at his disposal before his ship sailed. In his hands was an invitation from Longfellow and Holmes to be their guest in Boston. He had admired them from his boyhood, and this was his first

opportunity to meet them. On the other hand, Mr. Moody was holding meetings at Cleveland, and he had not seen him for several years. His decision was made. Sending a courteous note of regret to the poets, he hied him to the Ohio city and burst in on Moody and Sankey like a boy let loose from school! And what a day of precious fellowship they enjoyed! Of Moody, Drummond said only a short time before his own death: "Moody is the biggest human I ever met." For the associate of dukes and dignitaries of church and university to say this shows how profoundly the principles of the great Nazarene had infiltrated both his mind and heart. When at the early age of forty-five

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call

came for Henry Drummond there was no mourning or repining on his part. Wheeled about in an invalid chair, at a time when each mail was bringing fresh news of the reception of *The Ascent of Man*, he playfully attached to his chair a card bearing the inscription, "The Descent of Man." A day or so before his death he asked for some music, and joined feelingly in singing:

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

The hymn over, he said to a friend: "There's nothing to beat that, Hugh." And when at his request the New Testament was read he said: "That is the Book one always comes back to." When the last hour arrived he whispered a message to his mother, and closed his eyes to the earth that had always been to him the beautiful vestibule of heaven.

Richard T. Sheridan

ART. III.—DIVINE—HUMAN LAWGIVING

MOSES.—According to Paul, the Gentiles, who do not have the law of Moses, in which the Jewish people were wont to read the explicit commandments of God, may, nevertheless, do by nature the things of the law, are a law unto themselves, and show the work of the law written in their hearts, their own moral sense and conscience bearing witness in the case (Rom. 2. 14, 15). As a matter of fact, we find no historic nation or people without laws, and it is a matter of record that the great lawgivers of antiquity received their commandments and statutes from the Deity. We are most familiar with the biblical record of the giving of the law at Mount Sinai. Nothing in all the literature of the world is more sublime and impressive than the description, in the book of Exodus, of Jehovah's descent upon the smoking and quaking mountain, his promulgation of the Ten Commandments, and the subsequent approach of Moses unto the thick darkness where God was, and his receiving from the High and Holy One the ordinances which were given through him to the children of Israel.

HAMMURABI.—But we have an older record than that of the Mosaic legislation. Among the most important of all recent discoveries in the Orient is the Code of Hammurabi, founder of the old Babylonian empire and probably identical with the Amraphel mentioned in Gen. 14. 1, a contemporary of Abraham, who lived about B.C. 2250. The laws are graven on a huge block of stone nearly eight feet in height and about seven feet in breadth. On one side of the monument, in bas-relief, appears the sculptured image of the king standing reverently before the sun-god, Shamash, who is seated on his elevated throne. The deity is represented as wearing a flounced robe, holding a rod or scepter in his hand, while rays of light stream out behind his shoulders. The obvious significance of the picture is in its showing that the King Hammurabi received both his kingdom and his laws from the God of light. The laws are graven on other portions of the stone and consist of 282 statutes, of which 35 have been obliterated. The king himself is nowhere recognized as being subject to these laws.

He seems to have stood above all his subjects as their lawgiver and absolute monarch, but in the prologue and in the epilogue he acknowledges his dependence on the Deity who made him ruler, and "called him the exalted prince, the worshiper of the gods, to cause justice to prevail in the land, to destroy the wicked, to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, and to go forth like the sun over the black head race, to enlighten the land and to further the welfare of the people. . . . The great gods proclaimed me, and I am the guardian governor, whose scepter is righteous and whose beneficent protection is spread over my city. It is noteworthy that a considerable number of these Babylonian statutes are substantially identical with those of the Mosaic legislation. The law of retaliation is "eye for eye, bone for bone, tooth for tooth." The hands that strike a father shall be cut off. The 282 laws relate to a great variety of subjects and show that at the time of their compilation the administration of justice in Babylon had reached an advanced stage of civilization. Courts of justice had already been established, and the bringing of a matter to the open place of judgment, whether at the gate of the city or at the door of a temple, was bringing it into the presence of God. As all righteous laws originate with God, so also their righteous administration is a matter of his oversight and care. But in reading these Babylonian laws we notice especially the barbarous severity of penalties for all sorts of crimes. In the Mosaic legislation not murder only but smiting or cursing of parents, stealing and selling men, blasphemy, idolatry, witchcraft, adultery, defiling the Sabbath, and carnal self-pollution were treated as capital crimes. In the Code of Hammurabi a great many other crimes, as theft, perjury, receiving stolen goods, selling lost property, and procuring the escape of fugitive slaves, were also punishable with death.

CONFUCIUS.—Quite different in cast and character are the sacred books of China known commonly as the five King. The oldest of these is the Shu King, a book of historical documents and traditions relating to a period of more than seventeen centuries, that is, from about B.C. 2357 to B.C. 627. The Shih King is a book of poetry, the psalter, so to speak, of the Chinese scriptures. Its hymns and songs relate to customs of the ancient times and may

be used on great state occasions. The other three collections treat of the changing customs of the world, and the rituals, rites, and regulations to be observed by officers of the government. These five King, which we may here call the Chinese Pentateuch, are not religious books, and put forth no claim to divine inspiration or supernatural revelation. Confucius was not the author or founder of the system which bears his name. He was not the founder of a religion, but he did claim to be a reformer and a teacher. He was a deep student of Chinese antiquity and aimed to transmit to the generations after him the records and customs of the past. "It is an error," says Dr. Legge, an eminent authority on Chinese matters, "to suppose that Confucius compiled the historical documents, poems, and other ancient books from various works existing in his time. Portions of the oldest works had already perished. His study of those that remained, and his exhortations to his disciples also to study them, contributed to their preservation. . . . No other literature, comparable to them for antiquity, has come down to us in such a state of preservation." Perhaps the greatest saying ascribed to Confucius himself is his enunciation of the Golden Rule. When asked if he could furnish one word which would indicate an abiding and comprehensive rule of human conduct he replied, "*Reciprocity*." "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others." On another occasion, when asked what constituted the superior man, he said: "He acts before he speaks, and afterward speaks according to his actions. The superior man is catholic and not partisan. The mean man is partisan and not catholic. Another noteworthy saying of Confucius is the following: "When I was fifteen years old I longed for wisdom. At thirty my mind was fixed in pursuit of it. At forty I saw certain principles clearly. At fifty I understood the rule given by Heaven. At sixty I easily understood everything I heard. At seventy the desires of my heart no longer transgressed the law." Other interesting and remarkable sayings might be cited by the score from the Confucian books. But this great sage and teacher failed during his lifetime to obtain the honor to which he thought his labors entitled him. He is said to have died in disappointment and to have declared among his last utterances: "No intelli-

gent monarch arises; there is no prince in the kingdom who will take me as his master." But his body had scarcely turned to dust when temples were erected to his honor, and now there are more than 1,500 such temples in the empire. Chinese civilization is permeated with the spirit and ethics of Confucianism. The great reformer did not claim to have received his precepts from the Deity, but from antiquity. He was nearly contemporary with Buddha in India, Cyrus in Persia, Zerubbabel in Jerusalem, and Pythagoras in Greece. But centuries before that period, 2,300 years before Christ, and long before Abraham moved westward out of the land of the Babylonians, China was governed by the good King Yao, of whom it is written in the Confucian Penta-teuch: "He was reverential, intelligent, accomplished, thoughtful, and sincerely courteous. The bright influence of these qualities was felt through the four quarters of the land, and reached to heaven above and earth beneath. He united and harmonized the myriad states; and so the black-haired people were transformed. The result was universal concord."

MANU.—Passing from China to India we find the name of Manu as closely associated with the most ancient laws of the Hindus as is that of Confucius with the Chinese classics, or that of Moses with the lawgiving of Israel. In the *Rig-Veda* (i, 80, 16; ii, 33, 13) he is called "Our Father Manu," and in Vedic mythology the name appears to be employed as an eponym of the human race. According to one commentator on his laws he was an incarnation of the Supreme Soul of the world, and so belonged by nature both to gods and men. According to other traditions there was a succession of Manus, lawgivers of the same name, each in some way introducing a new dispensation designed to rejuvenate the world. The Institutes of the Sacred Law, as given by Manu, were translated from the Sanscrit into English by Sir William Jones more than a century ago, but other translations have followed, the latest and best, perhaps, by G. Bühler, and published as Volume XXV in the *Sacred Books of the East*, edited by the late Max Müller. We are told at the beginning of these books of the Sacred Law that the ten great sages of antiquity came reverently before Manu and prayed that he would deign to tell them in an

exact and orderly way all the sacred laws and ordinances which ought to be made known. The great lawgiver graciously honored their request, and thereupon follows a record of the story of creation and of the numerous laws, or institutes, which all together comprise twelve chapters and 2,685 paragraphs. The first chapter records the mythical concept of creation and tells how the universe lay in darkness, and, as it were, in a deep sleep, when the Self-Existent One appeared in irresistible power, dispelled the darkness, and shone forth according to his own will. Desiring to produce many kinds of beings from his own substance, he, first of all, created the waters with a thought and placed within them a divine productive seed, which became a golden egg, brilliant as the sun, and in that egg Brahma himself was born, or, in other words, the Self-Existent One himself was born as Brahma, the progenitor of the whole world. After dwelling in the egg a whole year he divided it by his thought into two halves, out of which he formed the heavens and the earth. "From himself he also drew forth the mind, which is both real and unreal; likewise from the mind egoism, which possesses self-consciousness and is lordly." In due time and order he produced out of the minute and perishable particles of the elements all things that appear in the world. The Brahmans are designated as the highest caste and class of men, and are to be the divinely appointed teachers of the Vedar and the sacred laws. In one place it is written that "the very birth of a Brahman is an incarnation of the sacred law; for he is born to fulfill the sacred law, and he becomes one with the Self-Existent." These Institutes go on to record the rules for the initiation of a Brahman and for his conduct in the performance of his work; the rules for making sacrifices and oblations; the laws of marriage and the duties of householders; also regulations for the matters of private life, or diet, and of personal purity; there are laws for the ascetic and laws for the king, laws touching agriculture, and divers regulations concerning debts, inheritance, and the disposition of property. There are civil and criminal laws, and rules of judicial procedure; penalties and penances are prescribed, and detailed statements are made touching the various consequences of transmigration according as such consequences are determined by the

operation of particular laws. Taken as a whole, the laws of Manu cover a wide range of matters that are common to all human legislation. In the matter of penalties for crime they are in noteworthy contrast to the Code of Hammurabi. The old Babylonian laws were terribly cruel, fixing capital punishment for almost every kind and grade of offense; but the only statute among the laws of Manu which calls for capital punishment, so far as I have found, is that against "forgers of royal edicts, those who corrupt the king's ministers, those who slay women, infants, or Brahmans, and those who serve the enemies of the king" (ix, 232). Probably the conceptions of future retribution attaching to the doctrine of transmigration tended to the disuse of the death penalty, for the criminal's inevitable destiny at death must be a transit into the form and life of a miserable beast. A minute study of Manu's Institutes soon convinces one that all these laws could not have been the work of one man, or of one generation. Many of them are mixed up with mythological fancies; many of them breathe the mystic spirit peculiar to the Hindu mind. "Important as they appear to a Hindu," says Büler, "who views the question of the Manu tradition with the eye of faith, they are of little value for the historical student who stands outside the circle of the Brahmanical doctrines."

MINOS.—We turn next to the west, and passing by the Medes and Persians, and other great nations that were not without codes of law, we linger awhile at that famous island in the Mediterranean Sea which has borne from ancient times the name of Crete. The name of the first great ruler and lawgiver of this island, according to tradition, was Minos, a name so closely resembling that of the Hindu Manu that some writers incline to identify the two. Both of them stand so far back in the mists of prehistoric antiquity that myths and legends are connected with their names. It is said in Homer's *Iliad* (xiii, 450) that "Zeus begat Minos, guardian of Crete," and the Greek tradition is that he was brother of Rhadamanthus, and that both these sons of Zeus and Europa became, after death, judges of the souls that entered Hades. Some of the traditions, however, are so conflicting as to lead some writers to the conclusion that there were two rulers, each bearing the name

Minos. We are not able at this date to determine just what amount of historical truth attaches to the various legends. We know this much: that the name of Minos stands away back at the beginning of civilization in the great island of Crete. He is said to have subdued the barbarians of that land and to have expelled the pirates from his shores. He divided the island in three provinces, in each of which he builded a city and instituted laws and forms of government. He ruled for nine years with such wisdom and success that Crete became one of the most celebrated states of antiquity. According to Homer the Cretans were represented in the Trojan war with a fleet of eighty vessels, a force almost equal to that of Agamemnon. So far as we can now determine the various laws established by Minos, they seem to have combined a rigid military discipline with a declaration of liberty and equal rights for all. Provision was made for the annual election of ten chief magistrates, who were called *Kooquoí*, and for a council of elders composed only of such men as were proven worthy to be chief magistrates. This council of state was called the Gerontia, or Senate, that is, an assembly of elderly men. Provision was also made for an equestrian order, the members of which maintained their horses at their own expense, so as not to be a burden on the state. The legislation of Minos went so far as to regulate the diet of the people, and to enjoin temperance, self-control, and habits of frugality. The young men ate together at a public table, and were trained in vigorous athletic exercises and in the use of arms. Thus they became skilled and useful in many kinds of service and were hardened to endure extremes of heat and cold. They were also trained to some extent in letters and in music. These various provisions indicate a very early and ancient form of jurisprudence, but one adapted to practical purposes. But the inhabitants of Crete seem to have greatly degenerated in later times and to have become the slaves of pernicious vices; for Paul, in one of his epistles, alludes to this deplorable fact, and cites one of their own prophets as saying: "Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, idle gluttons" (Titus 1. 12). It is, however, to be specially noted that Minos, the great lawgiver of Crete, claimed to have received his laws directly from Zeus, his father, "the father of gods and of men."

He was accustomed to consult the Deity at stated intervals in a cave, and when he came forth from the secret place he proclaimed his statutes and ordinances as the commandments of God.

LYCURGUS.—We turn next to Lycurgus, the renowned sage and lawgiver of Sparta, who is said to have received no little assistance in his work of legislation by a visit to Crete and a study of the Code of Minos. He is said to have traveled also into Asia Minor, and Egypt, and other countries, and thus to have become learned in all the wisdom of his time. But he, too, stands so far back in the mists of antiquity that myth and legend are interwoven with the traditions of his career. We read that after his extensive travels Lycurgus returned to Sparta and found the government of his country so corrupt and turbulent that radical reforms appeared imperative. All parties in the state were disposed to accept him as their leader. He accordingly secured the active coöperation of thirty of the best citizens to assist him in the institution and promulgation of his laws. But the great Spartan, like other ancient lawgivers, soon perceived the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of instituting law without the sacred sanctions of religion, and so he journeyed to Delphi, on Mount Parnassus, to consult the Oracle of Apollo, the god of light, the son of Zeus, and the revealer of the divine will to mankind. And the priestess of Apollo, it is said, pronounced Lycurgus the beloved of the gods, and more a god than a man. The deity heard Lycurgus's prayer and promised him that his laws should be the best in the world. Notwithstanding all these sanctions, however, and in spite of the authority of the famous Delphic oracle, Lycurgus met serious opposition in the first enactment and execution of his laws. Among the noteworthy provisions of the new constitution was, first of all, a public and equitable division of the land among the citizens. For Sparta 9,000 lots were assigned and distributed among as many citizens. Outside of Sparta there were 30,000 assigned for all the rest of Laconia. The Gerontia, or Senate, was made to consist of 30 citizens, 28 elected from the clans, and two kings. Besides this Senate there was also a democratic assembly of the people, who were thus able to exert a powerful influence in determining matters of public policy. The kings were accorded high honors, and they

acted as priests, judges, and commanders in war, but their powers were limited and held in check by the Senate and by the more popular Assembly. The government of Sparta, accordingly, combined the element of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. But the particular statutes of Lycurgus embodied the principles of a rigid military despotism. The individual was so merged in the state that he was conceived to live and labor only for the public welfare. He was not at all his own, and could not live unto himself nor die unto himself. Society was divided into two classes, citizens and slaves, but all alike were slaves of the state. The bondmen, known as Helots, were probably the survivors of an aboriginal race that had been conquered at an early time, and had become a class of serfs, belonging to the soil, and no owner or master of them could set them at liberty or sell them to foreigners outside the borders of Laconia. The Spartans, moreover, did not permit foreign travel, except in special cases, nor did they welcome foreigners to their land. Thus would they avoid all foreign complications and corruptions. They cut off commerce with other countries, and no foreign ships were permitted to land their goods on the shores of Laconia. Domestic regulations were correspondingly severe. Only strong and well-formed children were permitted to live; the feeble and unpromising were exposed upon the mountains. This was so much a matter of law that a public examination was held to determine who should live and who should be exposed to perish. A boy was taken from his mother when he was seven years old and was trained by severe discipline for the general service of the state. At the age of thirty he was allowed to marry, but not to choose his own wife. The state had its way of doing that for him, and after his marriage he was required to live in the garrison most of the time until he was sixty years old. And yet the customs of marriage were very loose. Polyandry was common, and husbands were even permitted to loan their wives to other men. Even burial customs were regulated by statute. The bodies of the dead were buried in public places of the city, where the tombs would be the most common objects of sight and the people would become so familiar with them from childhood that they would entertain no superstitious fears of death and the grave.

The names of the dead might not be written on their tombs, except in case of some famous hero who fell in battle. Great stress was placed on physical culture, and the young women as well as the young men were trained to run in public races and to develop their muscular strength by various athletic sports in the open field. They all ate at a common table and used a common kind of food. Eating at home and indulging in luxurious food were strictly prohibited. Lycurgus introduced iron money for the currency, in pieces too heavy and too bulky to conceal without difficulty, or to run away with. Thus he aimed to check avarice and to remove temptations to theft. And so, in many ways, his entire code of laws was adapted to promote a vigorous and efficient state policy. The individual as such counted for little with him; the public weal and the security of the state were the one great end of the law. Under such a system personal and private morality becomes a matter of small concern and receives comparatively little attention. But the code of Lycurgus, inspired and approved by the sacred Oracle of Apollo, exerted a mighty influence over the ancient Spartans. During the most flourishing period of its history their capital city had no walls for its defense, for their lawgiver had taught them that the strongest wall of a city is the valor and loyalty of the citizens. Tradition says that Lycurgus exacted a promise from his people that they would make no change in the laws he had given them before his return from a journey he was about to make abroad. From that journey he never came back. Whither he went no one knew. He vanished from the sight of man, and, as in the case of Moses, "no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day."

SOLON.—We now turn from Lycurgus, the Spartan, to Solon, the Athenian. His name marks a clear advance in Greek legislation, and brings us nearer to the dawn of intelligible history. Other Greek lawgivers of some note came between him and Lycurgus. There was Zaleucus, the founder of the Locrian state, who, according to Strabo, compiled from the codes of Minos and of Lycurgus the first body of written laws among the Greeks. One chief characteristic of his legislation was the extreme severity of his statutes and the attachment of a definite penalty for each specific crime. There also was Draco, the Athenian, whose laws

were said to have been written with blood rather than with ink, and who decreed the penalty of death for almost every offense. The smallest theft was punished as severely as the most atrocious murder. But Solon modified and supplanted the Code of Draco by a more rational discipline and a more humane legislation. He flourished about B.C. 550, and so was contemporary with Servius Tullius in Italy, who gave a new constitution to the Roman state, and instituted the popular Assembly known as the *Comitia Centuriata*. This was a crucial epoch in the history of Greece; especially was it a time of social, civil, commercial, and military unrest in the province of Attica. There was a great opportunity for a great leader, and Solon proved to be the man for the hour. By study and travel he had become learned in all the wisdom of his time, and also mighty in word and in deed. He also, like Lycurgus, resorted to the holy mount, Parnassus, consulted the Oracle of Apollo at Delphi, and derived inspiration from the Muses of the Castalian fountain there. When he came to his work of legislation he was in position, as first man of Athens, to assume absolute power, but he chose rather to suffer opposition and abuse for the sake of the common people and for his country's highest good. He repealed the drastic penalties of the Draconian Code, instituted the high council of the Areopagus, and discarding both monarchy and democracy, he established a *Timocracy*, a government by the most esteemed and revered classes of citizens. These "timocrats" were divided into several ranks, according to the amount of their annual income. The first class must have at least 500 measures of corn, wine, and oil; the second must have an income of 300 measures, and the third class must have at least 150 measures. The second class were knights, or equestrians. There was also a fourth class, with an income of less than 150 measures, but they could take no part in the election of responsible officers of state. Only those of the first class could elect the archons, or chief officers, and the members of the Areopagus must first have been archons. The Senate was composed of 400 men chosen from the first three classes of citizens. But the highest class of citizens might forfeit their rights, and the lowest class might, by industry and uprightness, rise to the highest place. All

classes were permitted to take part in the common public assemblies, so that no one was excluded from public life and responsibility. Thus the Solonian constitution aimed to secure the best practical legislation for all the people. It sought to establish a beautiful harmony of religion, the state, the home, the family, and private life. He enacted statutes for the regulation of marriage, punished habitual idleness, and condemned extravagance both in public and in private life. He regulated the attendance at public entertainments, and the journeys and habits of women at the places of public resort. He cultivated humanitarian sentiments, and provided for the rightful claims of the aged and infirm. He forbade speaking ill of the dead, and reviling the living in any public place. He put a stigma of dishonor upon all citizens who remained neutral in times of war. His laws were graven on wooden frames and posted up in the places of public resort.

This great lawgiver lived to be an old man—eighty years. One tradition says that, by his own order, he was cremated after death and his ashes were gathered up and scattered about the isle of Salamis. All traditions show him as a revered and cheerful sage. He is the reputed author of the lines:

I grow in learning as I grow in years.
Wine, wit and beauty still their charms bestow,
Light all the shades of life, and cheer us as we go.

The learned historian Curtius pronounces Solon's code "the greatest work of art which political wisdom has produced—the clarified expression of the Athenian consciousness. When Solon himself was asked whether he had provided the best possible laws for the Athenian state he answered: 'The best the Athenians are now capable of receiving.'"

NUMA.—To make this paper fairly comprehensive we should make mention also of Numa Pompilius, successor of Romulus, the first great lawgiver of the Romans. The story of the disappearance of Romulus from the world reminds one of the taking up of Elijah by a whirlwind into heaven. It is said to have occurred when many of the Roman people were outside the city offering sacrifices by a neighboring lake. Suddenly the sky became overcast with clouds and thick darkness, and there followed a violent storm

accompanied with thunder and lightning. The tempest raged in greatest fury over the place where Romulus was standing; the people fled in terror and dismay, and when the storm was over Romulus was nowhere to be found. But the rumor at once went forth that he had been suddenly caught up into heaven by the god of war, his father, Mars. This belief was strengthened by the solemn oath of Proculus, a man of high rank and the special friend of Romulus, who declared before all the people that he had seen the king in a heavenly splendor, clad in dazzling armor, and had received from him this message to the Romans: "It pleased the gods that I should dwell for a time with men, and after having founded a city which will be the most powerful and glorious in the world, return to heaven from whence I came. Go and tell the Romans that, by the exercise of temperance and fortitude, they shall attain the highest pitch of human greatness; and I, the god Quirinus, will ever be propitious to them." Such is the story as told by Plutarch. After the departure of Romulus there was disturbance over the question of his successor in the government of Rome. The Romans and the Sabines contended for the leadership and each faction had its claims, its fears, and its jealousy of a rival. But the strife was ended by the Romans, who selected Numa Pompilius, a Sabine, to be the king of the whole realm. This selection gave universal satisfaction, for Numa was already distinguished for his great personal virtues. His piety, patience, and judicial uprightness became widely known and gained for him a high place in the hearts of the people. He tolerated no luxuries in his house and abstained from sensuous pleasures and all unworthy pursuits. He was especially eminent for his piety and the worship of the gods. He often wandered in the sacred groves and in solitary places, and seemed intent upon the study of the nature of the Powers above him. Near the place now occupied by the famous baths of Caracalla there was, in the ancient time, a sacred grove believed to be the abode of the goddess Egeria, a fountain nymph who possessed the gift of prophecy. Tradition says that this grove was Numa's favorite resort, and that he prepared his laws for the government of Rome under the inspiration and instruction of the goddess Egeria. In her fellowship he seemed to

live and move and have his being for the time, and she herself was thereafter spoken of as the divine spouse of Numa. It was Numa's first concern to soften and subdue the warlike fierceness of the people he was called to govern. Hence his marked attention to the sanctions of religion. All the traditions of his work go to portray him as a theocratic lawgiver. He instituted the office of Pontifex Maximus, chief priest or high pontiff of all the ministers of religion. He established also the order of the Flamens, priests, and guardians of the daily sacrifices; also that of the Vestal Virgins, guardians of the sacred fire, and that of the Fetiales, guardians of the public faith and honor. To him also is attributed the founding of the college of the priests of Mars, called the Salii, who were to guard the sacred shield that fell from heaven into the hands of Numa at the time of a fearful pestilence. He built the first temple to Fides, to enhance in the popular mind the obligation of one's solemn oath. He also built temples to Terminus, the god of boundaries, holding that territorial limits were natural barriers against lawless power and should be honored and guarded by the sanctions of religion. In accordance with his reverence for this god of boundaries he marked out the limits of the Roman lands, and distributed them among the citizens so that the temptations of poverty and greed and oppression might be as far as possible removed. He classified the citizens also as masons, tanners, potters, braziers, goldsmiths, and musicians. He regulated the power of fathers in the disposition of their children. He also attempted the reformation of the Roman calendar, and changed the order of the months. No war or insurrection occurred during the long reign of Numa Pompilius. The temple of Janus, which he founded, remained closed during all those forty years. He died when a little over eighty years of age, and was buried in a stone coffin under Mount Janiculum, beyond the Tiber. His sacred books of law and rites were deposited in another stone coffin near his tomb.

The world knows how Rome grew in power, and how she tried various forms of government, and became by nature, by geographical location, and by conquest the mistress of the states of Europe, of western Asia and of northern Africa. In the sixth century of our era the Emperor Justinian collected the enactments

of all previous Roman legislation, and by the help of the learned Tribonianus codified the various laws, and compiled the celebrated Codex Justinianus, together with the "Digests" and "Pandects," which became the common law of the empire and the basis of all modern European and American legislation.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.—The foregoing outline of divine-human lawgiving, as reported to us by the traditions of the ancient nations and peoples, furnishes a most interesting field of study for the anthropologist. The origin, growth, modifications, and codification of such laws as we have mentioned present to the thoughtful mind profound questions of psychology, ethics, and religion. We offer the following observations:

1. The origin of these earliest codes of the nations and the persons to whom the legislation is attributed are, for the most part, wrapped in the mists of prehistoric antiquity.

2. With the exception, perhaps, of Confucius and the Chinese, all these ancient lawgivers claim to have received their codes in whole or in large part from some Deity, a God of light and wisdom, with whom they held intimate counsel.

3. There is no valid evidence that these various codes were borrowed one from another. It is part of the story of Lycurgus that he traveled widely, and derived help from Minos of Crete. Solon also may have learned something both from Minos and Lycurgus, and all these lawgivers no doubt derived material for their purpose from many sources now unknown to us. But nothing is more certain than that the different codes have not been copied from one another or from one and the same original collection of laws.

4. In no case do the great fundamental laws appear to have found their first publication or enactment with the lawgiver who codified them. The primary ethical laws are older than any lawgiver of antiquity. The work of Confucius illustrates how the laws he wrote out and magnified were a great inheritance from the past. The two tables given to Moses contained laws written in Babylon before the time of Abraham.

5. The ancient lawgiver was, in every instance, a great genius and a commander of the people. He was usually *the man* of a

crucial epoch in the life of his nation; a great sage, who combined large wisdom and moderation with a corresponding tact and sagacity for adapting means to ends.

6. In fundamental ethics all lawgivers and codes alike recognize the criminality of murder, theft, falsehood, and trespass upon the common rights of others, but each code of morals shows such stages of development and such degrees of refinement as correspond with the general conditions of the civilization. Definitions and penalties of particular crimes serve in some measure to indicate the relative degree of civilization attained.

7. This comparative study of laws and lawgiving tends to put in strong light the moral and spiritual nature of man. Our self-conscious personality and our normal relation to our fellow-beings of the same nature are matters of highest, deepest, broadest, noblest concern. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is a most fundamental commandment. All the legislation of the past, and all that is to come, if it make for the highest good of man, must concur to fulfill this great commandment of love. To what a glorious goal of human history does this concept point us on!

8. Our conception of the origin of law and the nature of its authoritative sanctions will naturally accord with our theory of the origin of man and of his relation to the invisible forces of the world. So far as trustworthy history informs us, the human race as a whole has been making very slow progress through the centuries. If we try to go back to the prehistoric times, and gather up all the facts and the hints which point to his condition centuries and millenniums before Moses and Abraham and Hammurabi, we cannot find that he made any faster progress during the most infantile childhood of the world. The modern scientist tells us quite positively that man is the product, through incalculable ages, of evolution, of some lower kind of animal, probably some lost species of a Simian form. But, according to this theory, the anthropoid ape, in his turn, was an evolution from a still more remote ancestor of a still lower type of organism. I, for one, have no controversy with this theory of the animal origin of man. To me the concept becomes more and more, as I study it, marvelously grand and sublime. Thus I behold life and intelligence slowly

but surely developing, rising higher and higher through millions of years, until they appear in the mystery and magnificence of human personality, personality capable of knowing, obeying, and violating law.

9. In accordance with this magnificent concept I now think of LAW as something higher and broader than human life. I note also that men of profound research suggest that Matter and Energy are the two great factors which may account for all things. For aught we know to the contrary, this suggestion may be the statement of a fundamental fact. But this proposition, apparently so simple and comprehensive at first thought, becomes deeply mysterious when we go on to ask some questions. What is Matter? What is Energy? Matter we can see, and touch, and taste, and probe by many tests. But what and whence is Energy? It is an invisible power, which we may feel and reverence more or less, but which in the depths of its mysteries is past our finding out. We do well to be somewhat agnostic when we presume to define this invisible Energy, but is it wise or prudent to be hasty in affirming or assuming that the forces which operate the countless forms of matter in the universe are blind, unconscious, unintelligent movements of Energy? The stones, the mountains, the rivers, and the oceans, the winds, and the stars are all under law. Who knows but that law itself is, in the last analysis of our thought, a name for our human concept of an invisible but intelligent Energy that rules the visible universe? It is certain that one commanding law of human thought, from which no sane mind can revolt, is that every effect must have a sufficient cause. What sufficient cause, then, we ask—and thoughtful men have ever been asking it—what sort of a power is that unseen Energy back of all phenomena? Can it be a blind, impersonal, unintelligent force that so legislates and orders the movements of suns and moons and planets that the astronomer can tell us the certain solar eclipse of a thousand years from now, and write down the very second when that eclipse will begin and end?

10. We believe that Law, as such, has no existence apart from beings and things which have natural relations to one another. The clod, the cloud, the tree, and the flower are under law, but

with no self-consciousness or thought. Only a spiritual personality like man is capable of perceiving the nature and obligations of law. It accords with all this that, among the great peoples and nations of antiquity, law in the highest sense was conceived as emanating from the Supreme Ruler of the world. It matters not, in the present argument, what form of expression the concept or the traditions bear. Myth, legend, folk-lore, poetry, embellished symbols attach to the traditions of prehistoric legislation, and naturally so. These were but the language of the time, the outward drapery of the real facts of divine-human lawgiving. The essential truth traceable in all these forms of thought is that law and religion alike point to an invisible divine Ruler of the heavens and the earth. We can see but parts of his ways, but in our final analysis we may define law as the intelligent operation of power, and religion is a becoming respect of such law. But law and religion alike are to me unthinkable apart from intelligent personality. The ultimate ground and reason of moral obligation must rest in some moral relationship, and such relationship can exist only between intelligent beings. Such being the case, all righteous human lawgiving must somehow involve the discovery and statement of moral forces which make for the highest good of man. But these forces are essentially part and parcel of the one invisible Energy which moves and rules through all things and is absolute in its authority. So far, now, as that invisible Power is perceived by man and commands his respect and obedience, so far it becomes in fact the divine inspirer of every righteous thought and principle. Is there, then, any more rational conclusion than that this superior Energy, which is in all, through all, and over all, is the adorable Father of mankind? "We are his offspring," as the old Greek poet said, and all the reports of divine-human lawgiving are but so many versions of the manner in which through ages and generations, man has been slowly becoming acquainted with his heavenly Father and his Father's house.

Milton S. Terry

ART. IV.—OLD ROME IN NEW ITALY

IN the closing chapter of Gibbon's monumental history there are two men standing on the Capitoline Hill, Roman citizens of the fifteenth century. The modern world is just emerging from the mists of the Middle Ages. Gazing upon the mournful prospect which spreads out in lean desolation before them, one thus addresses the other: "The hill of the Capitol, on which we sit, was formerly the head of the Roman empire, the citadel of the earth, the terror of kings, illustrated by the footsteps of so many triumphs, enriched with the spoils and tributes of so many nations. This spectacle of the world, how it is fallen! how changed! how defaced! The path of victory is obliterated by vines, and the benches of the senators are concealed by a dunghill. Cast your eyes on the Palatine Hill, and seek among the shapeless and enormous fragments the marble theater, the obelisks, the colossal statues, the porticoes of Nero's palace; survey the other hills of the city—the vacant space is interrupted only by ruins and gardens. The Forum of the Roman people, where they assembled to enact their laws and elect their magistrates, is now inclosed for the cultivation of pot-herbs, or thrown open for the reception of swine and buffaloes. The public and private edifices, that were founded for eternity, lie prostrate, naked, and broken, like the limbs of a mighty giant, and the ruin is the more visible from the stupendous relics that have survived the injuries of time and fortune."¹ Four and a half centuries later a pilgrim from the Western world, a world undiscovered at the time these two Romans stood on the hill and indulged in their melancholy reflections, stands on the same hill and beholds not less but more of ruin. Yet additional decay has been attended by increased reverence. The ruins were never more venerable than at this hour. Time has not ceased to challenge the staying power of column and wall, yet the regard of the historian, the antiquarian, and the patriot for these pathetic reminders of bygone splendor has an augmentation

¹ *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vi, 516.

in passing years positively fascinating to the sympathetic on-looker. Before us lie the same valleys and rise the same hills. To our left, as we turn and face the north, flows the Tiber, its nearest bank scarcely a third of a mile distant. Sweeping with the eye the circle from northeast to southwest one notes the famous hills, the Quirinal, the Viminal, the Esquiline, the Cælian, the Aventine, while in the center, southeast of the Capitoline, rises the Palatine. Between the last named spreads out the Roman Forum. If the scattered bones are so vast, how huge must have been the live giant! This reflection is most pertinent as we face the south, and overlook again the great market place, the space reserved for law courts, the center of the Roman world. The Forum runs north and south about five hundred feet, and east and west about four hundred feet. Lying on a lower level than the surrounding streets, its old paved floor appears much broken and defaced, yet one may see in spots the worn marble slabs on which the famous triumphal processions marched to the end of their glorious path, the far-off beginning of which lay in Parthia, Gaul, the Nile, the Thames.

You step down into this scene of the old renown. Hard by is the oldest known sewer in the world that is as good today as new. A longitudinal opening in the surface allows one to peer down some ten or fifteen feet into the gloom and satisfy himself that this underground conduit, the Cloaca Maxima, is as old as it is claimed to be, for a tale-bearing stench confirms after a fashion the report of history. This drain, with its roof cemented with time-defying Roman mortar, recalls the age of the kings of Rome, twenty-six centuries ago. To our left, as we face the south, is the next oldest monument or remnant of ancient Rome, the Tullianum, by some styled the Mamertine prison. Originally a well, it was in the course of time transformed into a dungeon. In the floor there is still the proof of its original use in an opening about the size of an ordinary bucket, now covered by a copper top. On removing the top, or cap, one can easily see and reach the surface of the water. Tradition has it that Saint Paul was confined here for a time, but reasons exist for doubting the fact as told. There is no denial, however, that Jugurtha, and some of the Catalinian conspirators, and others unknown to recorded his-

tory, were imprisoned in its gloom. It must have been a noisome hole in those hard and cruel days. Today its ceiling lies below the cellar floor of an old church. A narrow stairway of stone leads up from the lower depth to the church cellar. Our Italian guide, a hanger-on of the church, leading us down the steps, points to a rude intaglio of a face cut into the wall, and declares it was made when Saint Peter was being conducted down the stairs and was roughly thrown by the soldier against the hard wall. It is no matter that human flesh is softer than stone, nor that the stairs themselves were not built until several centuries later than the apostolic age. Roman Catholicism might well have earned the title of *The Great Inventor of All Time*. Edison is a wind-blown rush-light in contrast with her blazing impostures. Let us get out into the open air. Here even a broken stone is better company than an easy falsehood, and we shall find that when New Italy casts about in the days of her need for inspiring leadership she prefers the pathetic patchwork of a restored ruin of the old Rome to the lying lip of mediæval superstition. As we look about the Forum, lo! yonder is the spot where the dead body of Cæsar was burned; further on are the precincts of the abode of the Vestal Virgins. Late excavations have revealed old Rome's most cosmopolitan charity, for at the base of the Palatine is a row of photographic statues of high priestesses of the Temple of Vesta—and one of them has the unmistakable features of a Negress. Off to the southwest is Rome's hugest ruin, the Coliseum. Its vast oval cutting the sky has been sliced and ground and torn away by time and man until on one side it droops, like a weary eyelid, many feet downward from the original sky line. The fascinations of cruel sport are all over and gone, but the massive walls, the many portals insuring the safety and convenience of eighty thousand spectators, the subterranean caverns in which wild beasts were confined, the now visible remnants of supports for the wooden poles from which hung the widespreading curtain to shelter the crowd from the sun, all tell such a tale as the world will never hear again.

The Coliseum illustrates in itself every cause of ruin that has been so disastrous to the ancient glory of Rome: the injuries of overflowing river and raging fire, the attacks of barbarians and

Christians, the use and abuse of materials, the domestic quarrels of the Middle Age Romans. Long before its worst desolations were achieved, and when it still retained a modicum of its former splendor, even in its "naked majesty" it fascinated the gaze of Saxon pilgrims in the eighth century, and they expressed their praise and prophecy in words which Byron has framed in classic lines:

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world!

This venerable ruin tells its story of the neglect of the thousand years following its disuse as Rome's playground. Though the inside was much damaged its external circumference, of one thousand six hundred feet, with its triple-storied elevation of eighty arches rising to one hundred and eight feet above the floor, remained until the sixteenth century still inviolate. Today the visitor at the Farnese palace on the bank of the Tiber may "curse the sacrilege and luxury of the upstart princes," nephews of the Pope, Paul III, for they made a quarry of the noble pile. Nor were they alone in their guilt. A like anathema has fallen on the nephews of another Pope, Urban VIII. The Berberini family, for their reckless selfishness, were bitterly scored by a punning poet in the oft-quoted line, "*Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecerunt Berberini.*" And all is said when we note that Michelangelo borrowed from the Coliseum materials for the building of Saint Peter's.

How vastly preferable for inspiration to heroic life old Rome, damaged as it is, will ever be to young Italy is clear by a remarkable contrast. Ascend to the level of the two peaks from which we gained our first view of all the expanse of desolation. The one peak is the *Capitoline*, on our right as we face the south; the other is the *Arx*, or Citadel, of old Rome. The softer Italian makes of the latter "*Ava Caeli.*" An old church crowns this peak. Its most precious, most famous possession is the bedizened wooden doll, the jewel-covered bambino. Superstition still works magical cures as it is carried out on certain holy days. In the Museum on the opposite peak is that pathetic picture of agony, The Dying

Gaul—a proud treasure of Rome, for long time styled The Dying Gladiator. As you stand fronting it, unable to fathom its eloquence, the English poet furnishes exit for feeling:

I see before me the gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony.
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him; he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

Does one say that the Gauls were the victors of the same legions who defended the Hill, and in their turn set upon its crest the standards of the Teutonic peoples? Better that than the conquest by the ignorance, or superstition, or vicious class pride, or vicar-claims of later days in whose train there followed the error that carved the Doll in the neighboring church. The contrast suggested by the wood and the marble will run on in leaping memory too far for present space. But we may well pause a moment and survey the prospect. The love of art, of education, of country, of a nobler national policy, is taking the place of a spirit which in other days laid intolerable burdens upon the heart of Italy.

Rome lies in layers: (1) pagan, (2) mediæval Christian, and (3) modern independence. The last is everywhere leaping to the front, and puts the second aside for the sake of getting at the wealth of concrete material and of genuine inspiration. I say "wealth of concrete," not meaning that the modern spade strikes golden hoards under the surface, but far richer stores in shattered arch and broken column. The modern Italian government is at war with the ravaging hand of time. On the Palatine Hill—the *Roma Quadrata* of Romulus and Remus—official supervision is preserving and restoring all it can. Even more noticeable is this fact when one enters the vast halls and apartments of the Baths of Caracalla. No clearer evidence of the preference of the modern Italian patriot and scholar for oldest Rome as against old Rome can be adduced than the fact that the government frequently and

without apology orders the destruction or removal of some thousand-year-old monastery in order to get at remains of buildings two and three thousand years old. The Dark Ages bespeak for themselves scant reverence, in the presence of a nobler appeal to the heroic hater of shams, in the shape of an armless statue or a crumbling arch emerging from their concealing envelope of dirt and ashes. The only completely preserved building of pagan days that stands intact today is the Pantheon. It is a good witness of the three layers of which mention has been made. The Pantheon was first a temple, then a church; now it is a mausoleum. Here and there the cross appears, and many tombs of Italy's great ones. Among these two are of special significance: one that of Raphael, who lavished his genius in the glorification of the papacy when art was unable to reform the church, another that of Victor Emmanuel, who died in January, 1878, after having been compelled to turn from Roman pontiff to Roman people in his noble ambition to reorganize the peninsula and solidify into one nation the scattered members of what Metternich called "a geographical expression." Coming out from the Pantheon we find ourselves wondering if this is the sum of Italy's toil—the burying of her dead in dismantled walls, and the digging up of the older dead. Is Italy's best a grave?

Mrs. Browning, a half century ago, watched the shouting crowds of Florence stream past her windows in the Casa Guidi, and thrilled with the hope that they would accomplish something for Italy's unification; so she rang the changes of her bright appeals in the first half of "Casa Guidi Windows," but when she discovered the crowds to be unheroic, and satisfied with strewing flowers on the spot where Savonarola was burned, she sang, in the last half of her poem:

Still graves, when Italy is talked upon;
Still, still the patriot's tomb, the stranger's hate!

Yet had she read more deeply, she would have found that Italy's very graveyard was changing to a garden spot, and that old Rome was to have its day of resurrection. Even the second layer named contained enough good soil for planting good seed which would

spring to a generous life in proper time. The most perfect illustration of papal pride is Saint Peter's. Our line of thought has preferred the concrete to the abstract, so the most glorious church on earth furnishes us a picture of the time of transition from the middle to the modern age. Its dimensions on the ground floor are not much different from those of the Coliseum, nor, indeed, from those of the Forum. Its length is six hundred and fifteen feet, its width four hundred and fifty, its height, to the top of the gold cross on the great ball, is four hundred and thirty-five feet. The interior proportions are so perfect that its magnitudes deceive the eye. It will help the eye if we remember that each one of the gigantic pillars supporting the dome is as large at the base as the similar measure of the Washington Monument by the Potomac. Imagine four such piles at the intersection of the main aisle and the transept of Saint Peter's. In its erection the church robbed the Coliseum of much marble, and for its payment money was raised by special taxes laid upon the credulity of the superstitious. It defaced antiquity, it mortgaged truth, in order to fling its dome into the blue sky. It looked not back to the simple faith of the Catacombs church, but rather enshrined the Christian belief in a maze of complicated ceremonials, and laid the burden of an imposing ritual upon a clergy already weighted with form. Yet it held in its rich interior, or, rather, in the Vatican palace hard by, and decorated by the same genius, the picture prophecy of a better day. Raphael was born in the same year with Luther, 1483. While the German lad was singing for bread under the windows of Eisenach Raphael was handling paints in Urbino with almost mature skill. The year 1511 finds Luther on his pilgrimage to Rome, where Raphael, called thither by the art-loving Pope, had begun to glorify the papacy. Among the marvels of his handicraft there is a wall painting called "The Deliverance of Saint Peter." The colors had scarcely dried when, in 1517, the Wittenberg church door resounded under the hammer of the monk as he painted not but nailed his theses to the panels. The paper is gone, and the paint has stuck, but they both preached the same gospel, and both eyed the future like true prophets. Time was long in approving their vision, for it was not until 1870 that Saint

Peter became, so far as Rome was concerned, a free-speaking itinerant of the nineteenth century. The money Tetzl collected north of the Alps enabled the Pope to pay the painter for his picture of apostolic freedom, but the liberty enjoyed by Italy today was achieved in a way never dreamed of by Pope or painter. The story of liberty and union is crammed with inspiring facts.

When Poggius and his friend stood on the Capitoline Hill and mused on the dead past, never, as they reasoned, to be recovered, a rebirth was at hand. The year 1453 marked the downfall of the eastern half of the Roman empire at the surrender of Constantinople to the Turk. The New Learning spread westward and changed the whole spirit of life and scholarship. The Greek scholars who fled from Constantinople with Greek manuscripts under their arms were the advance guard of an army under whose banners the young life of every later age has joyed to enlist. Free thought opened its eyes. Art flourished in Italy. The semipagan pontiff's tastes published his devotion to its dictates rather than to the altars of the church. The secularization of the clergy was at hand. Whether the new day should turn to the poison or to the pure water was a question. Then came the Reformation, not having for its leading foundations merely economic or political causes, but, as the late History of the Reformation by Dr. Lindsay has made clear, mental and moral causes. True, Europe had been getting ready for its metamorphosis for many years. The new emphasis upon linguistic and national differences, the failing feudalism, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, printing, the triumph of the Copernican astronomy, and the discovery of America were huge signposts of progress. Europe was steadily moving toward an inevitable emancipation of thought and will and the more perfect development of national life for several peoples. Italy was the first to welcome the New Learning, yet the last, after weary ages, to reap the ripest fruit. In Italy the New Learning was mental, artistic, æsthetic, rather than moral. The church herself encouraged a dangerous "pseudo-pagan ideal of life." Beauty, and not power, settled in Italy. Power, and not beauty, took up its abode in Germany. This is true as a general statement. Exceptions are highly significant evidences

of its sobriety. In 1491 Savonarola was elected prior of Saint Mark's in Florence, yet, after having given large proof of transcendent eloquence and power of leadership, he was burned in 1498 on the charge of heresy. He had set himself in vain against the semipagan absolutism of the papacy. But his vision fell true in God's good time. Though a reaction followed his struggle, the final result could not be forever held back. Throughout Europe two camps divided love and thought and blood. The liberal was pitted against the conservative. The Teutonic peoples went one way, the Latins another. Spain championed the latter and, backed by the papacy, checked the tide of revolution for a season. Yet all the while the Vatican held the prophecy of the painter on its walls, though no prelate had eyes to read its meaning. German and Englishman alike sum up Saint Peter's as a monumental illustration of the text, "Pride goeth before destruction." Hegel compares Saint Peter's to the Temple of Athene, "built with the money of the allies and [which] issued in the loss of both allies and power; so the completion of this Church of Saint Peter and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment' in the Sistine Chapel were the Doomsday and the ruin of this proud spiritual edifice."¹ And Lecky says:²

There is none that tells a sadder tale of the frustration of human efforts and the futility of human hopes. It owes its greatest splendor to a worldly and ambitious pontiff, Julius II, who has not even obtained an epitaph beneath its dome. It was designed to be the eternal monument of the glory and the universality of Catholicism, and it has become the most impressive memorial of its decay.

After Italy awoke there was nothing to do but to go back of this stupendous arsenal of ecclesiasticism, back to a day when one banner floated from the Alps to Sicily. To an American there is no other story of struggle for "liberty and union" quite so pathetic, quite so stirring, next to that of 1776 and that of 1861-65, as the story of the winning of Italian independence.

For a thousand years before Napoleon Italy had been a patchwork of jealous cities and principalities, subject to German

¹ Hegel, *Philosophy of History*, p. 431.

² Lecky, *History of Rationalism*, vol. i, p. 206.

emperor, to warrior Pope, and rival princes. Napoleon came, bettered the condition of things in Italy, left it nursing a dream, then fell. With his going Italy collapsed. True, from Milan he had issued a heart-awakening proclamation; he had come "to reëstablish the Capital, to awaken the Roman people from centuries of servitude; such will be the fruits of our victory." He was a most veracious seer, but not the executor of his vision. Other men had dreamed dreams. The idea of a united and free Italy was taught by Dante, Petrarch, and even Macchiavelli. But for centuries Italy's soul was on the auction block and her freedom was sold to the highest bidder. The Congress of Vienna left Sardinia to its former king. Austria took Lombardy and Venice. Napoleon's widow and the Hapsburgs divided other principalities between them. The Papal States went to the Pope. But the new spirit of Italy could never again cower in the old dungeon. A young exile from Italy was second in command of a vessel in the Sea of Azof. One day he stepped ashore and joined a "Young Italy" club. It was Joseph Garibaldi, twenty-four years old. About the same time a young engineer of Genoa was put on garrison duty. He wrote in 1834: "In my dreams I see myself already a Minister of Italy." It was Camillo Cavour. If Cavour was the statesman and Garibaldi the knight errant of modern Italian independence,¹ Mazzini was its prophet. It was he who in 1830 started the "Young Italy" clubs, and became the chief encourager of revolutionary principles. What was most evident in the second third of the century had been brewing in 1820. In that year King Ferdinand of Naples swore a solemn oath to protect the rights of his subjects and then illustrated his perjury by the jailing, exile, and death of such as had plead and fought for what he had promised. He died in 1824 and left the kingdom to his son Francis, whose reign lasted six years, and whose final delirium echoed with the words: "What are those cries? Do the people demand a constitution? Give it to them! Give it to them!" Even then Metternich declared Italy to be "of all European lands the one which had the greatest tendency to revolution."

¹ Symonds.

Thus Mazzini, who was arrested soon after 1830 for being a member of the "Carbonari," found the way growing clearer for the "Young Italy" clubs, and before 1832 his new society ranked all other revolutionary organizations. Between 1820 and 1850 the novels and the poetry of Italy were filled with hopes of freedom from foreign domination, of the separation of the powers of church and state, and of the unification of the peninsula. Even the antechambers of the Vatican were echoing with the new and growing opinions. In 1844 Emilio and Attilio Bandiera, young Venetian officers, became ardent advocates of Italian unity and conspired against the Neapolitan government. Their arrest was quickly followed by a death sentence. Going to their place of doom they sang: "He who for his country dies has already lived long enough," and amid the rattle of musketry they shouted: "*Evviva l' Italia!*" In 1845 the king of Piedmont, Charles Albert, said: "My life, the life of my sons, my arms, my treasure, my army, all shall be devoted to the cause of Italy!" The new generation welcomed the new ideas. Niebuhr had said a few years before: "No one feels himself a citizen. . . . Not only are the people destitute of hope but they have not even wishes touching the world's affairs; and hence all the springs of great and noble thoughts are choked up." Niebuhr knew a vast deal of old Rome, but little enough of new Italy. Nor was there agreement among Italian leaders. Mazzini hoped for a republic. That was impossible. Italy's dawn was in Piedmont, where Charles Albert was strengthening his ancestral kingdom and at the same time granting political liberties to his people. The year 1848 was bright with hopes of a better day. The Papal States were gratified by the appointment of a layman, Prince Gabrielli, as war minister, the first layman in the papal cabinet. Sicily was in revolution, Genoa and Turin led the way in demand for reform. Nowhere was there more joy than in Rome, where the Pope's sympathy with reform led the populace to shout his praises while they cursed Austria and the Jesuits. This same eventful year witnessed the change of stress from the question of reform to that of national independence. In the struggle which followed with Austria the Pope, Pius IX, pulled back, and from that hour lost influence with the

whole Italian people. The reaction of failure was heart-breaking. It is not to our purpose to attempt to unravel the tangle of the next twenty years. Armaments, displays of force, and cannon thunders may be discounted, but not so the free spirit of man. The glory of 1848 was followed by the gloom of 1849, when the French army under General Oudinot drove the liberals from Rome and replaced the conservatives in power. Even so, though the intrepid Garibaldi recognized the cause as hopeless, the day before the French entered the city he led out his band of four thousand with the memorable words: "I can only offer you hunger and danger, the earth for a bed, and the warmth of the sun for refreshment, but let whosoever does not even now despair of the fortunes of Italy follow me!"

But Rome, old Rome, they never despaired of securing for the center and capital of the new and unified Italy. What Crispi said in 1891, "Unity for Italy is a guarantee of her life, and unity without Rome cannot be secured," was the growing feeling throughout the different sections of Italy long before 1870. The passion of modern Italians for Rome as a capital has not been understood by politicians on other shores. The Italians themselves grant its unsuitableness for a capital; its site is lonely; its commercial position is not equal to that of many other Italian cities; its location, on the whole, not healthy, and its people not as orderly as those of the Tuscan or the Lombardy valleys, yet there they cling, and for this the red-shirts leaped up from the south at the call of Garibaldi. It was while reflecting upon the events of 1865 and of 1870 that Mr. Bryce was led to write: "Men are not now, any more than they ever were, chiefly governed by calculations of material profit and loss. Sentiments, fancies, theories, have not wholly passed away from politics."¹ Cavour comes to the front, and in the hours of gloom before final victory he finely preserved the gains of constitutional liberty. He cultivated the friendship of England to good purpose. He lifted the Sardinian kingdom into the councils of Europe by the share he secured for Italians in the Crimean war, when he sided with England and France against Russia. Metternich, that wily old conservative, said: "Diplomacy is passing

¹ Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*, p. 298.

away. There is only one diplomatist in Europe, and unfortunately he is against us, he is M. de Cavour." The Italian worked until his death; in 1861, with the farthest issues always in his eye. He induced Louis Napoleon to cross the Alps and drive out the Austrian, and there were great hopes that the end was at hand, which, however, was postponed when Napoleon took sides with the enemy for fear of Prussia. The Pope held to the position of the extreme Romanists, refusing to yield an inch of territory or an ounce of temporal power. In opposition to him the great majority of Italians cast their influence in with Cavour, and despite the thunders of excommunication they steadily swelled the throng, Florence, Parma, Modena, Bologna, in swearing allegiance to Victor Emmanuel. For a time Venice lay under the heel of Austria. To the south the king of Naples ran his evil and fatal course. Garibaldi landed on the coast of Sicily and opened the way for liberty with his cry, "Italy and Victor Emmanuel!" All opposition bent before him, and when he entered Naples the city rocked in a delirium of joy without a parallel. He marched up the backbone of Italy and met Victor Emmanuel—who had entered the Papal States, welcomed by the majority, fearless now of papal excommunication—with the words, "Long live the king of Italy!" Soon after the fiery, unselfish patriot retired to his island home at Caprera to await the opportune hour for the final blow.

Only Rome and Venice were now, at Cavour's death, out of the union. But the inevitable drew near. In 1862 Garibaldi raised the cry, "Rome or Death!" trying to force the hand of the king, but too soon. In 1864 the capital was moved from Turin to Florence. Men saw that as the political capital was sure to be Rome, the temporal power of the papacy was doomed. The blind ones were the Pope and his immediate supporters. They spent their few remaining hours in spitting against the hurricane. December 8, 1864, a syllabus was issued declaring that liberty of worship and of conscience was a profound error. Rather odd, the French emperor, whose armies were protecting the Pope, denounced the syllabus even more pointedly than did Victor Emmanuel. Prussia's war against Austria in 1866 gave up Venice to Italy. Only Rome was left. Two contending currents

of thought, or, rather, of dogma and fact, clashed. The end was not far off, could not be postponed. The great Council of December 8, 1869, met to discuss the doctrine of papal infallibility. A majority voted for it. But, as if to mock at the futility of an effort to fasten mediævalism upon the modern world, the Franco-Prussian war was on, and rushing to its swift conclusion, while the pontiff and his Conclave were fighting progress at the Vatican. As a necessary consequence the French troops had to be drawn from the Roman barracks to try fortunes against the Germans at Sedan and Metz. Strange conjunction! Paris was enveloped by the German army September 19, 1870. Rome was entered by Garibaldi, September 20, 1870, and with Rome were won the unity and nationality of Italy. Ancient Italy exhibited the most illustrious example of centralized power of all antiquity; Middle Age Italy stood for a synonym of division; modern Italy is the spectacle of a romance of history second to none, in the restoration of order and liberty and national life. The resurrection has come. Mrs. Browning lamented that Italy had only graves. Yet the dirge of the singer was changed into a marching song in the shrilling notes with which Garibaldi's red-shirts filled the valleys of Tuscany, coming up from the south to capture Rome for the capital of the new and united Italy:

The sepulchers open; the dead have arisen,
The martyrs of freedom have burst from their prison!

The high purpose of the regenerators of Italian liberty is most impressively shown in a series of paintings which few travelers dwell upon, or even seek out, in the Senate rooms of the Capitol not far from the Pantheon. In 1888 a celebrated painter was delegated to put upon the walls various representations of heroic Rome struggling against domestic treason and foreign foe. On one wall is the eloquent Cicero pointing the finger of scorn at the traitor, sitting in sullen anger alone, the other members of the Assembly having drawn away from him as if fearing the contamination of infidelity to Rome's good estate. On another wall is the vivid portrayal of the departure of the old hero, Regulus, for Carthage, going to his certain doom in preference to urging

his countrymen to yield to the demands of Carthage. He steps on the gang-plank unmoved by senators, soldiers, plain men, women, and children, who grieve and weep, yet mingle pride with their lament as they watch the veteran waving his native land a loyal farewell. So old Rome speaks to new Italy, not only in art, but song, and novel, and in the symbol of democratic progress—the free ballot. For even in this last modern Italy hies back more eagerly to the days of the republic than to those of the papacy. Against this irresistible might the late encyclical of the Pope flattens like a leaden bullet against a granite wall. Recent events have but emphasized the point of the title of this paper. The claims of the Roman Church to utter infallible judgments are utterly fragile, and shiver to fragments when pushing their pretensions against modern progress. The late encyclical of the Pope, “*de modernistis*,” is a general assault against the inevitable in the social, the scientific, and the theological worlds. Yet its present attitude is its logical, its traditional one. It will be recalled that the Council of Trent declared that Christ had instituted all the seven sacraments. And the Vatican Council has hurled anathemas against any who deny that “the books of Holy Scriptures in their integrity and in all their parts are divinely inspired.” The church that harks back to the Middle Ages for its philosophy, theology, and biblical criticism can have no sympathy with “the modernists.” Next to its mediaevalism in thought is its mediaevalism in the methods of applying the gag and ferreting out of criminals. The Pope proposes to set up a vigilance committee in every diocese. It remains to be seen how modernism will stand this. The Pope is making the church a house for superstition, but altogether impassible to truth and scholarship. He aims at the resurrection of the old ideal of the *static* in thought, in society, in religion, whereas philosophy, sociology, and history are nothing worth unless *dynamic* in every forward step. The Pope forgets Galileo, and lo Garibaldi, not now militant with telescope but with rifle ball, comes to teach him that true legend, if not true fact, is “*E pur si muove*,” and that never yet did man try to break knowledge but knowledge broke him. His Holiness may suppress the printed book; the author’s mind is not subject to fire and

prison cell, and quite escapes him. While the paper shrivels to ashes, the thinker heats himself into hotter antagonism to his oppressor. And even today Rome does not seem to know the difference between paper and power. One, speaking of the "modernist" controversy, remarks: "Gout is painful, but not dangerous till it reaches the stomach." That is, these ideas have not generally reached the masses, or those members upon whose contributions the church depends for material support. "Modernism" spoke lately at the Italian polls in a majority against the clericals. It looks as if the gout were affecting the stomach. The church drove Dr. Döllinger and other scholars out of the fold in 1870, and for the next thirty years scarcely held such men as the learned Lord Acton, and closed Mivart's mouth only to lose him from her altars, and has of late provoked M. Loisy to sharper protest by her stifling mediævalism. Such traditional interference with freedom of thought and such opposition to the spirit of genuine progress may not expect to recover any lost ground in the plain man's traditional reverence and submissiveness when once he has mixed well common school and ballotbox, and feels himself a genuine factor in the working out of his country's destiny. The High Priest of Mediævalism has taken easy toll of ignorance and bigotry for his altars, has dictated irrational dogmas to unfree minds, and wielded the keys of a double despotism long enough. Now that Italy has joined the procession of the twentieth century in vain he offers bribes to the children of patriots who died for constitutional liberty. In vain he mutters maledictions against their recreant ingratitude, in vain proposes a system of espionage against the thinker of his own thoughts. The granddaughter of General Garibaldi teaches in the Sunday school of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome. Her name is "Italia." She was chosen to welcome to Rome the World Congress of Sunday School Workers in the spring of 1907. The effect was beyond description. In her very name, melodious title, she became the image of the spirit with which her loved Italy, purified by much suffering and strong after much struggle, faces a new future, one of high destiny and abiding renown.

R. T. Stimson.

ART. V.—THE CHILDREN OF BRITISH CITIES AND TOWNS

OUR age, like every preceding age, is confronted with its own problems, and among the most urgent is, What is to be done with our urban children? In our cities and towns are growing up two thirds of the nation that is to be when the men of today have passed off the stage. The physical strength, the intelligence, the moral fiber and force of our successors reside potentially in the children of the homes that line gray streets and lanes and courts, the children who crowd the common schools and turn pavement and open square and every bit of smoke-stunted grass in the parks into playground. These pale-faced urchins, a large proportion of whom are half fed, and a still larger proportion diseased, and handicapped for the race from the womb, who are forced into the infant school almost as soon as they are able to walk, to be mechanically drilled, and hardened into mental woodenness and taught what they never learn by college-trained, scientifically equipped teachers when what they need is a mother's or foster mother's tender nurture, and instruction how to play healthily, to laugh, and forget that which they will soon enough learn—that life is school—these children, when they have moved on from "standard" to "standard," gaining knowledge rather than education (and that knowledge but a poor parrot smattering), are to be the citizens of the days to come, "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown." These are to be the burden-bearers of empire, to command or to comprise, on sea and land, the hosts of war, if wars should be—which God forbid!—and the hosts of industry, of commerce, of social progress, and of religion.

Now, considering the facts laid before us as to the condition of our urban children by students of child life, like Sir John Gorst in *Children of the Nation*, Mr. Reginald Bray in *The Town Child*, Miss McMillar in *Labour and Childhood*, Miss Clementina Black in *Sweated Industries*, and Olive C. Malveny (Mrs. MacKirdy) in *Baby Toilers*, all recent books, do we relish the depress-

ing outlook? Is it not time that the nation should wake up and shake off apathy, heartlessness, and insane self-complacency? Would it not be well for us to realize how far in such matters as the salvation of child life, the intelligent treatment of the body and mind of the child and rational education we are falling behind some European nations, and even Japan? This subject is no doubt intimately linked with such questions as a minimum wage, the total abolition of child labor, the proper housing of the people, the severe disciplinary treatment of vicious and indolent parents who batten on the slavery of their offspring, and the further restriction of the power of the drink trade. If it should prove that the reign of the democracy, which appears to be imminent, would result in an earnest attempt to solve these questions, who can doubt that the nation as a whole would regard such a reign as a divine interposition on behalf of righteousness and mercy, after the impotence of both the great parties in the state and their humiliating failure to deal adequately and wisely with these pressing problems? The limitation of the natural growth of the population for selfish and immoral reasons which marks our time must bring its own nemesis. We could hardly expect that effeminate luxury and love of pleasure and ease would be prepared to share in the pains and sacrifices which motherhood entails; but that the nation should calmly contemplate the withering of the tree of life, barrenness, and prospective enfeeblement of the race, that the classes best fitted physically and intellectually to rear and foster and educate children should leave this burden mainly to the poor, the overworked, the underfed, the ignorant and overweighted, in a word, to those least fit to be the parents of the coming generation—to those who in many instances have neither capacity nor means to bring up children—this is a sinister sign, prophetic, it may be, of multitudinous sorrows. Childless homes are the fashion of the hour among the well-to-do, or homes in which is heard the voice of a solitary child, or of two, at most; but no longer homes where echoes the ringing laughter of a bevy of bright children at play. The choicest heritage that God can confer on virtuous wedded life is renounced for an unblessed loneliness, the prelude of gloom in a remorseful old age where no child's hands sustain

the faltering steps, no child's voice comforts the disconsolate years, and no child's heart beats in tender love-unison when the world is cold and strange. Not that we undervalue our working folk. For their vital force and character and parental devotion are often undeniable. Indeed, it would not be difficult to find tens of thousands of homes of the common people of the land where happiness waits on sobriety and thrift, and where well-cared-for children are growing up to equip the ranks of industry and to replenish the strength of the nation. But it would be suicidal to try to hide the darker side. Multitudes of children live in homes where the parents are as depraved as they are grossly ignorant, and are wholly oblivious to the true welfare of their offspring. Multitudes more are found where poverty, inevitable and helpless, inflicts its penalty of starvation, or half starvation, and disease, where shameful sweating extorts for a few pence the last ounce of energy and joy and hope. Multitudes are born to die in infancy, mercifully snatched from a scarcely endurable existence. Yet what a grim slaughter of the innocents is this! Multitudes who survive do so only to curse the land by inherited criminal tendencies, by misdirected powers, or to be wrecks and waifs on the stormy wastes of suffering and sorrow, or to canker the nation's gladness while they appeal to its sympathies and are a charge on its resources. The infantile death rate, especially in urban populations, is swollen beyond all excuse. The rate per one thousand of infants under a year old, in England and Wales, is 152. In some great cities it is appalling. In Burnley, for instance, in 1904 it was 233, and in some Birmingham parishes it was still higher: in Saint Mary's in that city in 1905 it was 331. Wherever a working class population congregates infants perish in vast numbers. And we fear there will be little change for the better until the law steps in and forbids the employment of the mothers on whom infant life depends. For here is the root of the evil: the neglect of infants by women who, through little fault of their own, are morally compelled to work in factories and other places for the support of their families; women who, confronted with poverty and destitution on the one hand, and mortal peril to the unborn or newly born child on the other, are obliged to make

choice. And thus, as Sir John Gorst says: "The newborn infant has to begin life by being sacrificed to the rest of the family." While the law lingers (the present Act is a dead letter), while it waits to be strengthened, while the will to put it into operation calls for reënforcement by enlightened public opinion, the infant perishes. The mother must be taught her duty to her child. Her conscience must be awakened. She must be taught the preciousness of human life and the sin of imperiling the child through neglect, carelessness, and vicious ways, as well as through the pressure of poverty.

Humane efforts like those so successfully made at Huddersfield must be multiplied. Under the provisions of the Public Health Acts urban dairies should be established where pure milk may be obtained, at the cost of the ratepayer if necessary. The votaries of pleasure, the lovers of ease, who make care for infantile life secondary to the claims of a gay existence, to the rage for "bridge," and sport generally, must be compelled to feel the sting of public scorn if love has to them no appeal, and if law cannot reach them with its sacred sanctions.

Miss McMillar gives some alarming statistics¹ in regard to the extent of disease among children, not infants simply. She shows that the trail of disease is over the schools. It would be easy to fill our pages with figures, but we must limit ourselves to a few. In Edinburgh, 1,300 children attending school had heart disease. One school doctor found 700 cases of neglected phthisis. Nose and throat trouble is terribly prevalent. Among school children in the bleak Scotch capital there were 15,000 cases of this class—an immense proportion. London, in the Report of the Committee on Physical Degeneration, shows up badly. Mr. Arthur Cheadle examined the nose, ears, and throat of 1,000 children between the ages of three and sixteen in the Hanwell district school. Only 34 per cent of these had normal ears and hearing, and 45 per cent were suffering from adenoids. Eye diseases are common, and many children lose their sight through neglect. Of the children in the "standards," 10 per cent had defective vision. Skin diseases are in some districts a dreaded

¹ Labour and Childhood.

plague, so contagious that they are spread from child to child almost as quickly as flame is passed from one dry grass blade to another. Apart from the need of dealing with infections and dangerous diseases such as scarlet fever, measles, and diphtheria, we have here a powerful plea for the employment of the school doctor in the primary schools, and for the segregation of afflicted children in select schools where they may have special oversight and treatment. Slow as we are to move in this country, we are now at the opening of a new era in this respect. Hope sheds its light upon the horizon of the days to come. We welcome the advent of the school doctor. Here, at any rate, away from the battle of creeds, philanthropy may plow a fruitful field and scatter beneficent seed, and reap harvests of health and happiness. In the memorandum issued November 23, 1907, by Sir R. Morant, it is made clear that the new Act¹ contemplates improvement over a vast area. It will adapt "educational methods to the physical and mental capacities of the normal and abnormal child"; it will be concerned with "special anthropometric and analogous investigations," and will improve "methods of dealing with infectious diseases in schools." The memorandum of the Board of Education on medical inspection to which we refer is worth quotation, but by the time this paper appears it will be widely known. The marvelous results gained on the Continent, in the United States, and in Japan by the presence of the doctor in the schools have without doubt stimulated public opinion here and encouraged enlightened school authorities to make a beginning in some of the large cities and towns. Hitherto we have been satisfied with "the medical officer of health," whose functions do not cover the same ground as the school doctor, as he is known in the countries to which we have referred. In London he is at work in certain districts. There are some twenty doctors, most of them half-timers, or quarter-timers, for half a million of children. The doctor's duties are so onerous, and he is at work in such small numbers, that "no zeal or ability could make his work bear great practical results." What can a man do who is seen only once or twice a year in this vast wilderness of houses? Many of the children

¹ Education (Administration Provision) Act, 1907.

he saw on his last visit have gone to the school of the Gracious Shepherd in a sunnier place. Others have been pressed out to battle with the world in poor health. Things are not perceptibly better in provincial cities. Bradford has one school doctor to 40,000 children! As things have been, the doctor's work was wasted. Advice, with no real authority behind it, was not acted upon; treatment was not followed up; the period between one inspection and another was too long, and there was no continuous supervision of delicate individual cases. Again, parents could not afford time to take the ailing child to the hospital. Some of them were utterly negligent. We fervently cherish the hope that we now see the dawn of a better day.

The new school doctor is to be alike psychologist and physiologist. He is not to deal merely with sanitation, ventilation, and kindred matters, nor simply to inspect, notify, and give information. His first duty is to reduce to the minimum the risks of school attendance and safeguard the child, but other and equally serious tasks await him. He is to bring to his work expert knowledge of the mysterious mental and nervous organization of the pupil; he is to be concerned with the healthy development, physical, intellectual, moral, of the child. He is to diagnose not so much disease as faculty, to discover the psychological secrets of success or failure, and to proclaim the sacredness of human life. His methods and the means by which he shall attain his goal cannot be adequately described here, but they include the careful examination of each child upon entrance on his school career and afterward at definite periods, the special medical care of the weak and diseased, the inception of measures by which the sympathy and interest of the parents may be secured, so that they shall welcome inspection and coöperate with the doctor. Teaching by the masters will gradually be modified under his influence. Attempts to make all children, sick or well, normal or abnormal, toe the line and reach one "standard" will be abandoned. The task of the teacher will become more rational, and the atmosphere of the school will be brightened. The child will find pleasure in his work. The doctor will find his reward in seeing delicate children growing strong, and the risks of life diminishing. Ailments, as Miss McMillar says, will

be "sloughed off like a withered sheath." The experiences of American and German schools will be repeated in this country—the sick will be made whole, the stammering will speak plainly, and the half blind be made to see clearly. Into the pale and bloodless city child will be infused new, warm life, the flowers touched with frost and blight will be snatched from death and nursed back to perfect health, in due time to seed and yield practical fruit of priceless service to the nation.

All this is in the future. For the immediate present the Board of Education lays down the minimum of inspection which will be required under the Act of 1907: "There are to be three inspections during the school life of the child. [There ought to be annual inspections.] Record is to be made of the child's previous illness; his general condition and circumstances are to be investigated; throat, nose, ears, eyes, and teeth are to be examined. The facts thus discovered are to be made the basis of schemes for the amelioration of the evils." Poverty is the great cause of low vitality and disease and defect, as well as of stunted intelligence in city children. Poverty shuts the door against preventive and remedial agencies, and delivers the children to the power of ills that prey tigerlike upon it. Lack of food means a child with little strength to resist the attacks of sickness, and a child of emaciated brain. Such children are sometimes bright and clever, but, as one has said, their intelligence is only that "of a hunted animal." "It is not intellect in any real sense. The steady tendency of starvation is toward the destruction of brain power, disease lowers it. Children, though of good race, become stupid through underfeeding and an unhealthy mode of living."¹ And in the train of poverty, and sustained by it, are such evils as overcrowded homes, vitiated air, and overwork; and all these are deadly foes of vigor, of joy, and aspiration. They swell the death roll, and supply with victims refuges, asylums, and prisons. Poverty is at the root of much child slavery. By forcing children to work prematurely "it destroys the intelligence of brilliantly endowed children."² We are ashamed to remember that little ones are condemned to toil, by our glittering civilization, almost as soon

¹ Miss McMillar.² Miss McMillar.

as they are able to walk. The hours before and after school—hours natural to play—are devoured by labor. The blackest disgrace of our towns and cities is not the courtesan, is not the drunkard—it is the baby toiler. The return sent in from elementary schools in 1898 showed that nearly 200,000 boys and girls were regularly employed for profit out of school hours, and the figures were incomplete. No notice was taken of casual or seasonal employment. The town children fared worse than rural children. Long hours spent in the fields picking stones, or weeding, or scaring crows, often in rain and frost, were sufficiently grievous but not to be compared with such items as the following: selling newspapers in the streets and hawking other articles occupied 17,617 children; service in shops, 76,163; minding babies, 11,586; house and laundry work, 9,254; needlework, card-box making, etc., 4,019; knocking people up in the morning, 8,627. The hours of labor were often excessive. Only 39,355, out of the huge total employed, worked for so short a time as ten hours a week; 60,268 from ten to twenty hours; 27,008 from twenty to thirty hours; 9,778 from thirty to forty hours; 2,330 from forty to fifty hours; 793 above fifty hours, 75 of whom were actually employed over seventy hours a week. The wages were, generally speaking, insignificant, compared with the hours of work, some children not receiving more than a farthing an hour, and the period of labor extending from before sunrise to the ringing of the morning school bell and again from the close of afternoon school to late at night. Is it to be wondered that these little white slaves came to school tired out, their poor brains exhausted, and that they fell asleep over their lessons, taxing the patience of the long-suffering teacher and irritating the irascible, whose ferule fell sharply on the fingers of the child? Is it strange that health suffered in countless instances, or that all love of play departed, and their child faces became stereotyped in misery, grew deathly gray, and lined, and were more like the faces of little old men and women on the borderland of the grave than of children from five to fourteen? That serious damage is done to them admits of no question.

In regard to the half-time children working in mills and factories, the testimony of the teachers is that "from the first

day they enter the mills they begin to lose all interest in school work. A subtle change passes over them which is hard to define."¹ "Their very noisiness in their off-time speaks more of defiant sadness than of gayety." Promise is disappointed. "They lose ambition, hope, energy, power of attention as they grow older." Many bright boys, who can earn four or five shillings a week at thirteen or fourteen, seem to lose all wish to rise, grow lethargic, and sink gradually into the condition of casual laborers, to swell the army of the unemployed, or to become "Hooligans." Psychologists, like Miss McMillar, declare that premature work checks the upward movement of the human organization. Brain and nerves suffer; and loss of energy, spring, and aspiration render the child helpless. The very material is lost out of which might be born anew "the zest and ardor of mental life." This is an alarming phenomenon. The researches of Dr. Thomas, of the London Education Committee, in an effort to discover the real effect of over-work plus education on the wage-earning children, show (1) the rapid deterioration of physical health that follows hard and monotonous labor in childhood, and (2) in a still more impressive way the mischief wrought in the brain.² The results of the researches tabulated in *Labour and Childhood* (p. 81) make it clear, says Dr. Thomas, that "this out-of-school work is a wanton dissipation of the children's powers, the chief national capital, and that the evil effect falls on the best of the children." The quick, spirited child, anxious to learn and to earn, soon becomes stupid and listless, and is left behind by other children not naturally so clever; and this notwithstanding the fact that, because of their earnings, they are better fed and more in the open air. Work in these cases causes a steady decline of the physique as a whole. "The boy is a walker, a runner, a carrier. To walk, to run, to carry as free exercise is good; but as work it spells mere blight and loss." It is a lamentable waste of power that in the stress of industrial life, as it operates on town children, some of the fittest are flung aside and destroyed, that some human plants never have strength to flower, or produce only puny blossoms and weazened fruit, that the upward movement of energy is retarded early and

¹ Miss McMillar.² Referred to by Miss McMillar in *Labour and Childhood*.

dies back to the root, that too often the casual and the loafer are the final product of all educational effort. And it is the testimony of the magistrate and the police court missionary that "no spring will revive the ambition of the 'Hooligan.'"

Sir John Gorst,¹ Mr. Bray,² and Miss McMillar³ agree that to alcohol, as it degrades the parent, must be attributed much child slavery. It is, in many working-class homes, alcohol that creates the necessity for child labor. Money must be obtained for drink, even if it be extracted out of the toil of the frail and helpless child. The moral blindness of the parent, and the resulting suffering of the child, amounting not seldom to imbecility, moral and intellectual, and to criminal tendency and rowdyism, are due, in many a case, to alcohol. "The family history of the seriously defective is very obscure. The parents do not want to lift the dark curtain that hangs over the past and in many cases they cannot. But enough is known to make it clear that alcohol—a poison that seems to have a strangely evil effect on the higher brain—is one great cause, if not the great direct cause, of arrested development. Its work fairly done there is no going back on the consequences. They follow as the night the day."⁴ We do not wish to overestimate the close association of child misery, sin, and crime in after years with alcohol, though in the light thrown on this subject by the recent study of mental psychology it might be difficult to make too much of it. But if it be true, as is now asserted, that certain chambers may be missing from the otherwise well-built brain as the hereditary consequence of indulgence in alcohol, a terrible responsibility rests on the manufacturers and purveyors of strong drink, and on those who make it easy, almost inevitable, that the people in crowded cities should flee to it in order to find temporary excitement and rest from cruel care and poverty. Let it not be thought that we make any wholesale charges of drunkenness against the working people. The drinkers are a large minority. Still, the effect upon the children of those who are victims is deplorable, and drinking is far too prevalent whatever proportion of the population it curses. It must be made penal to ply a child

¹ In *Children of the Nation*.

² In *The Town Child*.

³ In *Labour and Childhood*.

⁴ Miss McMillar.

with alcohol, or to be found carrying or conducting a child into the public house with its vitiated and dangerous moral atmosphere. The drinking of mothers in our urban populations—not that this drinking is confined to towns and cities—and the way in which they train their children to drink are disquieting factors in our social life. The Home Office recently issued a report grim enough to satisfy an ogre. The information was obtained from certain police forces as to the frequenting of public houses by women and children, and it flashes a lurid light upon the moral obliquity, the deadness to all sense of moral responsibility, and the awful degradation of multitudes of those to whom is committed the care of the children, who in their plastic state are being poisoned, enfeebled, ruined for life. The following table copied from the Methodist Recorder will display the state of things better than rhetoric:

SUMMARY

Place	Number of Houses Observed	Period of Observation		Number of Women and Children Entering		Age of Children	Average Number of Children per House per Hour
		Days	Average Hours per Day	Women	Children		
Birmingham.....	10	16	7.62	— ¹	2,949	Nearly all under six years, the remainder under eleven years.	2.41
Bristol.....	472	14	8.57	— ¹	2,441	1,879 under five years, all but 22 of the remainder under twelve years.	.043
Liverpool.....	9	8.55	3.28	7,800	316	75 in arms, the remainder under eight years.	1.25
London.....	23	4 ²	12.94	39,541	10,746	1,164 in arms, and the remainder under sixteen years.	9.02
Manchester.....	24	12	8	— ¹	8,973	6,471 under five years, the remainder under fourteen years.	3.89
Sheffield.....	6	14	7.85	1,054	1,181	All under six years.	1.79

¹ In these cases no special enumeration of the women was made, though in Birmingham 2,873 women were observed to go into one house.

² Two of the 23 houses were observed for only two days.

The letters of the commissioners concerned, most of whom are the head constables, shock us even more than the figures given. Infants are taught to sip intoxicants, and before they can well walk they share the drunken condition of the mother who reels across the tap room floor! Is it not time that the license-holder who, according to the testimony of the commissioners of police, "sharply resents the interference of the guardian of public order, and informs the officer that it is no breach of the conditions of his license to serve women if accompanied with children," is it not time that this man should be severely restrained by the law, and made to feel that he is to be regarded as a nuisance and a scourge in the community?

While child slavery is one of the crying evils of town life, and while the Act of Parliament restricting it must be speedily strengthened, we are not blind to the necessity of the natural development of the child throughout the whole range of his capacity. The introduction of the kindergarten system into the infant schools and its success have shown that the intelligent use of the hands in education is of real value—the child overtaxed with work plus schooling, the child whose powers are thus depressed and crippled, to whom we have referred, belongs to another category—and Miss McMillar contends with convincing force that the growing lad will perfect his physical strength and find complete intellectual enfranchisement in the new technical schools to which elementary education should be everywhere organically related. Already experience shows that pupils in the technical schools who at first were feeble and unstable in character become after a certain time strong and self-controlled, and are saved from shipwreck. Healthy ambition is kindled and power developed. No part of Labour and Childhood is more interesting than that in which Miss McMillar illustrates, by reference to technical schools in the United States, how these institutions are conducive to the evolution of the best type of youth between the ages of thirteen and twenty-one, the period of most rapid growth. There is nothing novel about these American schools except boldness of method. "At every stage the pupil resumes all he has learned from the first lesson, and then goes forward unflinchingly by recapitulating

the industrial life of the world." Drawing is the basis of the work at every stage. The pupils are taught modeling, carpentry, wood-turning, the management of edged tools driven by machinery, metal work, forging, the making of tools, the designing and construction of every part of a complete engine or electric machine, etc., every step of the work becoming more difficult and more absorbing, the pupil developing with his work. The boys are manly-looking, full chested, erect, muscular, their faces aglow with the pride of health. The higher results are quite as gratifying. These artisan boys are marked by aspiration, imagination is strengthened, and all the constructive faculties are called into exercise. At the same time personal vanity and egotism are repressed. The physical and intellectual and moral movement set up by technical training is not degenerative, like child slavery, but progressive in the best sense. In regard to this country, all wise friends of the people will strive to foster the technical school, and to wipe away the reproach that our elementary education is inefficient, and inadequate to fit a boy for the business of life—is practically lost by being broken off prematurely. Technical schools within the reach of the poor man's child, linked on the lower side to the elementary school and to the university on the higher in a national system; are a boon that true educationists fervently desire; and that such a system will be reached ere long we do not doubt.

Our space is exhausted, and the religious problem we must leave for the present, only saying that, if we are not to confine our day school teaching to purely secular subjects, some common ground of agreement among the churches must be found. That the different denominations should float their distinctive banners in the schools is unthinkable; that preferential treatment should be given to any is equally impossible. Simple Bible reading, with the recognition of God and a spiritual word in prayer or hymns, at opening of school, seems to offer the only feasible solution, where the nation demands that nonreligion should not be established.

Rollin M. Leeds

ART. VI.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AS A SEA WRITER

THE early biography of Robert Louis Stevenson is a pleasurable excursion into the unconventional. The story of his college days throws much light on his after life. It is a kind of living denial to that sort of stereotyped goodness which those of us brought up in the British Islands were invited to absorb, when essaying to perfect our caligraphy, by copying several hundred times a day—below an appropriate model of such exact mathematical proportions that its very exactness of outline was a complete tragedy in art—the following distich:

Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

For Robert Louis Stevenson certainly did not practice these maxims. He hated schools, was not diligent in his studies, took no degree at the University, was compelled to "wheedle" a certificate out of his Greek professor, and when passing his preliminary law examination frankly told the examiner that he did not understand the latter's phraseology with reference to the subject of "Ethical and Metaphysical Philosophy." But one would not be understood as underrating the value of methodical, continuous studies, and it is of Stevenson as a sea writer that this article will chiefly deal. One aspect of Stevenson's early life was in the nature of a coming event which cast its shadow before.

For the purpose of this article two books, *Treasure Island* and *The Wreckers*, are at once the completion of the canon. Both deal with the sea; both are romances—one of the past, the other of contemporary times; both reveal a profound insight into the seaman's temperament, his environment, his usage, and both, especially the latter, contain allusions to sea descriptions—to the isolation of the sea life, its coincidental imminent immensity and circumscription, its duality of continuous activity and dreamy reflection—and both are written with a cadence of words that, apart from other considerations, would render them charming gems of literature. As a masterpiece of revelation of character

in written form, a unique piece of descriptive psychology, take the following paragraph from *The Wreckers*:

Trent appeared in excellent spirits, served out grog to all hands, opened a bottle of Cape wine for the after table, and obliged his guests with many details of the life of a financier in Cardiff. He had been forty years at sea, had five times suffered shipwreck, was once nine months the prisoner of a pepper rajah, and had seen service under fire in Chinese rivers; but the only thing he cared to talk of, the only thing of which he was vain, or with which he thought it possible to interest a stranger, was his career as a money-lender in the slums of a seaport town.

Almost every deepwater ship contains such an one; but one enjoys it all the better and marvels all the more because a veritable landman has painted with a master hand, in one fell stroke, as it were, the type one knows so well. What stories one has heard, from seamen of various ranks, of incidental occupations of the commonplace, everyday type which on shipboard were recited to the economic and willing exclusion of sea experiences, whose recital ashore might have lionized their victim in the clubs of London or New York. Or take Pinkerton (though not a seafaring character), who represents a type of an American endeavoring to get culture and wealth simultaneously with both hands, and who in the process is reminded by Loundon Dodd of his own (the former) materialization: "Materialized! Me! Loundon, this must go on no longer. I must do something to rouse the spiritual side; something desperate; study something. What shall it be? Theology? Algebra?" He finally decided to study algebra. It is a relief to a theological student to notice that, eventually, though incidentally, he eliminated theology from the category of the desperate. But it is with Nares, the smart, daring Down-East skipper of the schooner who plays so important a part in *The Wreckers*, that Stevenson uses the lance of insight and the pen of description with a subtilty unexcelled, if equaled, in the whole range of nautical fiction. Nares would give a sketch of his father—whom he hated—with absolute fairness and artistic finish, only to destroy the picture by the most unreasoned trifling prejudice. Stevenson writes:

I have never met a man so strangely constituted; to possess a reason of the most equal justice, to have his nerves at the same time quiver-

ing with petty spite, and to act upon the nerves and not the reason. . . . All his courage was in blood, not merely cold, but icy with reasoned apprehension. . . . "I guess I can shave just as near capsizing as any other captain of this vessel, drunk or sober." . . . "The only way to run a ship is to make yourself a terror." "Life is all risk, Mr. Dodd. . . . But there's one thing; it's now or never; in half an hour Archdeacon Gabriel couldn't lay her to, if he came down stairs on purpose."

It was Nares that, for publicity, compares a ship to an actress: "What with Lloyd's incessant watching, the quarantines, customs, and the insurance leeches." His various contradictory humors are well illustrated, and the bold relief and constant intimacy into which characters are forced by the small, narrow, isolated world of sea life are uniquely portrayed by Stevenson. Nares also illustrates a sailor's love for biblical allusions. But in no place did Stevenson show such master knowledge of the seaman's point of view as when he, Nares, speaks of certain details of the wreck in somewhat the manner of Sherlock Holmes: "Every ship carries boats, but why should a deepwater brig carry a whale boat like an island schooner?" And even the apparently insignificant omission of a whipping from this same boat's painter (the latter is a rope, not a man) fills the exegetical and critical mind of Nares with puzzling and contradictory theories. At least he is sure there was some "crooked" business somewhere, and that James G. Blaine had not got the brains to engineer it.

In bold outline also Stevenson could draw his characters. Few could depict in so brief a manner, with such apt suggestions, a typical man in whom the individuality as well as the type were alike simultaneously and skillfully retained. Take as an instance Elias Goddadael, the mate of the brig. Stevenson thus describes him: "A huge viking of a man, . . . strong, sober, industrious, musical, and sentimental. He deserted a ship to hear Nilsson sing." On board he had three treasures: a canary bird, a concertina, and a blinding copy of the works of Shakespeare. He had a gift, peculiarly Scandinavian, of making friends at sight. . . . Without reproach, and without money or the hope of making it." Who does not love Goddadael in this sordid world? a man who is living the simple life from the artistic standpoint, and all so delightfully free from the humbug of self-consciousness—a gift we all covet.

"An elemental innocence commended him." This phrase in itself speaks volumes for a character. How many drawing rooms might be enriched by characters which had an elemental innocence—a freedom from sophistication! It has been leveled against Stevenson that he painted vice attractively. Then in contrast one takes from the portrait gallery of *The Wreckers* one further character, Brown, the well-brought-up man, who drifts to the sea: "He knocked about seas and cities, the uncomplaining whiptop of one vice—drink." What piteous irony in this brief, completed outline! A man in the hands of a vice becomes as a whiptop, his fate predestined for him by the passion which has become his master, his spiritual and ethical life carried about as a decaying corpse by a mind and body in almost hopeless bondage. Stevenson also throws much light on the environment in which his characters live, and he portrays with real genius and good taste many types which have hitherto figured chiefly in the dime novel series. In *The Wreckers* we have the Larrakin quarters of Sydney, New South Wales—the accepted name for the tough of the antipodean cities. Then we have the remittance man, both exceptional and common, and the well-to-do habitué of the Domain, which is the Bowery or Whitechapel of Sydney. Was there ever such a conglomeration and yet such a wealth of character—or the want of it—as formed the crew of the "Currency Lass"?—Norris, the remittance man, artist, and dilettante; Tommy Hadden, the heir and philosopher, and mild, eccentric, good-natured adventurer; Captain Wicks, sailing under an alias, with a borrowed certificate; the typical Larrakin, Hemstead—who would be no man's slyve (slave), and yet all joined by Stevenson in such homogeneity that the whole crew—as a crew and as individuals—are unquestionably real and feasible. Carthew is a man to whom nothing mattered, to whom life itself was ennui, but he is morally forced to take a job on the railway as a navvy. The "young swell," as the boss calls him, proves his latent mettle. He is promoted, and works for months with unremitting industry, proving, as many have proved, the value of constant physical toil, coupled with some encouragement, for begetting and developing a healthful interest in life and progress:

Homeric labor in Homeric circumstances. . . . Plenty of open air, plenty of physical exertion, a continual instance of toil—here was what had hitherto been lacking in that misdirected life. The true cure for vital skepticism. . . . Carthew the idler, the spendthrift, the drifting dilettante, was soon remarked, praised, and advanced. . . . He took a pride in his plebeian tasks.

But all through these stories we see personality, or the lack of it. Tommy Hadden's fluctuations between philosophy and sherry, the wonderful capacity for good and evil in the Scotch-Irish Mac, their characters revealed under every vicissitude of fortune, are not the least striking of the work of this literary artist. To use Stevenson's own simile, one other character lives, and lives sufficiently for further treatment. In this instance Stevenson shows much insight. To summarize briefly the story:

The schooner "Currency Lass" had already become a cast-away, the dreadful tragedy of the brig and Trent and Goddadael and the rest had happened, and Wicks is endeavoring to work the brig out of the lagoon. But Wicks is a schooner skipper; his commands had been the fore-and-aft rig. What landsman but Stevenson would have noticed this difference between the fore-and-aft skipper and the square rigger: "To stay a square-rigged ship is an affair of knowledge and swift insight; and a man used to succinct evolutions of a schooner will always tend to be too hasty with a brig." Wicks, as a man, is revealed by Stevenson in a later paragraph: "He had been foiled by the slow evolutions of the brig, but he was a born captain of men for all homely purposes, where intellect is not required and an eye in a man's head and a heart under his jacket will suffice," and Wicks immediately issued fresh orders and met the situation from a fresh point of view. It was Wicks who, on seeing the smoke on the horizon, converted the crew of the schooner into the crew of the brig to save an explanation, and who made the apropos remark that if the vessel should prove a man of war, "she'll be in a tearing hurry; all these ships are what don't do nothing and have their expenses paid." The following as a sea description from *The Wreckers* may suffice:

I love to recall the glad monotony of a Pacific voyage, when the trades are not stinted, and the ship day after day goes free. The mountain

scenery of trade wind clouds watched (and in my case painted) under every vicissitude of light-blotting stars, withering in the moon's glory, barring the scarlet eve, lying across the dawn, collapsed into the unfeatured morning bank, or at noon raising their snowy summits between the blue roof of heaven and the blue floor of the sea. . . . the squall itself, the catch at heart, the opened sluices of the sky; and the relief, the renewed loveliness of life, when all is over, the sun forth again and our outfought enemy only a blot upon the leeward sea.

For cadence of words and suggestiveness of meaning a few sentences will suffice: "Or the stars paraded their lustrous regiment . . . flushed obscurity of early dawn . . . whose tall spars had been mirrored in the remotest corners of the sea . . . sedentary, uneventful, and ingloriously safe. . . . A mind obscured with the grateful vacancy of physical fatigue." The idea of comparing stars to a paraded regiment, or the dawn to a blushing veiled column; to suggest the ubiquity of a ship as a mirroring of its spars in the corners of the sea; to describe the peculiar peaceful state of the mind when toned and rested by healthy action, as in the last of the above sentences, is not simply grammar, nor yet rhetoric, nor the science of writing. It is more than these.

Stevenson describes the isolation of sea life as: "Keeping another time, some eras old; the new day heralded by no daily paper, only by the rising sun; and the state, the churches, the peopled empires, war and the rumors of war, and the voices of the arts, all gone silent as in the days ere they were yet invented." The author of *The Wreckers* also marvels at the impudence of gentlemen who, developed by over-cerebration and heated rooms, dwelling in clubs, "the prop of restaurants," without any serious knowledge of the life of man in all its necessary elements and natural careers, still pass judgment on men's destiny. He condemns the habitué of club and studio as a mere excrescence of the moment, while the eternal life of man, "spent under sun and rain and in rude physical effort," is scarce changed since the beginning.

Treasure Island is from beginning to end Action! Action! Action! In this book Stevenson does not explain or analyze, he portrays his characters, as they may be inspired chiefly by such motives as greed, avarice, revenge, or devotion to duty, according

to their point of view. In Long John we have a character at once interesting and revolting, intelligent and ignorant. He is another exemplification of the fact that strength of character and personality combined with any native mental force play a far more vital part in the world than mere isolated, unrelated scholarship, or learning that has no conviction and no vitality. It was Long John who discriminated so finely between gentlemen of fortune and gentlemen of birth. He, villain though he was, knew the difference in the value of the word and treatment to be expected from the latter as compared with the former. Even today seamen much prefer a well-bred officer to one risen from the lower deck. It was Long John who saw the value of retaining skilled navigators to navigate the ship until the psychological moment might arrive for striking. He was the one-legged monster who haunted Jimmy Hawkins's dreams at the "Old Admiral Benbow Inn," he the polite, smoothly spoken, nautical savant who defied even his own mutinous gang when they "tipped" him the Black Spot.

Jimmy Hawkins was a clever boy, and the doctor, captain, and squire were all true to the good old days of King George; but the book moves with such rapidity of action that in action only can we best see them. As one reads of the schooner getting under way one can hear the tramping of the men, the clanging of the pauls round the capstan, the creaking of blocks, and the merry music of the schooner's evolutions as she gathers way from the ancient port of Bristol.

The book is probably the best piece of sustained action and adventure extant in nautical literature, and even in its temporary lulls Stevenson uses a positive term to describe the transition, for he says, "Silence had once more established her Empire."

And no better place could be found for closing this article than in the "Empire of Silence."

Ernest Richards.

ART. VII.—THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS

RELIGION and sociology are most intimately and vitally connected. It would be difficult to separate by definition applied Christianity, or, more generally, applied religion, and the practical outworking of social questions. Christianity's conception of the kingdom of God, namely, the permeation of all human society with the ethical and spiritual conceptions of religion as held by Jesus—the domination of the rule and will of God in all commercial, social, domestic, and civic life—is distinctly along the line of the efforts being made under the direction of sociological science. Christ's kingdom is not something other-worldly, but, in the language of the prayer of the ages, is to be realized on earth after the pattern of the perfect obedience to God's will rendered in the heavens. Jesus said, indeed, that his kingdom was not of this world, that is, it did not depend for its propaganda, like earthly kingdoms, upon diplomacy or force, but he never said that his kingdom was not in this world; he rather confessed himself as the King of the mighty kingdom of truth that is to be set up among the kingdoms of the earth. The ideals of the scriptural writers are of a new heavens and of a new earth in which righteousness shall dwell. The Mosaic faith, with its religious and civic code intimately blended, its humane provisions for the stranger, the slave, the poor, the propertyless, the brute friends of man, hygiene of the body and public sanitation, was sociological through and through. The prophets were not primarily soothsayers, not foretellers but forthtellers of the eternal verities. They stood before the corrupt monarchs of their time and demanded reforms in line with justice and righteousness, and in the name of the Almighty. The Sermon on the Mount has little reference to the state beyond death and the grave, but is taken up with man's practical duties to God and his neighbor. The apostles went out preaching Jesus and the resurrection, but they did not lose themselves in daydreams of the future, but made the "powers of the age to come" leverages for

present life and duty. After his sublime argument concerning the resurrection Saint Paul immediately adds: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Even in the Apocalypse, the picture there of golden streets and pearly gates is not something superterrestrial but mundane; not beyond time and sense but distinctly in them. The New Jerusalem comes down from heaven to earth; the temple of God is with men, and they are his earthly servants. The gorgeous imagery evidently applies to the regenerating and uplifting of the earth in all of its human concerns. The higher social restoration of the future must be built upon the higher individualism which religion evokes and directs. The converted man is to strengthen his brethren. Men are summoned to repent because the kingdom of heaven is at hand, and they must rid themselves of their own vice and moral disability in order that they may enlist serviceably in the campaign for the world's renovation. There are those who look upon the various themes grouped under sociology—the questions of labor, municipal reform, education, temperance, the housing of the poor, and many such—and refuse to allow that religion has anything to do with such matters. Their conception of religion seems to be summed up in the profession of private piety and the power of official dignities, in devotion and worship according to specific ritual. But this is not the religion of the Ten Commandments, where, if one half was theological, the other half was certainly sociological. It was not the Christianity of Savonarola, Knox, William Penn, Gladstone, and Sumner. If Christ's principles are to be applied to all life, then it is as religious to strive for proper sewerage, clean streets, tenement houses with light, and sanitary surroundings, fresh air, parks, and pure government, as it is to kneel in prayer meeting or speak in class meeting. Notwithstanding those who decry what they call "political sermons" from the "sacred desk," and who demand what they vaguely denominate the "simple gospel," it still remains indisputable that a Christianity which is not applied is one which is denied. Sociology is only new in name, like the word "altruism," which is as old as human life and duty, as conscience, as humanity. The Christian Church can never afford to forget the

poverty of its founders. It must never allow itself to make any exclusive alliance with privilege, rank, or prescription. In a democracy there can never be such a thing as a class church. Religion must be for the people as a whole, and the churches must know neither democracy nor aristocracy, but men. They must side neither with the capitalist nor the laborer, but regard them in common as the sons of God. There are those who say that Christianity must never concern itself with concrete problems. It must content itself with being a pervasive influence which shall go out into the world where the problems shall be taken up outside of the churches. But Jesus did not confine himself to such an abstract program. In words of burning denunciation and scorn he attacked the pharisaism of his times. He drove out of the temple courts the vulgar and avaricious money changers. He clearly indicated the program of beneficence in such parables as those of Dives and Lazarus and the good Samaritan. Saint Paul undermined and sapped the system of slavery when he returned a slave to his master as a "brother beloved." Saint John made love a practical motive force for all philanthropy, and the corrective of all merely pietistic and emotional forms of religious fervor. Saint James has some very pointed and searching remarks on the rich man, the unpaid hire of whose laborers should eat into their souls like a canker, and his definition of pure and undefiled religion is a straightforward declaration of human helpfulness combined with clean-heartedness.

If a man in the pulpit today is to be master of the situation, he must take advantage of living themes in which his people have some mortal interest, and not try to hold their attention continually with formal, abstract, and dry theological discussions. He must not give himself to some infinitesimal discussion of minor texts. The pulpit has a tremendous advantage, since it can stand in a mediating position between contending social forces. It can, boldly and in love, speak the truth to both capitalist and laborer, telling the first that, while his organization is lawful, he must not crush and oppress his brother; telling the second that, while he pleads for justice, he must be guilty of no injustice by means of uncalled-for strikes, scamped work, broken contracts, and violence done to fellow-laborers. On either side there must be no degenera-

tion of power into tyranny. Each must understand that there are two sides to the controversy. The preacher must make the capitalist understand that it is an abomination in the sight of God and man to exact the last ounce of human flesh for the least wage, must make the worker understand that to denounce all capital, and the holding of property in itself as a crime, is pure demagogism. The preacher must have some profounder and more systematic knowledge than will come from a miscellaneous newspaper and magazine reading. Neither will it be altogether sufficient for him to say that the Golden Rule is enough to settle all disputes. Doubtless that is true, but he must endeavor to show specifically just how the Golden Rule is to be applied in individual cases. He must have something definite to say, for the public is not greatly interested in general schemes for salvation, but it can be aroused to interest in investigation of any need where a straight path and a clear light are shown them. The minister's library, therefore, must have as full an equipment of sociological volumes as of theological. I do not mean to contend that he should turn his pulpit into a lecture platform, or that he should become a dry-as-dust scientific professor. He can leave, perhaps, the science of sociology to others, while he draws out the practical application, the ethical considerations, and the actual duties which arise from the conclusions of the scientist. Neither need he be constantly presenting these themes. The great bulk of his preaching, no doubt, must be directed to the spiritual needs of man. Congregations tire of the constant discussion of "problems." They come heart-weary, and desire something restful and helpful for the inner life. Nevertheless, the occasional sermon along sociological lines is made imperative by the demands of our day. The preacher must, of all men, especially endeavor to put himself in the place of operatives who are held in the grip of some huge mechanism from which they seemingly cannot break away. The hard and dry teaching of the Manchester school of political economy, with all its enunciation of supply and demand, ought not to appeal to him so much as the claim of living men. Human labor must be something more than a mere fixed charge against the expenses of the business, like boilers, engines, and shafting. Some other law

besides that of competition must be shown to obtain in industrialism. Even though the leg power of the hard-driven sweater's victim may be cheaper than steam power, nevertheless, such saving by the draft on blood and nerve must be plainly denounced as inhuman. Political economy must be more humane, tender, and sympathetic. Whatever becomes of business and of profits, there must be a living wage, and the living wage must bear some relation to the profits of the manufacturer and dealer. Labor must be seen to be something more than a thing, more than a mere commodity. It is a disgrace of our times that the scale of living is being constantly threatened by the importation of low-priced immigration, for whom the only alternative is to work for the starvation stipend offered or to die. Jacob Riis has well shown us what is the peril and what is the necessity for the preservation of the home. Jack London, in *The People of the Abyss*, draws pictures of the degradation of humanity from which we shrink back appalled and horrified, and ask ourselves whether such things can be tolerated in a Christian civilization. General Booth pleads that the working man shall at least have the advantages of the dray-horse in food and decent care. The revelations of many tenement houses, where large families, with perhaps some boarders, are indiscriminately packed and herded in some one or two rooms, are shocking to all decency. The drink problem is intimately connected with the problem of the home; for, doubtless, men in abject misery from poverty and practical homelessness strive often to stupefy themselves with intoxicants. Employers who force down the scale of wages to the starvation point in order to realize fortunes out of the blood of men, the groans and cries of wives, and the wail of hungry children, must hear the denunciation of honest men speaking in the name of an indignant God. Says Carlyle: "Alas, while the body stands so bold and brawny, must the soul be blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated?" Someone has well said that there ought to be a new verse in the Bible to the effect that all sweaters shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone.

Arbitration cannot do much between men who are looking at things from such different angles as those occupied now by em-

ployers and laboring men. If the one shall think persistently of competition and profits only, the other will as persistently think in personal terms about a living wage and the support of himself and his family. We must get back to the school of Carlyle, Chalmers, Ruskin, and Carroll D. Wright. The fundamental question is not always "Will it pay?" but "Is it right?" Although written long ago, in his Past and Present, the words of Carlyle have a present and patent lesson for our times:

The largest of questions, this question of work and wages, which ought, had we heeded heaven's voice, to have begun two centuries ago or more, cannot be delayed longer without hearing earth's voice. Man will actually have to have his debts and earnings a little better paid by man; which, let parliaments speak of them or be silent of them, are eternally his due, and cannot without penalty and at length without death penalty, be withheld. It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched, but it is to live miserable, we know not why; to work sore and to gain nothing. It is to die slowly, all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, infinite injustice. No patent legislative pill will meet the case, but only the doing of fundamental justice. The law of fact is that justice must and will be done—the sooner the better, for the time grows stringent, frightfully pressing. All this mammon-worship of supply and demand, competition, *laissez-faire*, and devil-take-the-hindmost, begins to be one of the shabbiest gospels ever preached, or altogether the shabbiest. Leave all to egoism, to ravenous greed of money, of pleasure, or applause—it is the gospel of despair. Behold! supply and demand is not the one law of nature. Deep, far deeper than supply and demand, are laws, obligations, sacred as man's life itself.

We may candidly admit the mistakes of the working man. A short time since he was in danger of alienating the sympathy of the great public from him. He has obviously suffered from bad leadership, but this blind Cyclops—

Groping for the light with horny, calloused hands,
And staring round for God with bloodshot eyes—

cannot be expected to have the same standard of ethical measurement applied to him that men with a long heritage of goodness and culture behind them apply to themselves and their equals. Let lawlessness and interference with nonunion men and obvious injustice of sentiment toward capital be frankly admitted. Nevertheless, the remedy is not in crushing out unionism. The

union must stand or there is no help for workingmen, who otherwise would perish one by one in a helpless individual conflict with the concentrated power of capital. The students of labor are able to trace the gradual uplift of the workingman, through the trade unions, in self-control and self-government. Let the formation of employers into their alliance go on. When the two camps face each other in what is manifestly an industrial warfare as bitter and as destructive almost as a civil warfare between armies, there may, nevertheless, be clear ground then for a better understanding. When the strike is met with a lockout, and the boycott with a blacklist, the situation inevitably appeals for arbitration, and the existing civic federation is the answer to the necessity of the hour. There is imminent need of the pulpit teaching brotherhood to both employers and operatives; of showing both parties that each is necessary to the other and that their interests are mutual; of indicating how they may work harmoniously together; of impressing them that they are not the only sections of the community whose concerns are involved in their strife, but that the great third party, the outside public, must have a voice in saying whether their conflict shall be perpetual, to the disturbance of all the business relations of general life. It is an encouraging sign to see that, even through their warfare, the contending forces are learning to respect each other, even as did Yankee and rebel become acquainted in the strife of our Civil War. Just as the North and the South find now that they are necessary to each other, capital and labor must learn the same great truth. It must be the business of the pulpit to demonstrate that their embittered struggle is not something by nature inevitable and eternal. On the one hand, labor must learn to appreciate the magnanimous policy of such institutions as Colt's Armory, the Deere Plow Works, and the Cash Register Company of Dayton; and, on the other hand, capitalists must learn to recognize the true manhood of such men as John Burns and John Mitchell and their deep understanding of the questions in dispute. It must certainly concern every minister and every Christian layman to ask when the time will come that all men, rich and poor, shall treat each other with fairness, courtesy, chivalry, and love, as common sons of a common Father. When

shall employer and employed alike, before they begin a conflict embarrassing to multitudes, consider their responsibility and obligations in the light of Christian morality? The clergy, preaching for the ear of the employers, must plainly put this question to them: "Are you content that greed shall seize upon disadvantage to put the weaker to the wall? Shall you have one rule in your business life, while another, quite different, is found in your family and social life? Are you satisfied that Christianity shall have no place or principle in trade?" How shall clergymen hold the interest of workingmen unless in the pulpit they speak on themes which interest them? If never an allusion is made to the hours of labor, wages, child labor, Sunday rest, profit-sharing, trades unions, arbitration, the concentration of wealth—if only abstract theological problems are discussed, then may the charge against the pulpit be maintained that it cares more for formal scholasticism than it does for humanity, and the secularist will get his opportunity, while the blatant atheist denounces the uselessness and folly of the church. The charge is freely made against Christian ministers that they are subsidized by their rich pew-holders, that in the capitalistic church the minister does not dare to speak out his own convictions about their sins to the upper classes, and that he neither knows about the real conditions of the poor nor is in sympathy with them. We may be thoroughly convinced that this is a baseless charge, that the ministers are not coerced by wealth, that most church members, even those of wealth, are not canting hypocrites, that the intimation that the poor man is not welcome in the church is uncalled for, that the church, as well as the fraternal organizations, is engaged in active philanthropic work. Nevertheless, we have to confess that, after all, the breach between the artisans and the church is there. While they speak approvingly, and often affectionately, of Christ, sometimes cheering his name in their labor meetings, they still claim that the church neither understands him nor represents him. They affirm that they find in the social and friendly intercourse of their labor unions all that the church can offer them. Yet it will remain eternally true that the workingman needs Christianity and that Christianity needs him. He cannot forever satisfy himself on

doubts and denials. As much as any man he needs the Bible, the Sabbath, and worship.

How can the pulpit bridge this yawning chasm between the artisan class and the church? There is no short and simple way. There must be an intenser humanitarianism, a truer democratic spirit and a practical demonstration to the lowliest and the weakest that Christianity seeks for them justice, freedom, and elevation to the privileges of true manhood. Through the exhibition of human love are these disaffected masses to be won to a belief and trust in the love of the heavenly Father. The church must be conceded to be the mightiest existing social force. It can be, if he will have it so, the workingman's strongest ally and helper. If he would discontinue his criticisms and come within its fold, he might help to direct its vast agencies toward the accomplishment of tremendous reforms. His very struggles and discontentments have been brought about by the ideals of Christianity itself. Christ put a new aspiration into man's soul and only he can satisfy it. We shall never solve the industrial problem except through religion. Schemes of coercion on the one hand or the other, whether by the organization of capital or of labor, fail of the ultimate solution. It has been well said that " 'Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord' should be written over the door of every bank, every factory, every labor hall, and every mine in the land." Only as the Christian ministry and laity have more of the love, sympathy, and wisdom of Jesus, and more of his Spirit shall we be able to win back the alienated artisan class. We must reincarnate the Christ. We must broaden our conceptions of the functions of the church. The answer to the question, "Is the power of the pulpit dying out?" will depend on the kind of a man in the pulpit. Christianity shows no present sign of being in the dying mood, but it can afford to put on still more energy, and break outside its four walls in every direction. And there are many promising indications that it is doing this. Our Methodist Church is seeking to form in this country a union for social service similar to that inaugurated by the late Hugh Price Hughes in the Wesleyan Church of England and which is doing such grand work. In the words of George D. Prentice:

The dayspring! see 'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign—
From tower to tower the signal fires flash free—
And the deep watchword, like the rush of seas
That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
Is sounding o'er the earth! Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing. Yon glorious bow
Of freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning time's dark surges.

There is a call, as Henry George has well said, for more prudence, patriotism, and human pity; for courage, philanthropy, and a humanity which teaches all who suffer to believe that there is no place where earth's failings are so felt as up in heaven, and to prove it by showing that earth's sorrows are felt down here. The Christian Church and Christian pulpit must create a passion for the realization of righteousness in every region of private, social, industrial, commercial, and national life. Men must be in every field religious men—in all their offices, trades, and relations—and try to know each other and to look at each other through the eyes of the Christ, seeing in each a child of the Eternal. The time is ripe for our Methodism to inaugurate this mission for social service in a generous manner.

'Tis coming up the steeps of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
But high hopes make the heart throb lighter.

Our bones may molder in the ground,
When it shall wake the world with wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
We've heard its peals of distant thunder.
It's coming—Yes, 'tis coming!

Levi Gilbert

ART. VIII.—DEVELOPMENT OF THE SUPERMAN

IN these days of much pessimistic talk—and much ground for pessimistic talk—it is good to remember that one of the most impressive distinctions of our day is the great increase in the desire and effort to do good. The application of Christianity has taken mighty steps forward in our time. A great part of the public has been fascinated and fired by the idea of doing good. They perhaps remember that even a cup of cold water shall not be without its reward, but they have not stuck at oil and wine, as good old Sir Thomas Browne said. Probably never before in the world's history has there been so much conscious desire and effort to do good. There is a new feeling growing up that we ought to share our possessions with those who are in need. One of our richest men tells us that it is a disgrace to die rich. A gift of a million no longer makes us even raise an eyebrow; it must be several millions to startle the public into taking notice. The idea of the stewardship of wealth is winning disciples every day. And not the rich alone, but the comparatively poor as well, rally to the support of good works. Schools, charities, institutes, settlements, day nurseries, playgrounds, hospitals, district nurses, free dispensaries, educational classes, and countless other good works of like character, flourish in ever-increasing numbers. It was never so easy as now to get money for all sorts of good works. The Boston Directory of Charities describes more than a thousand different organizations that are available for that community alone. Only let the want be known, and there will be found men and women to give out of their much, and countless others to give out of their little, for everything—from a new college professorship to a wooden leg for a cripple. This is one of the finest characteristics of our time. More than any other period in the world's history this is the Age of Kind Deeds. The spirit of Christ is permeating our life. Men consider it Christlike to found and support such works, and many who are seldom or never seen in the churches express their heart's allegiance to the ideal of Jesus Christ in these ways. We consider these things one of the fairest fruits of nineteen

centuries of Christianity. We take them as one evidence of Christ's march of conquest through the world. We consider them a sign to us that he who was born in Bethlehem of Judæa nineteen hundred years ago is still winning the wise men to him with the poor men, and in greater numbers than ever before.

But, while this fact stands to most Christian people as one of the sweetest and noblest manifestations of modern Christianity, there is a strange and insistent question rising up and demanding an answer. It is this: "In aiming at this beautiful ideal, have we overlooked a greater one? Have we made doing good an excuse for not doing right?" The church has been very anxious to give the world the spirit of Christ. He went about doing good. He spoke wonderful words about visiting the sick and clothing the naked. He summed up the whole duty of man in the word "love." And "love" has been made to mean the doing of kind deeds. And so has it not come to pass that men have fallen into the habit of thinking that doing good is more important than doing right? If a man gives millions to endow a university, no questions are to be asked about how he got his money. If a man gives munificently to charities and education, the public is not to pry into his business life and hold him accountable for the insanity, and the suicide that came in consequence, to the men he ruined in business by competition's cruel methods. If a man is great in support of rescue missions and evangelistic associations, it is none of the public's business that he pays the girls who work for him so little in wages that in order to keep soul and body together they have to sell their honor and their womanliness on the street. If a man gives money for turkey dinners and district nurses, it is supposed to atone for the starvation and crime that resulted from his using every possible means to force wages down to the bottom figure and to keep them there. But the world is waking up to a new demand. During the last years we have been arriving at the great idea of the stewardship of wealth. Those who have must share with those who have not. Charities of all kinds have been multiplied. And just when we arrive at this point the cry begins to be raised that this is not enough. Charity is not the first thing to be aimed at. It is justice. I have no word to say against charity. As long as there

are imperfect men, charity will be needed, but it is an error to make charity our first aim. The first thing is to make charity unnecessary. The masses are demanding something more than charity at our hands. They are demanding their rights. Our alms are not acceptable to the poor if they know we are robbing them of their rights. We are beginning to find that they do not love us for our charity. More likely they hate us for our injustice. At last the great masses of the world's population—those that are sometimes called the Fourth Estate—are beginning to come to self-consciousness, and they are demanding radical changes in the ordering of life. And so a great new cry is being raised. It is the demand that things shall be right. The day for palliatives has gone by. There must be a more fundamental reform in the world. The ideal of charity is noble and beautiful. But it has taken for granted the permanency of a social organization that makes it necessary. The Fourth Estate is rising up to a greater ideal, which is that the fundamental relations of man to man in everyday life shall be right. The oppressed want their rights. They do not want a percentage of the surplus of the rich in charity. They do not want their children in charity schools, wearing charity clothes, and going off on charity holidays, with charity pennies in their pockets to spend. They want fair treatment in wages and work, so that they can live their own lives and bring up their own families. This is the great new cry that is being raised in our land, the great new demand that is being made of all to whom is attached in any way the name of Christ. The requirement of Christianity was not so understood during the last generation. Devout men—and they were devout men—thought there was one law for business and another law for the rest of life. They are not to be blamed too harshly for what they have done. But the spirit of Jesus Christ is now trying to conquer and possess another part of the geography of human life. The demand from this time is that Christians first treat other men fairly in everyday dealings, and then endow universities, build churches, and support charities. This is the real significance of the awful revelations of the last three or four years. While the church has been longing for a revival of the old-fashioned type the beginning of an ethical revival

of magnificent implications has been sweeping over the country, made public by the press and voiced by prophets outside the regular succession, even as was the case with the prophets of old. I call them prophets, but they are the new kind of prophets of a scientific age: they are surgeons who, during the last few years, have taken one portion after another of our civilization to the dissecting room and laid bare its deadly cancer sores. But this increasing and multiplying indictment of our civilization is not entirely disheartening. The merciless setting forth of the "shame of our cities," the lurid exposures of the criminal greed of the packing house business, the fearless proclamation of the life insurance scandals, the determined revelation of the piracy and brigandage of the railroads, all are signs of promise. A great demand is arising that wrong things shall be set right. The prophecy of exposure is a preliminary to the prophecy of reform. We are growing more clear-eyed as we look out of the narrow walls of our own lives into the great world about us. It is high time, for the conditions of life in our land have become intolerable. Let us take a moment to mention some of the items included in the indictment of our civilization.

"Graft" and "boodle" and "plunder" have become so much an expected element in our public life that few people think they can be eliminated. Predatory politics flaunts itself before our faces with only occasional spasms of fear. Those whom we call our "best citizens" have become so infested with the money bacillus that they fairly reek with the dangerous germs, polluting the social atmosphere and infecting the world with disease. Those who talk very glibly about the glories of a democracy have been permitted to forget that there can be no abiding democracy unless the sovereign people will take the time and trouble to exercise the duties of a sovereign. The leaders of our social life are found to be men who are living on blood-stained dividends; dividends stained with the blood of the men and women and children—the slaves—whose lives are maimed and shortened in order that money may be made faster; and, what is worse, stained with the blood of consciences that are lacerated in order that greater dividends may be made. And it will take more than washing and rubbing to out

this "damned spot." The dollar sign is not only the symbol of our currency standard, it has also become the symbol of our civilization. We have developed a dollar-sign civilization in America. Everything has to be measured up to this sign. What is it worth in dollars? is our great standard of comparison. By this standard family life is measured, art and literature and all higher interests are measured, morals and spirituality are measured. We have found also, as the revelations have gone on, that our judiciary is corruptible; injustice can be and is regularly bought; our prisons often seem to be little more than temporary cities of refuge for willful murderers, while at the same time we have far more homicides in our country than any other civilized country in the world; our courts too frequently seem to the common layman to be instruments of thwarting justice with diabolical cleverness instead of instruments for meting out justice. Between 1887 and 1906 there were one million divorces granted in the United States, which is more than three times as many as in the preceding twenty years. And all the while we have to reckon with a lying, unscrupulous, mischief-making, slandering, degrading, strife-exciting, demoralizing portion of our press, which glories in arousing war, and decks out murder trials in all the flamboyant gauds of dime-novel romance. And then beneath all these public things we have the life of the masses—the common people, whom Lincoln said God must love most because he had made so many of them. Work a little among the poor in our cities and one sees the menace there: the menace of vulgarity, the menace of pauperism, the menace of contentment in low things. Is it not to be expected that those who are kept making dishonest and vulgar goods in ugly surroundings for a pittance a day will become vulgar and dishonest and degraded themselves? Is it any wonder that those who are treated as things, and thrown out like worn-out locomotives on the scrap heap while still less than forty years old, become revolutionists and anarchists? The wonder is that there are so few revolutionists and anarchists. And then poverty! A man told me once of the experience of a friend of his with the Oriental drug, hashish. When coming out of the sleep induced by the drug he dreamed that he was on a flight of stairs beneath which burned

a terrific fire. As fast as he set his foot on a step it burned out and fell beneath him, so that he was always desperately springing from step to step to gain a foothold that he never secured. And that is a terrible but true figure of the way in which tens of thousands of our fellow countrymen live. They live desperately from day to day, always struggling to keep themselves and their families from falling into hopeless ruin; always in debt in the winter, barely paying it off in the summer; always knowing that a little accident or a week's illness means hunger or charity; perhaps learning after a while how easy it is to get charity, and at last joining the increasing army of the pauperized. The charity workers struggle bravely to keep the people off the pauper lists. But people must live. Starving babies must be fed. And when from week to week you hear the stories of starvation and of sin, what is there to do but procure relief?

I have tried to suggest some of the elements of the present situation because it constitutes one of the greatest crises the church has ever had to face, and because the question is flatly put to us whether Christianity can meet the situation and deal with it. We do not like to hear any criticism of the church, and we are used to thinking of the wonders of our so-called Christian civilization with a good deal of conscious pride and complacency. But there are vigorous critics of our time who deny that Christian civilization has made any progress in essential things. We have more conveniences, comforts, and luxuries, but they say that in the one essential thing—character—our nineteen hundred years of Christianity have not made any difference. "The moment we look for a reform due to character and not to money, to statesmanship and not to interest or mutiny, we are disillusioned," says one of these critics. And it does not do to dispose of such men as Mr. George Bernard Shaw with a pooh-pooh! and to say that to read them is to fill the belly on the east wind. They see some things with amazing clearness. The fact that so many of the most vigorous thinkers with regard to the present social crisis leave Christianity entirely out of account, as a reforming and saving force, should give us pause. Mr. Maeterlinck says: "We are emerging (to speak only of the last three or four centuries of our present civilization), we

are emerging from the great religious period." Another of these men who are setting the pace of thought for many, Mr. H. G. Wells, imagines the future of the race if present conditions in our so-called Christian civilization should be fully worked out. He projects himself forward about eight hundred thousand years in imagination, and then is terrified at what he may come upon. "What might have happened to men? What if cruelty had grown into a common passion? What if in this interval the race had lost its manliness, and had developed into something inhuman, unsympathetic, and overwhelmingly powerful?" And then, in one of the most horrible pictures it has been my lot to see, he lets his imagination figure the results of our present industrial and social tendencies in that far distant time. He sees humanity split into two species. The tendency to put a large part of human labor out of sight, below ground, has increased until a race of subterranean dwellers has developed—bodies etiolated by living in the dark, eyes luminous like those of a cat, attenuated figures looking much like apes, a kind of vermin, cold to the touch, dwelling and toiling in vast caverns under the ground. The other race lives above ground—diminutive, doll-like creatures, deficient both morally and physically. This is the result of the oppression of the Have-nots by the Haves. The exclusiveness of the rich, the ruthless habit of getting all for self and keeping the masses for toil without a chance to rise, has produced this common degradation. This is a loathsome picture, and no one expects anything like it to come to pass, but there is truth enough in it to bid us stop and ask what solutions these men propose. For these men, instead of teaching us to sit down and wait piously and patiently for some millennium to come, teach us to get to work to make our millennium. And what is the solution they can offer? They say that, human character remaining as it is, there can be no real improvement in social conditions. Bernard Shaw expresses it when he says, in an open letter: "I do not know whether you have any illusions left in the subject of education, progress, and so forth. I have none. Any pamphleteer can show the way to better things; but when there is no will there is no way." And again: "My nurse was fond of remarking that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; and the more I

see of the efforts of our churches and universities and literary sages to raise the mass above its own level, the more convinced I am that my nurse was right." And again: "Enough of this goose cackle about Progress; man as he is never will nor can add a cubit to his stature by any of its quackeries, political, scientific, educational, religious, or artistic." Mr. H. G. Wells also contributes to this opinion of present humanity: "The average citizen of our great state today is, I would respectfully submit, scarcely more than a dirty clout about his own buried talents." He tells us in another place that seven new citizens are born into the English-speaking world every minute. And he makes the thing very terrible when he pictures a great hall into which a huge spout, that no man can stop, discharges a baby every eight seconds. Those babies do not come into ideal conditions. They come into the midst of things as they are. A great portion of them are born in our slums. They grow up amid poverty, vulgarity, rowdyism, ignorance, and irreligion. They become what their fathers have been. Once in the world, we are told, neither education nor art nor religion changes the essential nature. Nineteen hundred years of Christian history prove that, they tell us. Therefore the only hope for a new and good civilization is a new humanity. And this new humanity can only be obtained by a selective breeding. "The only fundamental and possible socialism is the socialization of the selective breeding of man: in other terms, of human evolution. We must eliminate the Yahoo, or his vote will wreck the commonwealth." So says Bernard Shaw. The only way to effect a permanent mending of the ills of the world is to prevent unfit people from bringing children into the world, and to increase the children of superior people. A human race is to be bred just as a race of horses or pigs or sheep is bred. The chief duty of man is to make the next generation better than this one. All who want a better world must therefore set themselves to "the conscious and deliberate making of the future of man," by means of scientific breeding. And what is this future man to be? The kind of man that the world needs, according to Bernard Shaw, and according to that fierce and radical German philosopher whose teaching he echoes, is the strong man. Give us strong men, they say. Give us Cæsars and Napoleons.

"If we must choose between a race of athletes and a race of 'good' men," says Mr. Shaw, "let us have the athletes; better Samson and Milo than Calvin and Robespierre." Nietzsche puts the ideal baldly when he says: "This new table, my brethren, I put up for you: Become hard!" "Surpass thyself even through thy neighbor; and a right which thou canst seize upon shalt thou not allow to be given thee!" "I wait . . . for higher men, stronger men, more triumphant men, merrier men, such men as are squarely built in body and soul; *laughing lions* must come!" This strong man, this superman, is to rule the world by might and not by right. "The Superman," says Bernard Shaw again, "will snap his superfingers at all man's present trumpery ideals of right, duty, honor, justice, religion, even decency." This superman idea is contrary, and consciously and intentionally contrary, to the most characteristic and fundamental doctrines of Christianity. When we hear it set forth we instinctively shrink from it. It seems so foreign to us and our work that it doubtless seems to many a waste of time even to read about it. But it is putting Christianity squarely to the test. The superman philosophers are taking up the problems of society and offering to solve them. And from many quarters the criticism of Christianity that the superman philosophy makes is being pressed. Even some who claim to be friends of Christianity, public teachers of winsomeness and power, are finding it at fault for glorifying weakness. They say that the teaching of Jesus was weak and effeminate because it exalts humility and meekness and sacrifice; and they are preaching a new gospel of strength and ambition and determination. And here is another striking thing. The superman philosophy is finding practical exemplification in our commercial life today. What are many of our captains of industry but supermen, men who are set on living their own life no matter what is in the way? Our modern industrial organization is developing supermen all the time, for only the strong man can survive and succeed. The ideal that our industrial organization sets before men is to come out on top, to become strong men. Thus it comes about that Christianity not only has to contend with an influential school of philosophers, but also with the tendency of the time growing out of the industrial situation. Great days have

come upon us—days of great struggle and days of great opportunity.

We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time.

The great question for those who believe in religion is this: "Is the church able to meet the situation?" The men who teach the superman philosophy arrive at their position from a despair of what religion can do, a despair of the redemption of the human will. They cannot see that religion has solved the problem of making the world better. They may be blind in one eye, but some light comes in through the other. The only way the church can prove these men wrong is by showing itself to be right by its fruits. Most Christian workers must feel that the crop of fruits has been too meager of late. Christianity has a solution for all the problems that have been raised. The church must rouse itself from its lethargy and get to work with a burning zeal. The church has always been concerned to save itself from theological heresy. But that is not all that is needed. The self-satisfaction of the church in the pride of conscious rectitude because of an intellectual orthodoxy, while all around it lies a world lost because the church will not save it, is one of the gravest and most destructive heresies that can be found. Orthodoxy of belief is one of the fundamental and essential things; but just as fundamental and just as essential is passionate and vigorous action. Christianity agrees with the superman philosophers that there cannot be a better world unless there are better men. Progress must be by births. But Christianity has hope for the race that now is, not merely for a race that is to be. There is a kind of birth that these teachers and philosophers have given scant attention to. It was taught by a peripatetic Philosopher who lived in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and said: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." The race is not going to be made over by scientifically guarded physical creation, as Mr. Wells himself has seen in his later writings; but men are made over, and have been for nineteen hundred years, by a sudden and expulsive change of affections and interests. "The expulsive power

of a new affection" has done its great work, and will still do it. The magnificent program of Christianity is also the creation of supermen, and not just the saving of souls from retribution in an anticipated future. But not the supermen of Nietzsche and Bernard Shaw. Christianity makes such supermen as Peter and John and Paul; men who tower above their fellows in moral prowess and in spiritual stature. Christianity can make such men, and Christianity must make more such men or lose the day in the fierce struggle that is now going on. It is not a bigger supply of heartless strong men that the world needs, it is a continually fresh supply of weak men made new and brave and loving and sacrificial by having a new spirit take possession of them. Those are splendid words of that brilliant young Englishman, Gilbert Chesterton, where he says: "All the empires and the kingdoms have failed because of this inherent and continual weakness, that they were founded by strong men and upon strong men. But this one thing, the historic Christian Church, was founded on a weak Man, and for that reason it is indestructible. For no chain is stronger than its weakest link." The world does not need any more men rising up to assert self and live for self. The bitter and crying need is that the multitudes, who are at last beginning to come to their own, who are bound to be the leaders in the tremendous industrial struggle of the days that are come upon us, shall be made morally and spiritually adequate to their task. This is the answer of the church to the new demand that is being made of it that I spoke of at the beginning, and the creation of such men is the great task laid upon the church today. New times must be made by new men. "In working for the world's salvation, the soul's the way," as Mrs. Browning has phrased it. The church as an organization cannot solve the industrial problems of society, but it can and must show its sympathy with the strugglers, and it can and must send out into the world men and women, filled with the passion to be saviors, who are sacrificially competent to deal with the present as it needs to be dealt with. The teaching of the church has been that it was each man's duty to have his soul saved against the day of his death. That was the emphasis of the day of great revivals. But the great new preaching of today must call men to give themselves

sacrificially to save their fellows and to save society. In the Boston Public Library there is a noble picture where Sir Galahad is led forward by Joseph of Arimathæa to take his seat in the siege Perilous, while the knights of the Round Table stand with crosses upraised, and the hall is filled with the forms of wondrous, living angels. And as one looks one thinks how young men are needed who will consecrate themselves to Great Adventure today, an adventure sublimer than that of old, in the spirit of the cross. The church must not be content merely to come out alive from the great struggle that is now upon us. The church must be the leader in the victory of justice and righteousness, the leader in the permanent working out of the present critical situation. The church can only do this by sending out spiritually and intellectually competent men who are also men of passion. When you behold one of those well-fed, sleek, heavy-jowled, stomach-faced, porcine-looking individuals, with the ambitions of a stomach and the ideals of the animal they resemble, you see one of the men who are the great delayers of this world's regeneration, even, perhaps, more than its positively bad men. They *might* be better, they *might* do better, they *might* make the world better, but they are content to live for self and the moment. But sometimes, as you go about your daily work, you see the world's savers—men and women whose deep eye, serious manner, intent and purposeful ways, clean and noble expression, proclaim them to be born of the Spirit, living for lofty and solemn ends. And then your heart burns within you, for you have seen the hope of the race.

These are crisis days for the church. There are many to say that the church has outlived its usefulness, and its teachings do not fit the time. If we think of salvation as a mechanical transaction that gives a man final deliverance from the consequences of sin, we may not say the gospel is sufficient for the present problems of the world. But if we think of salvation as a regeneration of the whole man—of his interests, affections, desires, ambitions, aims, consecrations—then the gospel is the great remedy for the present, and the preachers of the gospel are the most needed men of the times. The task is laid upon Christians to show that Christianity is adequate to be the world's salvation; that is, that Christianity as a

life principle is sufficient not only to save a man for a future heaven, but also to bring righteousness on earth. If it is not, then Christianity as the sufficient need of the soul falls down. We have come to the greatest days the world has ever known. They are days of crisis for the church, because she has greater burdens laid upon her than ever before, and her opportunity to fulfill her mission is greater than ever before. She is spread through all the world. If she is faithful now, all nations may become Christian. If she fails now, the coming of the kingdom may be set back immeasurably.

I have been writing of the opportunity that the present social crisis gives to the church—an opportunity to make the social structure over at last, an opportunity to help the masses secure the establishment of greater righteousness in the world. At the same time that this great opportunity comes, which is also a great responsibility, the church has the greatest opportunity to evangelize the world that has ever been given to it. All over the world it seems to be the same. Missionaries may now go into all the world. They tell us the people are holding out pleading hands and saying, "Give us knowledge of Jesus Christ." When we went to school we looked at our maps and learned that Africa was a heathen land, China was a heathen land, India was a heathen land. But there are going to be great changes. If the church is faithful in these days, those who are now in school may live to see the day when large sections of those maps may be printed with the cross of Christ upon them; the day when Africa and China and India, with all their teeming millions, are Christianized, just as the cannibal islands of the South Seas have been Christianized within the easy memory of multitudes now living. But that is not all. As if it were not enough that all nations are now open to the gospel, God is actually throwing the nations of the world upon the Christian Church. Because we cannot send out missionaries fast enough, God is sending the nations into our very midst, to mingle with Christian people, to live under the eaves of our churches. In our New England states we have Armenians, Finns, French, Germans, Greeks, Italians, Norwegians, Poles, Swedes, Syrians, Chinese, Japanese, Danes, Persians, Hebrews. We have Magyars, Lithuanians, Croatians, Slovenians, Ruthenians—and what other strange

people it were hard to say. In ancient Rome all nations mingled. But never before in the history of the world, probably, have so many people of so many nations mingled as in America today. A marvelous opportunity, given to us for a purpose! The church at last has its prayed-for opening. The question is no longer, "Can the church get the opportunity to preach the gospel to every creature?" The question is, "Is the church strong enough, has the church spirit enough, to win the great battle that is now on?" Lack of aggressiveness now is tantamount to faithlessness. The church must make itself essential to the world's life today. The doctrine of the incarnation is laid upon it. Its members must go, filled with the spirit of God and reliving the life of Christ, into the world of action. They must have the spirit of Glave, who "relished a task for its bigness, and greeted hard labor with a fierce joy." And if the church sends out this kind of supermen the crisis of the present will be safely passed and greater things will be than have ever been before. The only solution of the problem is the Gospel, which will change conditions by changing men. Salvation is by new births, but they are the births of the Spirit. Supermen are demanded by the times; but they are supermen after the pattern of Christ.

I know of a land that is sunk in shame,
Of hearts that faint and tire;
And I know of a Name, a Name, a Name,
Can set this land on fire.
Its sound is a brand, its letters flame;
I know of a Name, a Name, a Name,
Will set this land on fire.

Winifred Cherry Rhoads.

ART. IX.—A POET OF LUXURY

To anyone who seeks quietly for enjoyment, rather than to act as critic, there comes the curious conceit that Thomas Bailey Aldrich must have heard an inner voice calling, with Campbell:

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odors rise.

At any rate, by following such a call he came forth into fields of far distances—the vision of life all golden with luxury. The lure of splendor led him willing captive. Because of this his work becomes resolved into a piece of intellectual brocade of rich and gorgeous imagery, or, as he himself intimates, "Cloth of Gold." Wherever he puts his pen bright flowers burst into bloom. Warm, rich stains of color, caught from opposite corners of the world, bear witness to an imaginative power at once exuberant and chaste. His thought is dominated by wide, out-of-door reaches of seagirt shores and far-off lands. What wonder if his soul shows tremulously through the delicate finery with which his verse is clothed!

Aldrich was born in "an old sea town." His boyhood was spent where romantic thoughts sprang to life. The wharves of Portsmouth were full of charm. The arrival of great ships from remote lands was a thing of wonder. But who can tell what desires would flame in his brain and fire his soul as he watched those same ships drop slowly down with the tide, and disappear? In "Outward Bound" he cries:

O restless Fancy, whither wouldst thou fare?

The salt air, rushing along the streets, over and over fills him with ecstasy until he turns away from the "elm-shadowed square and carven portals" of that fine old town and bends his steps seaward, all the time letting fancy rove to the ends of the earth. The spirit of the dreamer is upon him. He lives in two intellectual worlds. There is the subtle appreciation of that type of beauty for which the Far East is famed. There is the burning blue of tropic skies—the riot of gaudy bloom—the hint of incense drifting across the seas from unfamiliar lands. Then suddenly the scene

with kaleidoscopic skill is changed, yet without loss of beauty save that the colors are subdued, while the frostwork of New England takes the place of tropic seas. After all, he cannot escape from the land of his nativity. It is hard and crude and cold—but he must stay. The environment of his early years wraps him around perpetually, like the mists that blew in from the Isles of Shoals. The salt spray that wet his cheeks saturates his mind. In "Sea Longings" he says:

No bird's lilt
So takes me as the whistling of the gale
Among the shrouds. My cradle-song was this,
Strange inarticulate sorrows of the sea.

This strange blending of the spirit of two widely different worlds comes to light in his poetry repeatedly. It is met in the most unexpected places with surprising effect. Though he admits that he is "native to this frozen zone," he attempts to justify himself for such startlingly wide leaps of thought:

I must have known
Life elsewhere in epochs long since fled;
For in my veins some Orient blood is red,
And through my thoughts are lotus blossoms blown.

The "Orient blood" and "lotus blossoms" symbolize in a very striking way the opulence of his poetical gift. They may be said to furnish some fair interpretation of his predilection for the strange and picturesque. The breath of the poppies stole into the inner chamber and corridors of his brain, lulling care to sleep. Against this there was no struggle, no protest. He yielded himself blissfully to the dreamy, luxuriant atmosphere of that intellectual land—almost a land of languor—enjoying the lotus, and "tasting the honey-sweet fruit which makes men choose to abide forever, forgetful of the homeward way." In such a happy frame of mind he could do the tasks that fell to his hands. One is inclined to read Aldrich for sheer, unadulterated pleasure—for a glimpse of life from his viewpoint, while the lights are high and the colors fair. To most men such an opportunity must necessarily come in glimpses. For the greater part human experience is wrought out of age-long, world-old toil. And without doubt that is as it

ought to be, for is there not a dignity of labor—a development of nobility of soul? Yet one may wisely enough lay the implements of his craft aside now and then and take a day off. What, then, is better than to fare forth afield with Aldrich?—a comrade care-free, engaging, and beset by no exasperating motive. His life was unmixed with gray. He was a stranger to those days that loom large and ominous, those years that get more and more dreaded, when soul and body are compelled to face unflinchingly the bitter fact of struggle. However, had necessity been thrust upon him, it is very possible that he might have climbed to loftier heights. But he was just a lovable, elegant friend—not a leader of men along perilous ways. The fact that he was not conscious of any pronounced intensity of purpose may explain why he never accomplished any really great work. He had no compelling message, no particular word of solicitude or courage. In this respect he was unlike the great poets who saw deeply into life and caught up some ringing note of hope. He preferred to touch lightly the graceful things of life, without going too deeply into those experiences of humanity that are dark and mysterious. He left the “song of the battlefield” to more disquieted souls; for him the “luxuriant skies” had a perpetual charm. By temperament he is an artist who claims high praise. The character of his craftsmanship is sufficient evidence of this. With him poetry is a fine art. No clumsy touch of untrained fingers could do justice to it. Let it be taken for granted, then, that always careful attention must be given to the construction of the mental picture—the grouping of a few choice words by which there opens before the mind a delicate conception of the beautiful. He is altogether out of sympathy with indifferent ways of putting things. No unfinished phrase, with rough edges and crude form, ever disfigures the exquisite character of his verse. What, for instance, is more finely finished than “Spring in New England”? The chisel work is fairly that of a master. There is, here and everywhere, the same careful regard for literature as an art which is conspicuous in the work of Robert Louis Stevenson, the same high estimate of “art for art’s sake,” the same painstaking endeavor to leave no work slovenly done. Both Aldrich and Stevenson are cunning

artificers of words. But Stevenson worked against adverse circumstances. All his work was wrought in hot furnaces of flaming fire. He knew no hours when the joy of physical comfort predominated. What, one might ask speculatively, would have been the character of his work had his life been the charmed life of Aldrich? On the other hand, had Aldrich been in the place of Stevenson, fighting for life far from the gray mists of home and wasting with disease, it is quite possible that the brilliant colors of his verse might have toned down to soft unglinting tints. Possibly, while the artistic element might have been no less fine, there might have been within his art the prophetic vision—the strong, insistent, importunate message to humanity. He might have felt within himself a world of pain, the hurt of which benumbs and oppresses. He might—but he was Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a poet of luxury. Draw the curtains, purple on the outside but all golden within. Yet, if it must be done, pull them slightly apart and look for a moment out into that vast abyss of human trouble. Nothing would be more manifestly unfair than to say he had no appreciation of ills that are world-wide, for now and then one finds a note of tender sympathy, a delicate and quiet sentiment as charming as the unobtrusive breath of the springtime arbutus that blossoms on the edge of the snows. "Baby Bell"—certainly this is a charmingly sweet, and withal dainty, interpretation of those minor chords of which human life is so full. But it is all done gently, like "sweet funeral bells from some incalculable distance" hinting at grief softened, elusive, remote, and altogether free from morbid woe. Aldrich cannot be accused of boisterous grief. The stormy winds that went wailing along the Portsmouth shore singing his lullaby find no counterpart in the temper of his mind. When he would depict the sense of loss resultant in mental anguish there is ever the suppressed tone indicative of mastery and refinement of soul. His poem on "Elmwood," written in memory of Lowell, illustrates this:

Tender and low, O wind among the pines,
I would, were mine a lyre of richer strings,
In soft Sicilian accents wrap his name.

Once in a while the deeper questions that concern all mortal men

pause before him for an answer. Some of these he treats fantastically, as for instance, in "Identity":

Somewhere—in desolate wind-swept space—
In Twilight-land—in No-man's land—
Two hurrying shapes met face to face
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, agape,
Shuddering in the glooming light.
"I know not," said the second shape,
"I only died last night!"

If this were to be taken seriously, the threads of faith and knowledge would become a hopelessly tangled skein. Quite likely the poet has turned jester. Under the guise of serious treatment of an awful theme there lurks a bit of grim humor, a grotesque fancy given loose reign. Without doubt it is an excursion into the realm of mystery where the imagination builds up a magic situation draped in sable and wreathed in gloom. Much more satisfying, because of its apparent sincerity, is the question he raises in the development of his exquisite sonnet on "Sleep":

For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

While there is no attempt at any solution, no passionate grapple with great heart-burning desires where affirmations alone can bring solace to the moral sense, yet there is the possible intimation that we shall

As in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak.

For once, however, all speculations are thrown to the winds as withered leaves, and in "The Crescent and the Cross" hope springs immortal:

But when this Cross of simple wood I see,
The Star of Bethlehem shines again for me,
And glorious visions break upon my gloom—
The patient Christ, and Mary at the Tomb!

But, after all, Aldrich, while disclaiming the distinctive note of the prophet, becomes the apostle of elegance and beauty. The literary charm of which he is possessed is very beautiful and

seems to leap to life from the interior affluence of his character as well as from the richness of his material circumstances. It is easy to believe the statement of those who knew him in his early years when they recollect that he was always well dressed, and that beyond his fellows. There was within him an inherent inclination toward refinement of taste, however it might be manifested. The only real interruption to an untroubled life befell by the death of his son. Aside from this, all things were conducive to the culture of a rich and flowing poetic imagination. In recognition of his power to portray the beautiful the world must accord him a permanent place in literature. It would be the height of folly to ignore him. Nor would it be the part of wisdom to relegate to obscurity one who diffuses the glamour of enchantment everywhere; for thereby hard, repellent, and unlovely conditions are transformed, as are the huts of common men on the Italian hillsides when the sun is in the west. But for Thomas Bailey Aldrich, alas! poet of luxury though he was, and unused to purple shadows, the sun has set; 1836-1907 are figures that tell the story. Threescore years and ten, to be sure, make a long life, as the child reckons—a brief one from the measurement of men. "In spite of all," said he, "I am going to sleep; put out the lights." Still the ruling poetic temperament of a lifetime! And he left his opinion that death was but "the passing of the shadow on a flower." But if he has gone, he has left no appreciable shadow—for his verse is luminous with the joy of living.

But what, then, shall be said in extenuation of luxury? Why, nothing at all, save that our poet is a very pleasant comrade. Shall we not be the better, when staggering under the crushing burdens of a world of sin and pain, if we take an occasional journey with him into the realm of opulent things? With him, doubtless, we may wander forgetfully where the "golden wind" is

Breaking the buds, and bending the grass,
And spilling the scent of the rose.

Geo W Farmer

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

GILBERT BURNET, Bishop of Salisbury, whose *Life* is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, was a real power as a preacher. How carefully he trained and prepared himself for that work he himself tells: "I read the Scripture with great application to get a great deal of it by heart, and accustomed myself as I was riding or walking to repeat parcels of it. I went through the Bible to consider all the texts proper to be preached on, and studied to understand the literal meaning of the words. . . . I accustomed myself on all occasions to form my meditations into discourse, and spoke aloud what occurred to my thoughts. I went over the body of Divinity frequently . . . and found a way of explaining every part of it in the easiest and clearest way I could, and I spent a great part of every day in talking over to myself my thoughts of these matters. But that which helped me most was that I studied to live in frequent recollection, observing myself, and the chain of thoughts that followed all good or bad inclinations, and thus by a course of meditation and prayer I arrived at a great readiness in preaching that has continued ever with me from that time." On this one reader comments: "No wonder that once at the Rolls Chapel, in London, when he had preached out the hourglass and turned it over for another hour, the audience 'set up almost a shout for joy.' That was not the modern preacher or the modern audience."

"FOOLS make a mock of sin." The fools are many; and strange, satanic teachings concerning sin and vice are abroad in prose and in verse. A rich Jew, prominent in the world of commerce and finance, gave out at the last annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, that "as no man is perfect, each one should be measured by the balance struck by deducting his vices from his virtues," the implication being that entire freedom from vices is not to be required or expected from any man. Obviously this Jew has never learned from the Great Teacher who said, "Be ye perfect." Vice in any degree is not a necessity. A notorious and phenomenally flagrant sinner, a minister most basely and scandalously gone astray, relating recently his infamous crime, says: "To write the story of my

shame and wrongdoing, to lay bare all the secrets, which, though of sin, are as sacred as, and I sometimes believe more sacred than, those of virtue and holiness . . . is to me utterly abhorrent. . . . I took the [sinful] happiness I wanted. It is only the weakling who passively surrenders and by sacrifice obtains a mild joy which he indolently accepts as happiness. The man of flesh and blood and heart takes what he wants for himself and fights back; and if what he takes is worth the combat, he will fight the whole world. I attempt no justification of my act. I walked to mine own damnation with my eyes open. The Church has damned me, the world has damned me, and damned I stand on the isolated peak of my love—happy. When I stooped to the mire of the pit, I rose to the glory of the heights. . . . I write as a sinner in sin to sinners. My mentality has been forced for a year to run contrary to all the laws of God and man." More diabolically vicious and ruinous doctrine can scarcely be conceived. It is the false reasoning of a lost soul. It reeks with moral sophistry and depravity. As E. Griffith-Jones wisely says in his volume entitled *Faith and Verification*, "any theory or teaching which in any way blurs the meaning of sin as an awful and devastating mischief for which there can be no excuse, cuts at the very root and nerve-center of all moral health and spiritual life." The notion that the secrets of sin are more sacred than those of virtue and holiness; that in defying the laws of God and man he has proved himself no weakling but a strong, courageous hero; that the thief who takes what he wants, whether it belongs to him or not, is the man of flesh and blood and heart, the truly manly man; that the sweeter happiness is to be found in sin, and that the way to the glory of the heights is through the mire of the pit—these are stupid and delirious delusions which show how utterly the sinner's mental and moral faculties are befooled, befuddled, and besotted. The great wise old truth-telling Book, whose truth holds good for men and angels, for time and for eternity, and from center to circumference of the universe, gives in effect this friendly, faithful and saving admonition: "He who trifles with sin and makes light of it, denying or belittling its heinousness, its malignity, its destructiveness, is a FOOL."

THE AUTHOR OF *RAB* AND HIS FRIENDS

WHEN Mr. J. T. Fields, the Boston publisher, visited Scotland in 1869 it was for "the author of *Rab*" that he inquired; and by that title doubtless Dr. John Brown, the Edinburgh physician, is most

widely known. His chief, though by no means his only, distinction is that he made one dog immortal in literature. Another memorable feat of his was his immortalizing, with the same pen, a precocious child, Marjorie Fleming, Sir Walter Scott's little pet, of whose odd sayings and pathetic fate he wrote under the title of *Pet Marjorie*. Swinburne in his tender tribute to Dr. John Brown wished that in the night of death a guiding star might lead his gentle spirit to

Some happier island in the Elysian sea
Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie.

Heredity, environment and education amply account for the author of *Rab*. He came naturally enough by that love of animals, particularly of dogs, his rare description of which made Sir Henry Taylor call him the Landseer of literature. His grandfather was spoken of as being fuller of love toward all living creatures than any other man in Scotland, and a quaint story is told of his kissing first his little grandson and then his grandson's pet rabbits. Through an educated ancestry he came rightly, too, by his love of literature, his great grandfather having taught himself Greek and much else when a shepherd-boy on the braes of Abernethy and having walked twenty-four miles at night to Saint Andrews to buy a Greek New Testament; and having by his exceptional knowledge, mysteriously obtained, caused some of the ignorant to accuse him of acquiring his learning by a compact with the devil, although "that astute personage would hardly have employed him on the Greek Testament." The author of *Rab* came rightly also by his religiousness, both father and grandfather having been "meenisters," each for over fifty years, and his father a professor of theology for twenty-four years in the United Presbyterian Church.

In the volume of *Letters*¹ just fresh from the press there is less mention of animals than one might expect. Dr. Brown tells us that he wrote the story of *Rab* and his friends, James and Ailie, one midsummer night between midnight and four in the morning when he "slunk off to bed satisfied and cold." In one letter he orders a quarter of lamb and a washbasin full of new milk for *Rab*. What makes his dogs interesting is his discrimination of individual character in each one; at this he is a master. In a letter to a friend, he says: "We have lost our dog, Puck, a fellow of infinite humor and affection and the very doggest of dogs. Seriously, it is no joke losing

¹ *Letters of Dr. John Brown*. Edited by his Son. 8vo, pp. 368. New York: The Macmillan Company, American agents. Price, cloth, \$4.00.

a dog. I hope you still have yours, and that it is waxing funnier and unaccountabler than ever." Thanking Sir George Reid, the artist, for his etching of Thomas Edwards, the Banff naturalist, Dr. Brown says that "the eyes are like a sagacious old gray terrier of the United Presbyterian persuasion, as commanding and immediate as the open tubes of a double-barreled gun on full cock." On coming home one day, Dr. Brown said, "I have seen such a good, conscientious dog; his muzzle had come off and he was bringing it home in his mouth." Another day he saw a large dog pass in charge of a coachman whom he knew. "There goes good John," he said, "with that animal which people call 'a magnificent Saint Bernard'; but he is a complete intake, like many men and some women. He has a good face, handsome figure, and *no brains worth mentioning*." First and last he knew many dogs. He had, all told, several dogs named Bob, numbered as kings are, I, II, III, and IV. Of Bob IV, the last of that dynasty, he writes: "He cost me fifty shillings when young. He arrived by the railway with the coachman holding him by a chain. He was in a general state of consternation; every new sight and sound kept him in perpetual astonishment and ready for anything horrible. Me he eyed, on first sight, in a very peculiar way, with an uncanny look of interest, doubt, and horror. When I took off his chain and collar, he stared at me a moment and then went careering away down the street. I made after him along Princes Street but soon lost sight of him. I wandered about for some hours, at last turning into George Street, and there, panting, tongue out, and wearied, was my young friend, Bob IV. But the moment he caught sight of me he was off again."

A far larger space in Dr. Brown's Letters is filled by love of literature, with comments on books and authors, in which he is frequently positive and intense. His aversions are to Charles Dickens and George Eliot; his supreme admiration is for Thackeray and Ruskin. Speaking of Forster's Life of Dickens, he says: "I dislike the personal essence of both men, though I admire the unique genius of Dickens and the strong though grandiose talent of Forster. I could not finish the second volume of the Life, I was so angry at both men—Dickens, so hard-hearted, so intense and exacting in his egoism, so self-centered, his falsetto pathos, his caricature run mad, and, above all, his conduct to his wife. My reasons for calling him hard-hearted are, first, my personal knowledge of him for many years and my seeing his adamantine selfish egoism, and, second, the revelation

of his nature given so frankly in his friend Forster's huge *Life*. Dickens was a man soft only on the outside, hard at the core. Forster is a 'heavy swell' and has always been offensive to me; he has no sense of humor, and is, as the boy called him, a 'harbitrary cove.'" Dr. Brown's feeling toward George Eliot is one of disgust. When Middlemarch appeared he wrote sharp criticisms of it and of her to Lady Minto and other friends. "I don't like Miss Evans' style of mind and feeling," he wrote. "There are too many big words, and the same taint of sensuality which was so offensive in *The Mill on the Floss*—a sort of coarse George Sandism, without her amazing genius and beauty of word. Middlemarch is steeped in discomfort, discontent, despair, as she herself is; and she is full of nasty, unwomanly knowledge which she is always hinting at. She has great power, wit, and prodigious but laborious cleverness, but more talent than genius, more ideas than knowledge of realities. Her views of life, of God, and of all that is deepest and truest in man are low, miserable, hopeless, and she seems always wishing to drag her readers down to her own level. This clever but unhappy woman is much overpraised. She is an anatomist, and in order to be so she must either get her subjects dead to begin with, or kill them. She has none of the sweet, plastic, living power of Miss Austen, or Charlotte Brontë, or even Mrs. Gaskell. Her books are manufactured, not born. She is laboriously clever, disagreeably knowing, unwholesome, and in a high sense unreal, while her unexpected gratuitous nastiness is offensive. I trust that in fifty years she will be forgotten except by critics."

The growth of his admiration for Thackeray is clearly seen in Dr. Brown's letters. He begins in 1851 by telling Lady Trevelyan that he prefers Thackeray to Dickens ten times over as a writer. Of Thackeray's lectures in Edinburgh he writes: "The great man has come, even greater as a man than as a writer; and big as well as great, six feet two, and built large, with a huge, happy, shrewd head, and natural in all his ways. . . . I knew Thackeray would go to your heart. We have just come from his third lecture. What power and gentleness and restraint! I wonder at and love him more and more. Tonight he took the whole house by the heart and held them; they were still and serious and broke out wildly at the end. We have seen a great deal of him; he comes and sits for hours, and lays his great nature out before us with its depths and bitternesses, its tenderness and desperate truthfulness. He was delighted with Sir William Thomson; said he was an angel and better, and must have

wings under his flannel waistcoat. I said he had, for I had seen them. Uncle James said of Thackeray's first lecture that its closing, after an hour of sustained brightness, seemed like putting out the light." When the lectures were over, and the great lecturer had gone home, Dr. Brown wrote: "They have taken away our god and we are out of employment. One thing we are most grateful to him for is that he delivered us from Mary Queen of Scots, and Bruce, and Haggis, and Burns, and Auld Reekie, and Hugh Miller. Did you read his speeches at the farewell dinner? He was in such a fright, and stumbled and stuck delightfully—and thought he had made an utter ass of himself. He was so surprised and grateful at what was said of him. If you had seen his pathetic, dumb face, like a great child going to cry, when he stood up to return thanks you would have had a good honest cry, as I nearly had. He thought he had made an immense fool of himself till he saw it in print next morning. We are more infatuated about him than ever."

Dr. Brown's other ardent enthusiasm was for Ruskin, to whose faults he was not, however, at all blind. In 1857 he wrote a friend: "Ruskin is to be in Glasgow lecturing. You must let me make him known to you. He is odd and willful, but he is pure and good, and an amazing genius." In 1864 he wrote Lady Trevelyan: "I see Ruskin is fighting away in his insolent and magnificent way about his glaciers. I am sure he has wings under his jacket; he is not a man but a stray angel who, having singed his wings a little, tumbled into our sphere. He has all the arrogance, insight, unreasonableness, and spiritual 'sheen' of a celestial being." Ten years later he asked after Ruskin as follows: "Is our Genius at the Village du Simplon now? These bits from him about the Alps are like apples of gold in pictures of silver, great, nourishing thoughts in noble, beautiful words. I wish we could cheer him a bit, but he has heaven before him to let grow his wings and satisfy his longing soul. . . . His Mornings in Florence are exquisite, like delicious fruit. What an artesian well he is! or, rather, one of nature's great springs; he seems to me never to ebb." To Ruskin himself he wrote in 1881: "Your writings show no loss of general power whether of conception or industry; the active brightness of your entire soul is the same as of old. You burn like iron wire in oxygen, and I often wonder how you survive your own intensity. I hope you are taking your oatmeal porridge and cream, and sleeping full eight hours in the twenty-four."

His opinion of Matthew Arnold appears in such expressions as the following: "I cannot read much at a time now. Last night I stuck fast in Arnold's brilliant and precocious lecture. The man is strong in his writings; his individuality never deserts his words." "I see Matthew Arnold, in his defense of himself in the *Contemporary*, is coming nearer the God of Israel and Paul. He says God is 'The Eternal' (this time a large E) 'not ourselves, that [he might say Who] makes for righteousness.' I would willingly adopt his name for God—I know of none fuller and less utterly inadequate than The Eternal. What a sinewy style Arnold's is! He plainly knows what *style* means." "Have you seen the august Matthew Arnold's 'Ode on Stanley'? It seems to me pretentious, thin, and heartless; well worded, of course; but who else, standing at his friend's grave, would use the word 'cecity,' which Sir Thomas Browne, the delightful old pedant, once used. The great Matthew looks at the universe, and also at God, through an *eyeglass*, one eye shut, and wearing a supreme air."

Of Dean Stanley Dr. Brown says: "I have read his last book. It is excellent, and so like the courageous, cordial, free spirit that is his. I like Tulloch, too, and thought him right as to Stanley's want of the sense of sin and the need of a Saviour. Religion cannot be taught without dogma, which is just another word for doctrine—a thing to be taught. It is the abuse of dogma that is mischievous, as when Calvin made his followers say there were children in hell not a span long. Stanley's sermon, which you sent, is such as no man living but himself could have written or thought of writing—such fervor, such spiritual quickness, such affectionateness, with all that rich, unexpected, yet natural utterance. Other preachers are eloquent or subtle or learned or weighty, but he alone is *apostolic* in spirit, as if he had in him the very blood of John of Patmos. I wish Stanley had not been so tender to Renan, whose compliments to the man Christ Jesus, after stripping him of his Godhead, I cannot accept. If so stripped, is he worth worshiping?" Dr. Brown approves Lady Minto's comment on Renan's theories, "The endeavor to produce or account for supernatural results by natural means is a complete failure." He says: "I could preach a sermon on those words. They touch the core of the matter as with a needle. Nothing better has been said about Renan's delusive and deluded book. Supernatural results *are* produced; therefore they must have an adequate supernatural Cause and Causer. . . . I back the words, 'I'm not

ashamed to own my Lord,' against Renan and all his crew." Of some of Tyndall's utterances he wrote: "Ridicule is one of the best ways of meeting his pernicious and idiotic stuff. Ruskin has scourged him in the most delightful manner." Clough is one of Dr. Brown's enthusiasms. "I place Clough very high," he says, "as an intellectual and moral poet; and I would like to have a kick at the imaginative crew, Dobell, Smith, that varmint Massey, *et hoc genus omne*, who are bedeviling and bedrunkifying our literature. I always liked, indeed loved, Clough, and felt his sensibility and power; and that uncertainty of conviction of his, and sense of the riddle of existence, drew him very much to myself as being like-minded; but there is a *sadness*, in the sense of bread that is heavy, a want of all gaiety and elasticity about him and his works. He is forever damp with dead passion." It is interesting to compare with Professor Winchester's masterly portraiture of John Wilson in our last number, Dr. Brown's brief reference to him: "I admire the great Christopher, but cannot entirely respect him. There is a dash of *bosh* in him, a hulliballooishness, and a sort of demoralized and demoralizing sentimentality that at first catches and then disgusts me; but he is big and noble and full of love, if you keep him off cockneys and vermin in general—there he is as merciless as my dog is to cat or rat. I have been very busy doctoring and am thoroughly tired. Two weeks ago I felt as if the Hourglass of Life was all but run out for me, but somehow Somebody turned the glass and the sands are running more briskly. But when the *nunc dimittis* comes neither you nor I will break our hearts at going down that stair; it leads out into the everlasting heaven and its stars." In 1879 Dr. Brown writes to a friend: "I have been reading a clever but unsavory book on French Novelists and Poets. What a rotten set these De Mussets and Gautiers and Balzacs and George Sands! full of the very 'superfluity of naughtiness.' *Sin*, the vilest forms of it, seems to them the most entertaining and pleasant of all things. The French lady who said, 'Ices are so delicious; it is a pity taking them isn't a sin' was typical. They verily say, 'Evil be thou my good'; they have devilish cleverness in expressing thoughts and feelings that should never be expressed." A brief reference to Chaucer is this: "He is primary in his own line. In description he is an inspired child finding himself in *Juventus mundi*, and getting the first crush of the grapes. There is too much animalism here and there, but not of the unwholesome kind; it is not a disease in him as it is in many modern writers; but it is unsuited to our time and

taste." On Wordsworth we find such comments as these: "I read 'The Excursion' when I was eighteen, and was a different man from that time. He was a revelation to me, and added a precious seeing to the eye and to the mind. But he too often drivels and talks numerous prose to a frightful extent. To me Wordsworth's great defect is his want of humor, of a sense of the ludicrous and incongruous. I feel this even more than his prosiness. But that he was a great poet, the greatest of his day, I never doubt. Byron, when he is a poet, which often he is not, is the poet of passion, of the 'heart tumult'; he would have been a greater poet if he had had the deep feeling, the quiet, steady human-heartedness of Wordsworth." This is Dr. Brown's opinion of another great poet: "I have been reading Browning largely and carefully. He is a very true and great poet, more of both than Tennyson is by a great way. There is a wonderful *quantity* of thought and feeling in him, and he is always himself, never aping anyone; at times he is rough and difficult, and goes off into mere thinking—very strong and rugged but not poetry." Dr. Brown met our James Russell Lowell and was much taken with him and his poetry. He wrote: "Lowell is the greatest poet our American cousins have yet sent forth, greatest in reach of thought and feeling, in humor, in spontaneity, and in general felicity of language. Whittier comes nearest him. Longfellow is a sort of male Mrs. Hemans. Lowell's Biglow Papers are full of wit, wisdom, and freshness. I would rather be he than Tennyson or Browning; there is more of the light of common day, more naturalness of thought and word, and no want of depth or tenderness, with humor of strongest and rarest flavor." Of interest are Dr. Brown's comments on two great antagonists in public life, both of whom figure largely in literature. In a letter to a friend in 1862 is this: "I really wonder at your worship of Disraeli. Do you honestly look upon that splendid scamp as a patriot? I admire Benjamin as a man of genius and infinite audacity, and as the author of Henrietta Temple and of his own fortunes; but as Prime Minister and the mouthpiece of British power, it amazes me that you can believe in him." Of Disraeli's opponent and rival Dr. Brown is also critical: "I like Gladstone and I don't. He is a wonderful man, and full of boy, fresh, and eager, and such a range of sympathy and interest, such serious, great eyes and such a look of earnestness; but—he is the son of his father. He lacks the oneness, the simplicity that make and go with the greatest greatness. I think more of Gladstone as a statesman than as a writer, and most of all

as a financier. I think there is a nimiousness or too-muchness often about him from his enormous superfluity of energy. [Today some make similar comment on President Roosevelt.] Still he is the biggest man of our party. He would get on more smoothly if he were more worldly-wise."

Doubtless this Edinburgh physician's celebrity is due chiefly to his literary work and very little to prominence in his profession. In these published letters there are comparatively few glimpses of his life as a medical man. But his intellectuality, his shrewd wisdom, his tender sympathy, his keen insight into human nature, and his sweet humor must have made him a physician greatly to be desired, trusted, and loved. No one who has read his writings is surprised at the story told of him by Charles Dickens, how when he was a young doctor and the cholera was raging at Chatham he remained all night with a poor woman whom everybody else had deserted, ministering to her to the end, and then, overcome with fatigue, falling asleep, and being found in the early morning, when the house was entered, lying asleep on the floor.

Religion fills even more space than literature in Dr. John Brown's letters. In the first year of his medical practice this "meenister's" son writes to his younger brother, William, thus: "Be assured that there is no real happiness where there is indulgence in guilt—that pure thoughts and upright actions cause happiness as certainly as the sun causes light and heat. Keep this always before you; *know* the God of your fathers. Although I fear I am not as religious as I should be, I can see from experience that the way of transgression is *hard*. In everything you do, think of its *strict morality*. In the place where you are now going you will be exposed to great temptation, and if you do not *instantly* take *high ground* you will never be safe. When you hear impure talk, leave the room at once, and give them to know that you differ from them because *God* differs from them; and when asked why you will not do so and so, never be ashamed of saying God has forbidden it—the *Bible* says so and so." A little later we find this to the same brother: "I am somehow very void of thought and feeling tonight. I sometimes wonder whether I am really under the control and guidance of God's Spirit, yet I have great relish for religion and am quite satisfied that nothing else is worth anything; but I go on from day to day, always about to be and never quite reaching it. Like you I am far from satisfied with my own state. I am distinctly *two persons*, a *good* and an *evil*. I feel a certain reverence and

godly fear and an intense desire to be on his side; but this is interrupted sometimes and then I am the same thoughtless, impure fool as ever. I believe this arises from a want of real love for God, but, like you, I cannot control my thoughts by reason of darkness." In 1864, a short time after the death of his wife, Dr. Brown replied to a friend's message of sympathy thus: "Thanks for your kind and comforting note. I had sunk into a sort of heavy torpor, and your words roused me. My great loss is much more felt in its fullness now than it was at first. I have now time to be selfish and miserable and to ply myself with reproaches—a very foolish and, it may be, sinful exercise. I have thought much lately about Jacob's wrestling with the angel, finding his weakness and his strength at the same time, and going on through the rest of his life lame and halting but submissive and even rejoicing. I believe this is the one great lesson of life—the being *subdued by God*. If this is done, all else is subdued and won." A while after this he writes: "Every now and then comes a day of stupid wretchedness, idle remorse, and useless wishings for the impossible and the lost. God and his love are to be had for the asking, but they *must be asked*." Writing to a friend, and referring to the Rev. Dr. Charles Watson who was then sorely bereaved in the death of his wife, Dr. Brown says: "I am as sorry as is in me for the big man and his loneliness; but then he is big and good, and can contain himself and live for others; and his books and his work and his friends will cheer and help him. How I wish I could sit under his preaching and hear him speak the living truth now! If I could only be *made whole*! How much and yet how little a man can do to be made whole! 'Believe and live!' Yes, but of yourself you can do nothing, not even believe." In 1874 he wrote John Ruskin thus: "Last Sunday I heard, in a little Baptist chapel in the woods near Pitlochry, a most excellent sermon on 'What is that to thee? *Follow thou me*.' I am more and more convinced that the essence of Christianity and of righteousness and of all goodness is in following the Christ, in thinking, feeling, and acting (within our human limits) as he would do were he in our place."

In the letters of this "meenister's" son we are not surprised to find much about ministers. When his own father was well on in years this, his son, wrote thus about him to a friend: "We have been getting famous discourses from the clear-eyed vehement old man, full of rich, convincing truth, and arguments heated and softened and made irresistible by holy passion. Give a man an absolutely

right principle and he can hardly be extravagant. The other day, at the close of a most beautiful and informing sermon about Mary, Lazarus' sister, anointing the feet of Jesus, he read in his most impressive style the second Psalm, 'Why do the heathen rage?' etc., and then suddenly he pushed up his spectacles on his forehead, and in his own old way *flung himself* at the people with these words: 'Where is Jesus, and where is Lazarus *now*? And where are those priests and rulers of the people *now*? Jesus has gone up and sits forever on the throne of the universe, and Lazarus is with him seeing him as he is. Where those others are, in heaven or in hell, I know not; but this I do know—wherever they be, they are and shall forever be *at or under* his feet!' And thus the great old preacher ended." One Sunday in Edinburgh Dr. Brown's sister and a friend of hers wanted him to go with them to hear Dr. Candlish. He said: "No; I know too many people in that church; the elders will all come to shake hands with me." But the girls coaxed and he went. The subject was "Prayer." On the way home Dr. Brown said: "You were good girls to take me there. It was *splendid*; he first made you feel that you could ask for *anything*, a five-pound note or a shilling if you needed it, and then he *dared* you to have any overmastering wish but 'Thy will be done.'" Dr. Brown quotes Sydney Smith as saying in one of his sermons that it is good for a man to get out of a great city and into country places where he is compelled to feel the presence of an unseen Omnipotence at work, and to see some things in the making of which neither he nor his kind have had any share. In May, 1862, a letter from Dr. Brown to his brother, Alexander, contains the following: "This is the week of the Synod, and Uncle Smith [the moderator that year] is in his glory—a sort of meek importance all over the dear little man. John Cairns is Augustine, John Calvin, Jonathan Edwards, and *himself* all in one. He preached twice on Sunday; very great he was. Dr. David Cairns and his wife were here, very happy, very healthy, with a sort of scriptural look about them." Part of a letter to Dr. Peter Davidson is worth quoting because of a gentle admonition to fairness which it contains: "I am delighted with your book. It is sure to do good by its honesty, accuracy, force, and, most of all, by its deep godliness. I hesitate to say so, but there are some severe expressions in the first lecture that I could wish mollified. Every accusation or insinuation against the *sincerity* of a man is dangerous, because, though we can know about our own sincerity and motives, in the nature of the case we hardly ever can judge certainly those of our brother.

And you always gain in the main by giving your opponent all you honestly can, before smiting him to the ground. The man you are criticizing is conceited and silly, too ignorant to know truth when he sees it, and he is rash and unfair and offensive, but I do believe the man honestly *thinks* he is doing God service; though he is, as you have shown, ludicrously vain and uninformed and one-eyed." A letter to Lady Minto, in 1871, has the following: "We enjoyed Jowett's visit and he seemed happy in his quiet way. I liked his sermon for the most part, but with my old-fashioned beliefs I miss the doctrine of sin and salvation. He told me what Lord Westbury said about Judge Bovill, who presided at the trial of the Tichborne claimant, 'If he only had a little more experience, he would make the worst judge that ever sat upon the bench.'" On one preacher whom he heard in a country church, Dr. Brown makes this criticism: "The sermon was good, only the man vociferated and roared. It was like the sharp, shattering discharge of a Calvinistic mitrailleuse in your face. And besides the man called himself 'this worm.'" Of the charming personality of Rev. John Ker this is written: "Ker was here, entirely delightful, a pure, benign, happy intelligence—a sort of domestic sun radiating warmth and light." About one noted preacher the last reference is in a letter in 1873: "Dr. Candlish is dying, without pain, blessing all about him sweetly, quite gentle, and happy. It is very touching and impressive; this fierce, troublous, assertive man, lying there now as gentle and docile as a child. I have always felt that at the core he was good and true-hearted, and living very close to God, becoming continually more kindly, more desirous to agree with his brethren, more aware of how small are many of the things he once thought worth fighting for. There is a great deal of Saint Paul about Candlish. I think the likeliest thing after death is that the soul falls asleep, and does not even dream, so that from our death to the Great Day is to our consciousness but the twinkling of an eye." About another dying man he wrote: "Alexander Brown is near to death and knows it. He told me yesterday that few things delighted him so much as thinking of the free, clear, infinite range his thoughts would soon have about everything." In 1871 Sir William Thomson delivered a great address as president of the British Association of Science. Concerning that address Dr. John Brown wrote a friend: "What a sweep of wing, like a mighty angel's, and such deep, wide, reverent, true science, with its 'everlasting law of honor'! The stereotyped clergy and their people may be down on

him for saying that our world may have been peopled from the debris of other worlds, and that we may have been evolved not merely from apes and monads, but from fern seeds; but, as I see it, God's will and power had not less scope in creating things by that method than by what has been called the direct creative act. Surely, if we go far enough back, we find God inhabiting his own eternity, dwelling alone, and then saying 'Let it be' and it was; and that *it*, no matter how small, has in it the potentiality of the whole; and *he* put it there. Now, if he put it there and sustains it, and if in the case of man there was some special and differentiating addition of a moral sense shared with him by God, by which, in a way different from all other living creatures, man was made in the divine image, capable of communion with God, why, that theory seems to me as satisfactory as it is scientific. But perhaps I am getting out of my depth."

None of the letters draw us more closely and tenderly to Dr. Brown than those written in his years of ill health and after his wife's death. A letter to John Ruskin in 1871 says: "My son is with me. My daughter Helen is married, and happy as this world goes. As for me, five years ago in June my mind lost its self-control for a short time. It went off like a watch that has lost the restraint on the spring, and which runs through a day in ten minutes; and though now outwardly quiet and even torpid, I am like a Rupert drop that knew its peril and that spite of outward smoothness might burst any minute. I am done for, cannot write, cannot think, to any purpose, have no relish for anything but sleep and forgetfulness. O, I work every day at my regular tasks, but within all things have come to an end. I only feel that I cannot feel. My brain is like a mouth without teeth, and my memory has struck work."

Closing our report of these letters our last sentence must not be one that shows the beautiful life and rare spirit of the author of *Rab and His Friends* with gloomy shadows on it. Rather will we place here at the end, like a west window lit by the sunset, his own description of the west front of Wells Cathedral: "It is simply glorious; it is literally the *Te Deum* in stone; there are the glorious company of the Apostles, the noble army of Martyrs, and all the rest, praising Him, acknowledging Him to be the Lord."

Similarly ennobled and dignified by the sacred glories of the Christian faith stood the west front of this loved Scottish physician's life when the light of sunset shone upon it.

THE ARENA

THE IMMUTABILITY-OF GOD

"I am the Lord, I change not" (Mal. 3. 6). "The word of the Lord endureth forever" (1 Pet. 1. 25). "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever" (Heb. 13. 8).

CHANGEABLENESS is a distinguishing characteristic of mankind. Unchangeableness or immutability belongs alone to God. The above impressive Scripture quotations at once arrest the attention of the thoughtful reader. While these utterances notably differ in phraseology, and were spoken at widely separated periods of history, we cannot fail to note that they perfectly harmonize in proclaiming the doctrine of divine immutability. What unity of statement, what dignity of assertion, in these declarations! The words bear the impress of underived kingly authority. The last quoted, from its direct and comprehensive wording, affords a most suggestive basis for the development of our theme. What simplicity and yet what majesty of statement in this disclosure of one of the essential attributes of the Divine Being! It has an eternity of meaning. It holds in its grasp the past, the present, and the future; the long vanished uncounted yesterdays, the unending procession of todays, and the untold and unborn tomorrows of the forever. Among the authoritative and sublime passages of Sacred Writ the above cited express the profoundest truths in fewest words, truths fraught with most vital import to our race. These kingly assertions virtually proclaim alike the infinite goodness, the omniscience, and the omnipotence as well as the immutability of the same Being. Immutability is coördinate with and coessential to all other divine attributes. It is the binding factor in the wondrous unity of the Divine Person, giving assurance of the unchanging wisdom, power, and goodness of God, with every guarantee for our illumination, guidance, and defense. "Is God changeable, like man?" has been the preëminent question of all earnest inquirers ever since the dawn of (true) religious light. Polytheism could scarcely have conceived—much less have answered—this question. These authoritative declarations came betimes as a needed revelation, an answer to this momentous question. With this answer the confidence of the devout believer in God's promises is immeasurably strengthened. As he now reads the promiser, "I am the Lord, I change not," "The word of the Lord endureth forever," his soul newly exults in his risen Lord. Henceforth the divine promises become a safe anchorage in every storm, an unfailing "help in time of trouble." Now, as never before, every promise verily becomes to him "Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus."

While we thus rejoice in the unchanging certainty of these promises, we should not forget that equal certainty belongs to the words of warning and the threatenings of retribution against the transgressor of divine

law. We must remember that "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne"; that he "is of purer eyes than to behold evil"; that "though the wicked join hand in hand, they shall not go unpunished." Verily, if these fearful declarations are a certainty, we should not forget that while we may both hope and rejoice in the divine mercy we may neither doubt nor dare the divine judgment. Since we concede all that our free moral agency implies, with equal candor we must admit that the divine conditions of that agency are inherently just as well as immutable, and also that they verily are balancing factors in the administration of the divine government, the perfect equipoise of divine sovereignty.

Again, to reinforce our argument, if we recall the specific promises and prophecies relating to the Jewish people, particularly after the calling of Abraham, their frequent shameful apostasies, fearful chastisements, and their as frequent deliverances and restoration through divine mercy and forbearance, and then remember that the minutest fulfillment of these promises and prophecies has long since been among the recorded facts of history, our faith in this doctrine of divine immutability will be immeasurably strengthened.

Let us recall some of these utterances, some coeval with creation: "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." "The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come." We may not omit that sublimely impressive passage, uniting in itself retrospect, prophecy, and fulfillment, "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." How wonderful these prophecies, how marvelous their fulfillment; while from the standpoint of human reason and forecast how utterly improbable! Yet infinite love and infinite justice, alike ever immanent, have guided these issues through the long centuries, subordinating all apparently untoward events, and have made them tributary to the divine purpose culminating in the most marvelous events of history—the miraculous birth of the Messiah, his wonderful life and mission, his sacrificial death on the cross, his triumphant resurrection, and his glorious ascension. Now, the world's atonement completed, divine justice vindicated, divine love triumphant, the "new and living way" opened alike to Jew and Gentile, our risen and ascended Lord become as never before "the joy of the whole earth," the whole a sublime drama of accomplished prophecy—verily, are not the words, "I am the Lord, I change not," indelibly written on the scroll of history?

The farther bearings of this subject are many and wide-reaching. Need we to be reminded that the integrity and perpetuity of our physical world and of the universe itself are equally pending on the truth of this doctrine? Should our world become subject to the government of some capricious almighty power, every desirable condition of mankind would be in momentary peril. Under the stress of such uncertainty all aggressive human enterprise would speedily come to an end. Toil could no longer hope for a sure reward, every motive to earnest effort would soon be utterly paralyzed, and our world would speedily become a scene of hopeless despair and inconceivable anarchy. The same power that created

and combined the simple elements of matter in beneficent and harmless proportions could, in a moment of sportive caprice or of dire malignity, separate the *elements* of either air or water and by a touch convert our earth into a wheeling orb of unquenchable fire; or by a word suspending the law of gravitation precipitate a catastrophe of indescribable horrors, instantly destroying all forms of life, rending asunder our solid earth, hurling its orbless flying fragments into measureless space, or perchance find some new orbit for the wild wreckage of a dead world. Thanks to a God of infinite love, we need fear no such possibilities until the consummation of all things is at hand. Enough for us to rejoice that we are the inheritors of the benefits of divine revelation. We of today largely enjoy the realization of promise and prophecy. We share in the quickened fulfilling of the hopes of the long-waiting centuries. Today as never before we are witnessing the ever-growing miracle of "God manifest in the flesh," awaiting the glorious epoch when the "kingdoms of this world" shall "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

But we must forego farther enlargement of this suggestive theme. Our minds are filled with awe in the presence of the wondrous truths that grow out of this discussion. We may never expect to fully measure them; we can only hope to be permitted to enter the vestibule of the temple of truth, where, standing with bared head and unsandaled feet, we may wait and wonder and adore.

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JOHN SPIER.

INSPIRATION AND THE PROPAGATION OF CHRISTIANITY

THE traditional and customary view is that the apostles possessed plenary inspiration, and that because of this their writings were infallible. If the church could believe that such complete inspiration had been accorded every age and phase of Christian development, and could easily determine exactly what preachers and writers had been thus fully and constantly inspired, it would have been possible to have an infallible church today, as much as in the days of Paul. At first it appears as though such complete divine determination of the affairs of the kingdom in every period would have been an unspeakable advantage to the church as well as comfort to Christ's followers. A little careful thinking, however, will reveal the falsity, if not the absurdity, of such a scheme of Christian history.

For example: If the successors of Paul and John had been, and by the church had been approved as, the equals of the apostles in all respects, as fully inspired and competent to bind and loose in the kingdom of God as were the founders of the church, their sermons and epistles would have been put on a par with those of the masters of the apostolic age. And if the third and fourth generations, and, indeed, all centuries from the days of the apostles to the present, had claimed their fully inspired preachers and organizers whose writings were as true, divine, and helpful as those of any other period, the church would have been literally overwhelmed and buried under the mass of inspired sermons, epistles, theologies, litur-

gies, and infallible decrees. For a Bible we should have had a work, or series of works, something like an enlarged *Encyclopædia Britannica*. And since this mass of inspired writing must needs have been studied by the critics—analyzed and weighed to prove that, compared with earlier productions, they were genuine, authentic, and fully inspired; and then, after their validity and value had been ascertained, their exposition, interpretation, and illustrative application would have been required, as has been the case with the limited Bible that we possess. As a result of the work of commentators—a work that truth-seekers could not ignore, that every Christian teacher would have been expected to peruse in part, even though he could never master it—we should have had a Christian Midrash, a modern Talmud, equal to a hundred *Encyclopædias Britannica*.

Furthermore, if in every age one or more had been divinely approved as leaders, whose words were to settle every phase of Christian activity and sentiment, numerous miracles would have been required as signs. With such an accompaniment of spiritual power attending their inspired acts and words, naturally all would have expected the establishment of the kingdom by miracles. And along with the inspired books, multiplying as the ages passed—books fully inspired, books interpreting the thousands of inspired works—there would have been produced, likewise, an innumerable number of miracle records, or Christian wonder books. These stories of cures, conquest by miracle, writing of hymns or writing of national constitutions by miracles, would have needed study, interpretation, and classification, so that, reasoning by analogy, they could determine whether, under certain circumstances, a miracle was likely to be wrought. Naturally, with such conditions science would have had no chance. Invention would have been side-tracked. The spirit of discovery would have been smothered, and all natural enterprise would have been strangled by the pressure of inspiration or the expectation of miracle. Thus we see that the two things that promoted the establishment of the church would, if continued with all their weight and fullness, have made the success of the church well-nigh impossible. Fortunately, belief in the full inspiration of contemporaries passed away, and the expectation of miracle, whether as a sign or as a needed uplift, gradually disappeared. We say belief in plenary inspiration and expectation. This prevented the people from placing the writings of the successors of the apostles on a par with those of an earlier age, and eliminated a general dependence upon miracles. Because of this, reason had a chance to exercise itself in the establishment of Christian doctrine, church government, and the methods of evangelistic work. Correct sentiment tended to check fanaticism, and experience helped to furnish the temple of truth, which Christ and the apostles had founded and opened to the world. If, however, everything had been left to reason, correct sentiment, and experience, the Christian system, so dearly purchased, so divinely launched and guaranteed, might have been sorely weakened, if not destroyed. Inspiration was still needed. Divine guidance and the exercise of supernatural power were essential to a healthy and constant Christian development. These prime requisites were afforded—and let all be profoundly grateful for the fact—without overwhelming the

church with a flood of inspired books, and without making scientific achievement impossible by the exercise of miracle. There was a kind of diffused inspiration, if such an expression is permissible. The thought and purposes of God were surely revealed, though no one could point to a single individual or set of teachers who had by plenary inspiration uttered them. The power of God was still exercised through their evangelistic agencies, through the battles of synods and councils, though no one could fully explain the performance, or designate the man who, as a sign of the divine interference, directed the miraculous phenomena. Now, because of this subapostolic inspiration and supernatural guidance, there have been writings in every age which, taken in connection with those that were fully inspired, have been sufficient to determine, for the time at least, all questions relating to life, duty, doctrine, and discipline. Anyone who has made a study of the Shepherd of Hermas, The Epistle of Barnabas, The Teaching of the Twelve, The Apostolic Constitutions, and other writings of the early fathers of the church, must have been convinced that this was certainly the case for the first three hundred years of Christian history. Since this is the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, the age that is to prove the culmination and justification of all that went before, there is good reason for believing that God is still in the church, and is working through his chosen people toward the promised end, though we cannot verify the supposition by the action of a plenary inspiration or by the performance of specific miracles. If our reasoning is correct, it is better, far better, as it is than as though we had in every period a reproduction of the conditions of the apostolic age. Without a boastful infallibility, we have the wisdom of God, the grace and power of God exercised in the upbuilding of the church.

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ALBERT C. LOUCKS.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

CHRIST'S INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS DISCIPLES

(Continued)

Our Lord further declares (Matt. 5. 19): "Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." Our Saviour's teaching is that the discrimination of the little and great commands in the moral law had no foundation in truth. It is their duty to regard all God's commands as binding. We do not know which are the little and which are the great commands because of our inability to comprehend all the relations of things. It is difficult to understand what is here meant by the words "the least commandments." Plumptre in his commentary says: "The 'least commandments,' then, are those which seem trivial, yet were really great—the control of thoughts, desires, words, as compared with the apparently greater commands that dealt with acts. The reference to teaching shows that our Lord was speaking to his disciples as the future instructors of mankind, and the obvious import of his words is that they were to raise, not lower, the standard of righteousness which had been recognized previously." The teaching of the passage is, then, that it is enough for us to know that the commands are from God; his authority is sufficient to justify our obedience without our full comprehension of the bearings of the command. It is clear from this passage that our Lord is instructing his disciples in their capacity of teachers of the church, and it is very suggestive that in both parts of the passage the word "teach" is included. "Shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so"; also "whosoever shall do and teach them." It is bad enough to break the divine commandment oneself, but he who should teach the breaking of it is verily guilty before God, inasmuch as it manifests his hostility to God, whereas, on the other hand, he who obeys God's commands and teaches them shall be great in his kingdom and in his glory.

The paraphrase of this passage by Professor Weiss brings out quite clearly its general meaning: "If, therefore, anyone begins through his conduct to make even the smallest of these commands of none effect, and teaches men to do this, such a person can occupy only a very modest position in the kingdom of God that is being realized already here upon earth. For he who does not understand how to appreciate the single elements in conjunction with the whole, and, accordingly, begins to destroy instead of building up, such a person shows a state of immature spirituality, which can gain in him only a small significance. On the other hand, he who fulfills the law, and teaches men to do so, understands the past, and for that reason the present, too, in which he for this

reason will attain to a greater importance." It is further added that they must not be content with the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, who were leading them astray, but must seek the true righteousness which God enjoins (verse 20): "For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." The scribes and Pharisees are frequently mentioned together in the first three Gospels. The scribes were originally the translators and editors of the sacred books, but became in later times, and were at the time here mentioned, the interpreters of the law. The Pharisees were distinguished for their strict observance of the letter of the law. In this passage our Lord enters his protest against their teaching and rectifies it. Their righteousness was the righteousness of external form. They did not see beneath the surface and did not recognize the necessary correspondence between the inner and the outer life. The true righteousness must include the spirit, as well as the external act. This was vital to the conception of our Lord's teachings. It is a question what is meant here by the kingdom of heaven. Some have supposed the kingdom of God here is the church on earth. Others have regarded it as a reference to the future state. It is a possible explanation that it refers to the ideal church, and in that church the true righteousness which is taught by Christ and illustrated in his life, finds its home.

Our Lord now enters upon the discussion of several laws which had been misapprehended in the teaching of the scribes and Pharisees. He says (verse 21): "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment." The Revised Version here renders it more correctly, "To them of old time." This is manifest from the antithesis in the verses, and it is the most natural rendering of the Greek. The modern Greek Testament, which represents a very delicate appreciation of the old Greek, renders it, "To those of old time." He does not say who these persons were to whom he refers, nor who it was that said it to them. It is thought that it refers to the later period of Jewish history when great corruptions in the teaching had taken place. We recognize at once the command, "Thou shalt not kill," but there is no place in the Scriptures which adds the concluding clause, "Whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment." This may have been one of the glosses which the scribes had put upon the law.

He particularizes by indicating parts of the law which were liable to misconstruction and had been perverted. "Thou shalt not kill." He amplifies this by referring it not merely to the overt act of killing, but to the root of it, which is anger. Verse 22: "But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment." That anger was sin and was to be classed in the same category with murder was far beyond their thinking. The difficulty of conceiving the spiritual bearings of things is shown in Paul's case. It is said of Paul that he made a great discovery when it dawned upon him in his struggle after righteousness that covetousness was sin. Such

a discovery was important for those who had kept to the mere letter of the law, thinking that the external act of killing was the only thing that involved sin. Christ here teaches that the passion which causes the crime is sin in the sight of God, and all anger or abusive epithets resulting from anger deserve and will receive due punishment. He indicates this by illustrations from things with which they are familiar. "Whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council." "Raca" is from the Hebrew word meaning "empty," and is applied to a person of weak capacity. "Whoever shall say, Thou fool." The word "fool" here is probably from the Hebrew word meaning "an apostate," a very offensive term in Jewish eyes. All these offenses are to be included under the prohibition not to kill. What wise counsel and how searching!

Our astonishment at these instructions is increased when we consider the next instruction as to the treatment of a brother with whom one is at variance. When he brings his gift to the altar for reconciliation with God he remembers that his relations are not perfect with his brother man. Although he is conscious he has nothing against anyone else, he recalls, for his conscience is sensitive at this time when he approaches his Lord, that his brother has something against him. What is his duty under such circumstances? One would be inclined to say: "As I have not consciously committed any offense against my brother, I may properly offer my sacrifice and return to my house conscious of the favor of God." "Not so," the Master says. "Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." That is, go to thy brother, obtain reconciliation and then bring your gift, and all is well. It is not necessary that the person who has something against us should come to us; the Saviour's command is, "Go to them." How many breaches of confidence and friendship would be restored if this teaching were literally put in practice! It is one of the apparently difficult commandments of our Lord, yet one of the most practical and effective.

Another subject of advice is found in verse 25 in regard to offenses which have actually taken a legal form, and to all appearances require public adjustment. He advises prompt agreement. "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison." This is an illustration said to be drawn from the Roman law "in which an arrangement was made between the parties on their way to the magistrate." This involves two things—promptness of settlement and the necessity of speedy settlement. Delay aggravates and increases the intensity of the conflict between the parties. That which is small at first grows until it ends in disaster and penalty. Better sacrifice something. The person here spoken of is one who is evidently in the wrong, and he should seek a reconciliation with his brother in any way that does not involve sacrifice of principle or

truth, and thus avoid not only further bitterness but litigation and consequent penalty, for one cannot tell what the decision of the tribunal may be. Timely adjustment of differences with antagonists is one of the wise instructions of the Master to his disciples, and well worthy to be remembered and imitated.

Another law upon which he places a fresh interpretation is that in reference to adultery. Its distinct utterance was, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." In their interpretation the scribes and Pharisees did not go beyond the letter. He came to fill out the commandment, to explain it, to show its deep meaning. The law only takes cognizance of acts. Christ takes cognizance of the spirit, the thought. Lust in thought is in principle the same as the act, and must be condemned as a violation of this law. On this passage Professor Plumptre remarks: "This noble and beautiful teaching, it has often been remarked and by way of disparagement, is found elsewhere. Such disparagement is out of place. By the mercy of God the light that lighteth every man has led men to recognize the truth thus asserted, and parallels to it may be found in the writings of Confucius, Seneca, Epictetus, and even of the Jewish rabbis themselves." It is to be noted, however, that in the light which Christ gives there is a deeper and profounder meaning than has been found in those to whom the revelation has not come. Christ illumines by his teaching and spirit the loftiest teachings of the seers of the ages. This interpretation of the law here also is applicable "to every form of sensual impurity."

The illustration in verses 29 and 30 teaches us the importance of casting aside everything which would hinder obedience to the commands of our Lord. "And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." It is not an injunction to mutilate the body, but to cast aside that which is the most precious to us rather than violate the command of God. It is a difficult and painful thing to pluck out the right eye or to cut off the right hand, so those things which we esteem of the greatest importance and value to us, if wrong, must be cast aside, if we would be disciples of Christ. This will demand of us the renouncing of many ambitions and many pleasures which, if indulged in, must exclude us from the kingdom of God.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

MODERNISM

No theological document in recent years has attracted more attention than the encyclical of Pius X on modernism, issued at Rome on September 8, 1907. "It has been attacked and defended, vilified and glorified, sometimes indiscriminately, and sometimes with discrimination." It is a lengthy paper of about 25,000 words, discussing at great length questions vital to the well-being of the Roman Catholic Church. It is addressed to the patriarchs, primates, archbishops, bishops, and other local ordinaries in peace and communion with the Apostolic See. This remarkable document is written with great care, and, unless all the canons of higher criticism fall, it is the composite work of a group of learned men, high up in the councils of the Vatican. Though the real authorship may never become known to the general public, those entitled to an opinion profess to see in this paper the combined efforts of at least three well-known men: Professor Billot, Père de Lauzoyné, and Padre Marrani. The first of this triad is a celebrated Jesuit, and the other two are Franciscan monks. This, if true, is significant, for it shows the trend of things under the administration of Pius X, since it is well known that these two orders have waged war for some years upon the more liberal Dominicans, who, in recent years, have represented more modern ideas in the Roman Church. Great bodies move slowly. This explains why the troubles and dissensions of the past three or four decades, which have caused more or less commotion in most all the larger communions of the Protestant churches, have come, finally, with such force to conservative Rome.

The term "modernism," as we shall see farther on, is not easily defined. It has something in common with neocriticism, destructive criticism, or, to use a more recent phrase, the new theology. It is applied to liberal Catholics both as regards doctrine and church polity. Neither is the origin of the word quite certain. A celebrated Roman Catholic tells us that the term "modernist" is not of the Pope's minting, but rather borrowed from modernist writers, who employed it to connote their own ethos of thought and writing. Others say that the expression was coined by a Jesuit writer in *La Civiltà Cattolica*. The origin, however, compared with the thing itself is of little importance. The encyclical is aimed against all innovations, whether of creed or church government, against reformers of all kinds, under whatever guise, who call themselves Catholics. Father Tyrrell, of England, an avowed modernist, frankly admits that modernism is not a system, but rather a method and a spirit, a movement, a process, a tendency, and that few modernists see eye to eye. "Modernists," he tells us, "agree as to their point of departure, as to the general method and way; but their goal is below the horizon; their rate of advance unequal; their courses by no means parallel. Hence not one of

them will subscribe to all the positions of his fellow-modernists; still less will he accept the compact system fathered upon him by the encyclical. Not one of them would die for the modernist interpretation of Catholicism which it condemns. But all of them repudiate the scholastic anti-historical interpretation which it implies and imposes. Here is their unity—a unity of negation." Modernism, like the spirit in Faust, is a spirit that denies and is greatly attached to agnosticism. Professor Briggs calls the encyclical a "trap to catch the unwary, . . . a thoroughgoing attack upon all that is characteristic of the modern age of the world in philosophy, science, biblical criticism, history, education, political, and social life." This may be too sweeping. Nevertheless, the encyclical is at once both too radical and too indefinite. No one man can be guilty of all that it condemns, and there certainly can be but very few who may not desire some of the reforms placed under ban. While it does not deal at length with any one heresy, or the teaching of any particular heretic—at least, no names are given—yet those acquainted with the writings of Loisy, Tyrrell, Schnell, Fogazzara, and other liberal Catholics, will see readily the purpose of the document. The recent utterances of the above have been characterized by papal authorities as dangerous to the faith and hostile to the church, the more so because they proceed from persons who lie hid in the bosom of mother church, and thus, they strike insidious blows at the very root of the tree, by the dissemination of noxious poisons among God's very elect. Their arguments are often so plausible as to lead astray those not grounded in the principles of sound philosophy and theology. The modernist, according to the encyclical, is a composite, playing the several roles of philosopher, historian, critic, apologist, and reformer all in one. His philosophy is agnosticism, based chiefly on negations. Human reason has no power to transcend natural phenomena. It can deal with scientific precision only with the visible, the perceptible, the tangible. God can be in no sense the direct object of science. History as such knows nothing of God. What used to be called natural theology is in its very nature and method unscientific, a thing of naught. The positive side of modernism is based upon what may be called vital immanence and permanence; that is, an internal experience or sentiment purely subjective, having its origin in the feeling of the need of the divine, proceeding not from God by a direct revelation, but from man as man. The germ of all religion must be sought not in revelation, as the term was formerly defined, but, rather, in this vital immanence emerging from consciousness or subconsciousness. Indeed, consciousness and revelation are synonymous. If we believe the modernists, the Catholic religion was engendered by the process of vital immanence in the consciousness of its founder, Jesus Christ, who was a mere man, but "a man of the choicest nature, whose like has never been nor will be." Looked at from the standpoint of science and history, the modernist assures us that there is nothing in the person of Christ which is not human, for anything in the history of Jesus suggesting the supernatural must be rejected. Those parts of the Gospels recording his miracles, including his birth and resurrection, are in no sense history. These transcend the historical; therefore they cannot be verified. Modern-

ism has two distinct Christs: the Jesus of history and the Christ of faith; that is, a Christ who never really existed. The historical Christ, the Galilean peasant-teacher, extraordinarily endowed, intellectually and spiritually lived, died, and was buried like other men. The Christ of faith, the transfigured Christ, never existed outside of the pious meditation of believers. If we appeal to the Gospels to prove the deity of our Lord, the modernist asserts that the evangelists do not confine themselves to real history, but, rather, to "history transfigured and embroidered by the faith of his followers," and, consequently, their reports must be subjected to scientific methods. If, for example, appeal is made to the testimony of John, Loisy and his school "make short work of the fourth Gospel. It was written long after the apostolic age, is the embodiment of spiritual ideas, not of historical facts. The story of Lazarus and his resurrection is a poem: we fall into inextricable confusion if we try to conceive of it as a thing which actually occurred."

Now, as Christ is divested of his deity, and reduced to a mere man, it makes little or no difference whether the words or sentiments usually ascribed to him in the Gospels are his own or those put into his mouth by his biographer, decades or even centuries after he had taught around the Sea of Galilee. Not only do the modernists, at least some of them, deny the deity of Jesus Christ, or the miraculous gifts ascribed to him, but they also maintain that he never regarded himself as superhuman, much less the Saviour of mankind, and that he never had any idea of founding a church, and in no sense did he institute the sacraments, or even command his disciples to preach the gospel to every creature. But as already stated the encyclical does not limit itself to dogmas or doctrinal questions, but it charges the modernists with being guilty of general destruction, "for in all Catholicism there is absolutely nothing on which modernism does not fasten itself. The philosophy and theology of the seminary are attacked, history must be rewritten, dogmas must be brought into accord with science, the form of worship must be reformed; so, too, ecclesiastical government. There must be a decentralization of government, a greater democracy in the church; the lower clergy and even laymen must have a part in ecclesiastical affairs. Indeed, some modernists go so far as to advocate the suppression of ecclesiastical celibacy." Space forbids us to enter more in detail into the contents of the encyclical; enough has been said to show its general tenor. It will be difficult for the average Protestant to understand why so great importance is attached to so much that is of so little consequence. At the same time few Christians of any denomination will find fault with the Pope for condemning such rank heresies as denying revelation, the inspiration of the Bible, or the deity of Jesus Christ, for such denials strike at the very root of Christianity. Indeed, most every branch of Protestantism in the United States has denounced these same errors most vigorously during the past twenty-five years; nay, more, has removed those holding such views not only from its chairs in theological schools and colleges but also from its communion. While conservative Protestants will sympathize with much that is condemned in the encyclical, they cannot consent to a substitution of

medieval scholasticism for modern philosophy, vague as that term may be. The Middle Ages have little to teach us. Indeed, if we should return to scholasticism, would we not by so doing abandon not only the best in modern methods as well as much of the simple teachings of the primitive church? For certainly no one will claim that Christ and his apostles were influenced by scholasticism, as the term is employed by philosophers today. If we are to believe Professor Briggs, the scholastic theology is built upon the philosophy of Aristotle, while "the teachings of Jesus Christ were on the basis of the Old Testament, and had no manner of relation to either Plato or Aristotle." Nor can Protestants entirely agree with the Pope as to the real causes of modernism. According to the encyclical, the proximate and immediate cause is perversion of the mind, and the remote cause is furnished by pride and curiosity. Passing from the moral to the intellectual, we are assured that the chief cause arises from ignorance, resulting from the alliance between faith and false philosophy.

The remedies proposed are many. First of all, scholastic philosophy, especially the teachings of Thomas Aquinas, the angelic doctor, must be made the basis of all theological study. In justice to the Pope we should admit that he places emphasis on the word "basis." He says also in so many words, "if anything is met with among scholastic doctors which may be regarded as an excess of subtlety, or which is altogether destitute of probability, we have no desire whatever to propose it for imitation of present generations." He also adds, that the natural sciences should be studied, inasmuch as here the most brilliant discoveries are constantly made—but not to the "neglect of the more severe and lofty studies." He goes still farther, saying: "It is our intention to establish and develop by every means in our power a special institute in which, through the co-operation of those Catholics who are most eminent for their learning, the progress in science and other realms of knowledge may be promoted under the guidance and teaching of Catholic truth." The selection of directors and professors for seminaries and Catholic universities must be done in such a way as to exclude those who, in any way, are imbued with modernism, or "those who extol modernists or excuse their culpable conduct." Professors tainted with modernism, who may be now occupying chairs, should be removed at once. The same policy is to be applied "toward those who show a love of novelty in history, archaeology, and biblical exegesis." Diligent care must be shown in the selection of candidates for holy orders. The doctorate in theology may not, in the future, be conferred upon any who has not studied scholastic theology. Clerics and priests enrolled in any Catholic institution should not be allowed to study any course in a civil institution, if the same course is offered in the Catholic school to which they belong. Bishops should be careful to prevent the publication of books or articles tainted with modernism. Seminary students and university students should not be permitted to read such books if already published. Nay, more, no Catholic bookseller should be allowed to sell any books containing modernistic doctrines, and any dealer violating this rule should be deprived of the title, "Catholic bookseller." That the above regulations be faithfully and systematically carried out, there should

be a suitable number of censors from both ranks of the clergy in every diocese whose duty it will be to examine everything intended for publication. These censors should be selected with the utmost care. They should be men of ripe age and mature judgment, of great knowledge and prudence, men who will know how to follow the golden mean in their decisions. "The name of the censor shall never be made known to the author, until he shall have given a favorable decision, so that he may not have to suffer annoyance either while he is engaged in the examination of a manuscript or in case he should deny his approval." Secular priests may edit papers or periodicals, provided they first obtain the consent of their ordinary; but should a priest abuse the privilege thus granted him, this special privilege should be withdrawn from him. The generals or superiors of religious orders are also exhorted to exercise proper authority in these matters. Should the censor overlook objectionable matter or articles in any publication, the bishop may interpose at any time. Congresses of priests should, as a general thing, be discouraged, and when permission is given, which must always be in writing, matters pertaining to the Holy See must never be discussed, nor may there be mention made in them of modernism, presbyterianism, or laicism, nor may priests from other dioceses take part in such assemblies without a written permission from their ordinary. To prevent the diffusion of errors and to extirpate them when found, and to remove teachers of implety, there shall be instituted a vigilance council in every episcopal see. These, under the presidency of the bishop, shall hold bimonthly secret sessions. And, finally, the bishops of all dioceses in the church must furnish a detailed and sworn written report concerning the general condition, the doctrines current among the clergy and especially in educational institutions. The same obligation is imposed upon the generals of religious orders throughout the entire hierarchy.

The effects of the encyclical will be satisfactory to the Vatican. Opposition to it will be scarcely appreciable. A few articles and pamphlets have been written against it by Catholics, for the most part anonymously; a few books will be published here and there by some of the more advanced modernists, openly criticising it and defying the Pope and the Roman curia. The few persons directly concerned will either submit quietly or suffer excommunication. The vast majority of Catholics, the world over, will continue to believe in the divine origin of the church, a revelation from God, the deity of Jesus Christ and his atoning sacrifice on Calvary, and will trouble themselves but little about evolution, vital immanence, permanence, etc. The great army of Catholic priests, no matter whether their philosophy is based upon mediæval scholasticism or something more modern, will neither fight the established facts of science, nor blindly accept the hypothetical deductions of those who pose as modern philosophers and historical critics. It is quite noticeable that the Catholic press and scholars of this country, as far as heard from, with almost practical unanimity, approve the encyclical as timely, sane and just.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

Rudolf Encken. He is no stranger to these pages, but once more he deserves mention. During October, 1906, he delivered a series of lectures in a vacation course given at Jena, and these lectures have now appeared in a book of 120 pages packed with good thoughts. The book, *Hauptprobleme der Religionsphilosophie der Gegenwart* (Principal Problems of the Philosophy of Religion of the Present Day), is published by Reuther & Reichard, Berlin. In the first lecture he deals with the foundation of religion. He totally rejects the attempt to found it on the investigation of the world about us, in other words, on the basis of so-called natural religion. Equally he repudiates the method which proposes to found it on the feelings and needs of the individual, although he acknowledges a certain preliminary value to studies in the psychology of religion. The only method of real value is in the recognition of a unity over the mental powers, a mental life that is not the product of the individual man, but which manifests itself in the individual, and in which alone the individual can reach true personality. Such a mental life is unthinkable except by the recognition of a reality which is above the world though operative in it, in which reality this mental life is founded. By this Encken provides for one aspect of religion, but it certainly is necessary to give more emphasis than he does to the constitution of man as demanding religion. Otherwise the fact of religion is established without any recognition of a human need for it. In the second lecture he takes up the relation between religion and history. He recognizes the dangers to which religion, theoretically considered, is subject from this source, and especially the danger from the doctrine of relativity, which form of skepticism threatens to dissolve and swallow up not only particular forms of religion, but religion in general. Encken thinks, and rightly, that the skepticism that thus makes its way into the domain of history can be overcome—by the consideration that history itself cannot be written except with the recognition, either open or tacit, of a point of view which is free from the flow of temporal events, and of a mental life that is not affected by considerations of time. This, in fact, is now a commonplace of the theory of knowledge. And here Encken connects with what he says in his first lecture about the foundation of religion in the recognition of a reality above the world, though operative in it. In the third lecture he deals with the essence of Christianity. He places the religion of law and the religions of redemption in such a relation as to make the former an earlier stage of the latter. Within the religions of redemption he draws the contrast between Buddhism and Christianity. In the former it is the very fact of the existence of a world which leads to the desire for breaking with existing conditions and to the refusal of existence itself. In Christianity the desired break is the result of the recognition of a particular condition of things. Hence the assertion of a higher and more perfect

form of existence is possible to Christianity. He maintains stoutly and rightly that the recognition of the chasm between duty and possibility, and the closing up of this chasm by the revelation of God belongs to the very essence of Christianity, and he has scant patience with the idea, all too common in these days, that Christianity has no distinctive marks. But while this is one of the chief characteristics of Christianity, and rightly occupies a foremost place in the discussion, he does not neglect such questions as the greatness and unquestionable originality of Jesus; the unversality of Christianity; the relation of Christianity to Judaism and Buddhism, and to the unavoidable changes which come with time; and the opposition which exists, and must exist, between Christianity and certain modern movements. As to the future there is good hope, but only if Christianity is permitted to appear in all its true greatness without petty human additions on the one side, and without such a reduction of its content on the other as will render it feeble and uninspiring. These are great thoughts of a great leader of thought.

Hermann Cohen. In a recent book on *Religion und Sittlichkeit; Eine Betrachtung zur Grundlegung der Religionsphilosophie* (Religion and Morality; A Meditation on the Foundations of the Philosophy of Religion), published by M. Poppelauer, Berlin, he undertakes to show the relation of Judaism to morality. He begins by establishing, or attempting to establish, the idea that as logic is the philosophical root of the whole domain of the mathematically founded natural sciences, so ethics is the center of the science of history; and that ethics, not religion, is the only true foundation of morality, and the final court of appeal for the natural right of religion. Hence ethics treats of and establishes the rights and the nature of morality, and at the same time it is the decisive factor in the struggle for supremacy between religions. While the absoluteness of religion causes religion to claim to be the only true foundation for morality, it must be emphasized that religion has its origin in mythology, which, without any regard to morality, has to do with the soul and with God. The prophets of Israel, disregarding this relation of the individual to God, made the essential nature of religion to consist of a relation between man and man, thereby bridging the chasm between polytheism and monotheism. By their emphasis on morals they introduced the idea of the unity of all men and of mankind, as also thereby the unity of God. According to this God retreats, in Jewish thought, behind the relation of man to man. Man is responsible to God for his morality, and man must produce for himself the moral life. This excludes every immediate relation between the believer and God, and by so doing excludes from Judaism all mythological elements. Christianity, on the contrary, has for its content dogma, which has no moral significance, the salvation of the soul of the individual, and the soul's immediate relation to God. By giving to mankind this significance Judaism rises superior to Christianity and becomes the best foundation for ethics, which must take as its starting point the reality of humanity; that is, the general term "humanity" stands

for a reality apart from individual men. But this reality of humanity has for its correlative the unity of God. True, philosophy, as it gradually brings to systematic completion human civilization, will turn even this religion, which is free from mythological admixture, into a doctrine of morality. But until this has been done religion has its place and function, and it is the business of the modern state to harmonize the various religions and make them serviceable for the ideal of a systematic ethics. In this system of ideas several things crop out very distinctly. One of them is the very low estimate placed upon religion. It is not the foundation of morality, and it will be finally done away with altogether. Another is the entire misrepresentation of the standpoint of the prophets of Israel. It is not true that they disregarded the relation of the soul to God or that they made religion to consist in a relation between man and man. This may be seen by anyone who will take the pains to read their writings. Again, were this true, it would not make of Judaism a religion that ignores the relation of the soul to God, as the history of the Jews will show. Furthermore, to regard the claim of an immediate relation to God, the possibility of the salvation of the individual soul, and the importance of doctrine, as mythical is to misuse terms. Mystical it may be but not mythical. Besides, Christianity is not only concerned with these things; it is concerned largely with just this relation between man and man; and it is the only religion that puts the true relation between them into the forefront of its system. Still, Cohen no doubt represents, in spirit, many Jews, and many so-called Christians also.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Entwicklung und Offenbarung (Evolution and Revelation). By Theodor Simon. Berlin, Trowitzsch & Sohn, 1907. The book deals with the important question as to whether the idea of evolution implies teleology. The author thinks it does. He argues that the idea of evolution is more than a merely natural scientific idea in that it involves certain estimates of values; and estimates of values do not belong in the realm of natural science and it can take no note of them. But evolution theory does take note of them, and it is just because it is concerned about values, goals, and final forms of things that it is justified in renouncing, as it does, the study of many facts of the physical world and in confining itself to the facts of organic life. A writer in the *Theologische Literaturzeitung*, 1907, No. 20, takes exception to this argumentation, and says that what causes the zoölogist, for example, to confine himself to the realm of the organic is not any recognition of the worth of the phenomena of the organic world as distinguished from the inorganic, but solely the empirical observation that the phenomena of the organic realm follow special laws, and therefore can be and justly may be isolated from all other phenomena and studied by themselves. In spite of the teleological expressions found in the language of Darwin and Haeckel, says this critic, the evolutionist does not think teleologically, but thinks only of the fact that in the propagation of organisms the same forms do not forever repeat themselves, but that changes

occur. When such expressions as "perfection" and "perfecting" occur nothing is meant but to find a brief expression for this mechanical-evolutionary process. We think the critic wrong, at least in part. The evolutionist does not observe alone the changes but the fact that the changes are, on the whole, in a given direction. He does regard the progress as a progress upward; for he speaks of higher and of lower forms. And Darwinists regard the elimination of the weak and the survival of the strong as a part of the process. Much emphasis is laid by Spencer on the idea that at each step in the process those things survive which serve a useful end, and only so long as they serve such an end. These ideas are a close approach to the idea of purpose. They certainly have a meaning only as they express values, ends, and the like. And if they are not prompted by an underlying and unrecognized teleology the facts from which they arose certainly suggest to us the doctrine of purpose. The facts brought out by modern science make it practically impossible to believe that the world is the product of chance. Order is too deeply inwrought into the whole structure of things for that. So we think this book is right, at least in its main contention that the teleological expressions employed by evolutionists who are most careful to deny purpose in things are the product of an underlying though suppressed conviction that there is purpose in the world. Simon goes on to apply this idea of evolution to revelation, which, notwithstanding the unchangeableness of God, must be changeable just because it must be limited by the capacity of man to receive it. We can know a person only as we come to be like him. Man must be like God in order to know him. But men become like God only by gradual stages. When the one man, Christ Jesus, who was absolutely like God, came to earth the organ for the absolute revelation of God was given. The idea of relativity in revelation is therefore not justified. Nevertheless, the individual can attain to the perfection of the revelation in Christ only as he is personally like Christ. So that revelation is still progressing in its manifestation and application to the individual. This allows for the control of God in the progress of the world, and also, and at the same time, for the absoluteness and finality of Christianity. This book should take the sting out of evolution for all who are capable of understanding it. It certainly does show that the idea of purpose is in the organic world by the confession of evolutionists themselves, as truly as it is in history and revelation.

System der Christlichen Lehre (A System of Christian Doctrine).

By Hans Heinrich Wendt. Göttingen, Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht, 1907. The book is divided into six parts treating of the fundamental principles, the Christian doctrine of God and his eternal purpose of salvation, the world and man, Jesus Christ as the Mediator of salvation, the function of Christianity as mediating salvation, and our divine sonship, including eschatology. The unity of the Christian system rests upon the unity of the gospel. In the attempt to discover the content of the gospel he rejects all the aid so frequently sought in the history and philosophy of religion.

Nevertheless, the gospel is a historical and religious fact. This must be discovered in the Sacred Scriptures, though not in the Scriptures as a whole, but in a part of them or in a thought that runs through them. The doctrine of inspiration does not help us. This is no longer a doctrine sustainable in the light of modern research. The much used distinction between the divine and the human factors in the revelation of the Bible is vain, since all such distinctions are the result of a judgment of religious values which changes and has changed with the times. It is necessary, however, to have an objective standard of judgment which even scientific and thoughtful non-Christians must recognize as valid, or we shall never be able to judge what is and what is not genuinely Christian. As a matter of fact, the collection of the New Testament writings took place from the point of view of a special estimation of the apostolic. If we disregard the doctrine of inspiration, the only thing that is left is to hold that the beginnings of Christianity furnish us the fundamental type. And as here the question must naturally arise, What are the beginnings? It is necessary to omit much that is contained in the writings of the men who gave us the documents collected in the New Testament and go back to Jesus himself, who was the Originator of the peculiar movements and developments which issued in what we call Christianity. This he claimed to be and this he has always been held to be. He, therefore, as the creator of the special character which gives Christianity its place among the religions of the world, can be regarded as the true objective standard for the determination of the genuinely Christian, even in the New Testament. But it is not the person of Jesus, but rather it is the religious ideas and objects of Jesus, which must be taken as this objective standard. Here is a clear, logical distinction between the revelation of God which Jesus gave and the revelation of God found in the religious and ethical activities and personality of Jesus, though they are in perfect correspondence with each other and though the latter sheds light on the former. The new religious ideas which Wendt sees in the teachings of Jesus are the Fatherhood of God, eternal life, trust in God, and love; and these were first gained by Jesus in his baptism; but not in his baptism alone, for this found its complement in repeated acts of a religious character and in a constant inner perception of God. This presupposes in Jesus a power of original, intuitive knowledge of God, a power analogous to the creative intuition of great artists and scientists, yet a power of religious intention possessed by all mankind. This leads to the recognition of elements of true knowledge of God in other religions. Revelation consists in acts of God and in the mysterious process of intuition by which those acts of God are understood. But since Christianity arose from special religious intuitions which it does not share with other religions it must be classed strictly by itself. This outline of the book is incomplete, but it is sufficient to betray the fact that Jesus is ranked by Wendt as merely another prophet. The whole Christian system is viewed as a revelation of God. To reveal God was the real mission of Jesus. This estimate of the book can be modified only by the fact that Wendt recognizes that personal Christianity is not doctrine but life.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE latest comer into the family of Reviews is the Harvard Theological Review, which began its career in January and now lays its Number 2 on our table. It is partially endowed by a bequest from Miss Mildred Everett, daughter of Dr. C. C. Everett, given "for the maintenance of an undenominational theological review, to be edited under the direction of the faculty of the Divinity School of Harvard University." The active editors are Professors G. F. Moore, W. W. Fenn, and J. H. Ropes. The probable spirit and leaning of this Harvard Review may be inferred from its list of editors. Fifteen pages are occupied by an address delivered in 1883 to the students of Harvard Divinity School by Phillips Brooks on "The Minister and His People." It is not an extraordinary address except as the suffusing personality of the speaker always lent distinction to whatever he said. He called it "a talk." He assures the incipient ministers of the perpetual richness and growing life of their chosen profession; he declares that everything which is promised beforehand to the men of that profession is more than realized in actual experience of its work; he feels absolutely sure that the time will never come when the work of the Christian ministry will be obsolete or unimportant; he is confident that its work is to be larger in the future than in the past. The chief points of the address are three: the minister's relation, first, to the *intelligence* of his people; second, to the *property* of his people; third, to the *consciences* of his people. The function of the minister in relation to the *intelligence* of the people is threefold: first, to awaken their spiritual activity; second, to give them the results of his study as a seeker after truth; third, to lift their life to the higher tone which Christianity assures. The minister's *first* task is to awaken spiritual interest and activity, to quicken insight and a real desire to know with regard to the highest things. The chief obstacle in his work for men is not their ignorance; it is their indifference: they are so absorbed in material and worldly things that they are indifferent to higher and more lasting things. Matthew Arnold said that Emerson was "the friend and helper of those who would live in the spirit." The true minister is always exactly that, but his first problem is to make men *care* and desire to live in the spirit. Now, Jesus Christ is the supreme inspirer of spiritual life, and whoever wishes to be a "friend and helper of those who would live in the spirit" must of necessity bring himself and his fellow-men into living relation with Christ. The testimony of all ages is that no such spiritual power as Jesus Christ has ever been known among men; and the way to stir and strengthen the souls of men is to fix their attention upon, and bring them in contact with, the words and work, the life and death, of Jesus the Christ of God. The minister's *second* duty is to know something which those to whom he ministers do not know, so that he may be able to instruct and convince them concerning spiritual things. He must show them, for example, how the whole history

of mankind has been filled with spiritual yearnings and permeated by spiritual things; how mankind has always done the best in intellectual regions when spiritual life was at its best; how there is no religion in the world that can for a moment compare with the religion of Jesus Christ in all its conceptions and forms and effects, taken as one great whole; and how the history of the Christian Church is inseparably identified with, and explanatory of, the highest civilization and progress of mankind. These are but a few of the facts about which the minister must instruct his people. His *third* duty is to elevate the tone of thought, and feeling, and life everywhere; to bring it under control of those sublime principles which are essential to humanity's well-being, and which have their complete exposition and their most authoritative declaration in Christianity. And in order to do this he must bring men to the feet of Him who said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." This alone gives hope for the uplifting of mankind. The *second* point is the minister's *relation to the property* of his people. This point is not amplified or emphasized as much as the others, but the gist of it is that a part of the minister's duty is to make men see and feel that they are stewards of the Most High; to convince them that complete consecration of themselves is both their duty and their felicity, and that this means the consecration of their possessions. And he must teach them their relation to, and obligation toward, humanity in all its needs; so that it is as religious to relieve the famine-sufferers in India or China as it is to buy a Bible for the pulpit or a communion set for the sacrament. Phillips Brooks found a wonderful *readiness* to give, when information was definitely, clearly and impressively furnished as to the urgent needs. As to the minister's *relation to the consciences of men*, he is their instructor and enlightener, but not their master; in this as in other things, "one is your Master, even Christ," dealing directly with the individual conscience and guiding men to those things which may be done in his name and in his presence. Many abuses of the office of the priesthood in former times grew out of the claim on the part of the priests to be the masters of conscience, and the indolent willingness of the people to lay off that responsibility on the clergy. But the days of priestly domination over either the intellect or the conscience of the individual Christian are past. Protestantism made an end of such ecclesiastical tyranny. As to human conduct, the distinction must be kept in mind between, on the one hand, actions which are absolutely wrong in themselves, always, and for all persons and under all conditions wrong, and, on the other hand, those which are not necessarily wrong in themselves and always and everywhere, but are wrong in some associations, conditions, forms, places, and times. Concerning the former class of actions, the church through its ministers must be explicit, emphatic, and uncompromising; concerning the latter class, the church must awaken the individual conscience to examine earnestly the nature of all actions and decide seriously, solemnly, and religiously each one for himself. The people, not the ministers, are the church; ministers are nothing but the servants of the church, the agents of the people in doing the work the church has to do. Phillips

Brooks believed that one reason why there are not more men in the Christian Church is that the church has not made itself broad enough to make earnest and true men recognize their ideal of humanity in it; that the church has been too special, too fantastic in its teaching and requirements, laying too much stress upon nonessentials and confusing them with the essentials which all earnest and conscientious men can be brought to regard as necessary.——Another interesting and practical part of the contents of the April Harvard Review is an address by President Buckham to the students of the University of Vermont on "Reserve in Matters of Religion." Having first noted that reserve and even reticence in matters of religion is to some extent and at times instinctive and normal, Dr. Buckham mentions some of the considerations which favor and call for religious expression and testimony:

"When reserve passes a certain limit, and becomes actual repression of a genuine conviction or emotion, it works hurt to the moral nature. Modesty, reticence, is good: enforced dumbness is not good. We endanger our sincerity, certainly our frankness, when we put too heavy a restraint upon our convictions or our feelings. There are times when to suppress feeling is to induce and even cultivate stoicism. A confirmed habit of apathy is devitalizing. There are communities of Christians who suffer both spiritually and ethically from an abnormal dread of enthusiasm, as there are also those who suffer from forcing and counterfeiting enthusiasm. Some poet—I forget who he is—has given us a person—a girl, I think—who is so oppressed by a secret she must not tell that she runs off and whispers it to the brook, and so relieves her heart. There are religious emotions which so burden and oppress the heart, there are others which so exalt and inspire, that they must have expression. To stifle them is a harm and a wrong to the moral nature.

"Again, too great reticence in matters of religion is unsocial—may even be a social wrong. It is sometimes said that one's religion is something between one's own soul and God. It is that and something more. It is a source of new social relations and duties. Even when we have entered into our closet and shut the door, we are in thought to bring in others and say, 'Our Father.' I suppose that all of us, according to our degree and light—we mature men and teachers, you young men and women, with far more power in certain ways to influence your fellows than we have—are all the time, whether we will or no, saying something to one another on this greatest of questions; saying it by silence as well as by speech, by withholding perhaps the simple, frank word which brotherhood and fair dealing would prompt us to say. For when we come to think of it, while on one side religion is mystery, and tends to induce brooding and reverie rather than speech, on the other side it is hope, cheer, inspiration, power, life. The final word of religion is not silence but song. Personify religion, and you cannot imagine her speechless, dumb, a nun of La Trappe, as it were. She will rather be a Saint Cecilia. It is on this account that so much of the Bible is poetry; and that so large a part of the best poetry is religious. A man belies his religion if his habitual expression of it is reluctant and restrained and prosaic. Doctor Arnold maintained that even the creeds and confessions should be set to music and

sung—that they are not syllogisms but lyrics. If you will look for it, you will find a good deal of theology in the "Te Deum"—more and better than in some creeds—but it is theology sublimated into religion, and given forth in great peals of song. Reserve may be in place when it affords a refuge from the persistence of opinion and emotion and action which may have the approval of one person, but which he has no right to force upon another; when one is brought into the presence of a great truth or a great movement, which for the time awes and stirs him, before which he stands waiting and expectant like the disciples when they were 'all gathered together in one place' waiting for the pentecostal impulse which gave them utterance; or, finally, when in all humility, and with some disappointment with self, one is conscious of a lack of inward response to a call which others find compelling, but to which one may not give simulated or counterfeited assent. Let us understand that always, even when at its best, reserve is provisional, a stage in progress, never a counsel of perfection.

"And, finally, a word as to the claims and merits of utterance. Gardeners and florists find that the life of the plant depends as really on the leaves as on the root—indeed, that the root itself depends as much on the leaves as the leaves on the root. Carry this principle up into the spiritual realm and it means that the spiritual life cannot be healthy and growing without spiritual utterance in appropriate forms. The psalmist says of the good man: 'His leaf also shall not wither.' To repress or minimize intellectual and emotional expression causes the inner life to shrivel and wither. Hence the pains which the church has taken in all ages, following the example of our Lord himself, to encourage and guide religious utterance. Hence among the most precious and most prized gifts of the Spirit are those supremely great utterances of belief and praise and prayer which the saints, that is the gifted and superior souls, have left to us who have all their needs but gifts and attainments how far less than theirs! How poor spiritually should we be if deprived of them! How thankful are we that we have them! How ungrateful and unwise if we neglect them! It is open to question whether certain methods which encourage extremely immature Christians to give public utterance to their thoughts and feelings are spiritually wise. But the wisdom of the church and of the Spirit has provided a more excellent way. In psalm and hymn and anthem; in the inspired utterances of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, evangelists, martyrs; in the biographies of devout men who have left records of their penitence, their consecration, their aspirations; we have an anthology of spiritual utterance from which we can appropriate confession, and trust, and hope, and praise, in accordance with our needs and desires. Why should we confine ourselves to an iteration of the little worn-out phrases of our particular conventicle, when we have full heritage in the ecumenical psalmody of devotion? Why should we be pleased and satisfied with the tinkle of the religious nursery, when all the pipes and stops of the great organ of spiritual melody are ours if we will only command them? When all the church with its thousand voices is crying to us, 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together,' be it ours to respond, 'O Lord, open thou our lips, and our mouth shall show forth thy praise.'"

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Positive Preaching and Modern Mind. By P. T. FOSYTH, D.D. The Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching at Yale University, 1907. 8vo, pp. 374. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, \$1.75 net.

"We can never fully say 'My brother!' till we have heartily said 'My God'; and we can never heartily say 'My God' till we have humbly said 'My Guilt!'" So writes Dr. Forsyth in the book under review in his lecture on "The Preacher and Religious Reality." So does he write on every page. Striking contrasts, balancing of values, epigrammatic conciseness, clear argument without the aid of an illustration, definite statements unguarded by the modifying clause, nouns without an adjective, independent thinking without the suggestion of a reference or a glance toward an authority—such is his style. Yet there is no exaggeration, no delight over his originality, no apparent consciousness that he has said anything that the reader would be eager to say after him. 'Tis the thought of a strong man after "more than thirty years given to progressive thought in connexion, for the most part, with a pulpit and the care of souls." 'Tis the thought of a man with a message. Preaching is not what it ought to be. "For God's sake," writes he, "do not tell poor prodigals and black scoundrels that they are better than they think, that they have more of Christ in them than they know. . . . Learn to shun every hymn that has the word 'sweet' in it, to find other sources of 'greatness' than the 'gentleness' of God, and to look for something else than the lightness in the burden of Christ. . . . The pulpit has lost authority because it has lost intimacy with the cross, immersion in the cross. It has robbed Christ of Paul. . . . Liberal theology finds Christ's center of gravity in what he has in common with the rest of us; a positive theology in that wherein he differs [this sentence is one of the very few that he italicizes]. Liberalism dwells on Christ's preaching, positivity as Christ preached. Liberalism offers Christ to a seeking world as the answer, or to a suffering world as its healer; positivity offers him to a guilty world also as its Atoning Saviour. . . . Liberal theology has much to say of God's love; a positive of God's mercy." So with the preacher. He is not what he ought to be. "Both ministers and churches have as much of a struggle to get time for spiritual culture as if it were none of their business. . . . The church's worship, which should gather and greaten its soul, is sacrificed to its work. You have bustle all the week and baldness all the Sunday. You have energy everywhere except in the Spirit. The religious material is tugged and stretched to cover so much that it grows too thin for anything and parts into rents and rags. . . . A bustling institution may cover spiritual destitution. . . . The minister's study becomes more of an office than an oratory. Committees suck away the breath of power. . . . The minister may talk the silliest platitudes

without resentment, but he may not smoke a cigar in some places without causing an explosion. And religion becomes an ambulance, not a pioneer." It is not to be wondered at that the church suffers. "With its preaching," to quote the first sentence of the book, "Christianity stands or falls." "Also," to quote the opening sentence of his second lecture, "the preacher is the organ of the only real and final authority for mankind." If preaching and preacher are at fault, surely, then, the church must feel it. Such is the case. "The church suffers from three things: triviality (with externality); uncertainty of its foundation; satisfaction with itself. . . . Nowhere has mediocrity its chance as it has it in religion. Nowhere has the gossip side of life such scope. Nowhere has quackery of every kind such a field and such a harvest. . . . The church has more need to cultivate certainty than sanctity. . . . And it is soul-certainty that the ordinary able preacher, of busy effort, good cricket, vivid interests, actual topics, recent reading, and ingenious prayers cannot give you. . . . We sit down easily and agreeably beside the modern man with his mixture of refined materialism and scrappy culture, . . . yet have spiritual self satisfaction, well-to-do-ness, comfort. The voice of the turtle is heard in the land. . . . We are so strange to heart hunger, or soul despair, or passionate gratitude, or heavenly homesickness. . . . To cure all these ills the gospel we have to preach prescribes for our triviality a new note of greatness in our creed, for our uncertainty a new note of wrestling and reality in our prayer, for our complacency a new note of judgment in our salvation." One need not read far to find that he is in the presence of a thinker who will bring him back to the faith of the fathers. One need read only a page or two more to reach a willingness to go back to such faith—if he has wandered at all—under such leadership. There is not a censorious word or cynical criticism in the book; there is no self-satisfaction nor holy aloofness; no ill-tempered indignation, though the author recognizes most clearly the fact of sin and the possibility through the grace of God to keep from sin. One is led to close the book with the words of Solomon in mind: "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." There are nine chapters in the book: "The Preacher and His Charter" ("The Bible—the world's greatest sermon"); "The Authority of the Preacher" ("The authority of the pulpit due to the Person it proclaims"); "The Preacher and His Church; or Preaching as Worship"; "The Preacher and the Age" ("Our creed is to be minimal and our faith maximal, belief to be reduced and emphasis redistributed"); "The Preacher and Religious Reality" ("The supreme demand of the day is for spiritual reality"); "Preaching Positive and Liberal"; "Preaching Positive and Modern"; "The Preacher and Modern Ethic"; "The Moral Poignancy of the Cross."

The Philosophy of Loyalty. By JOSEPH ROYCE, Professor of the History of Philosophy in Harvard University. Crown 8vo, pp. 400. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

For several reasons we do not attempt any systematic criticism of this book. It is an endeavor to furnish a new, valid, and generally acceptable foundation for ethics, on the supposition that the old founda-

tions have been discredited—a supposition which we decline to entertain. We are not ready, however, to say that Professor Royce's book is without any value in clarifying the problems of ethics; but we do say that his chief effort seems to us unnecessary and his attempted new foundation far less firm and sufficient than the old. Better foundation can no man lay than that which was long ago laid by Christianity; and Christian ethics need not fear the insurgency and railing of such as Ibsen and Nietzsche. The author says that the one great practical lesson which he is trying to illustrate is this: "*In loyalty, when loyalty is properly defined, is the fulfillment of the whole moral law.* You can truthfully center your entire moral world around a rational conception of loyalty. Justice, charity, industry, wisdom, spirituality, are all definable in terms of enlightened loyalty. And this way of viewing the moral world is of great service as a means of clarifying and simplifying the tangled moral problems of our lives and of the age." Our comment on this is that this befuddled age has hopelessly tangled up its problems by rejecting or neglecting the plain, simple, comprehensive, and entirely sufficient principles taught by Jesus Christ for the guidance of conduct toward God and toward man. In the volume before us Jesus is scarcely mentioned as an ethical authority. To find valid moral foundations for persons who deny or decline the divine wisdom and authority of Christ is from any standpoint very difficult, from our point of view impossible. Professor Royce defines loyalty, as the word is used in his discussion, as "*The willing and practical and thoroughgoing devotion of a person to a cause,*" and he mentions, as familiar instances of loyalty, "the devotion of a patriot to his country, when this devotion leads him actually to live and perhaps to die for his country; the devotion of a ship's captain to the requirements of his office when, after a disaster, he works steadily for his ship and for the saving of his ship's company until the last possible service is accomplished, so that he is the last man to leave the ship, and is ready, if need be, to go down with his ship; the devotion of a martyr to his religion." When the author asks to what or to whom we shall be loyal, he answers, "Be loyal to loyalty," which seems to us an absurd and puerile answer. As a concrete illustration of the worth and beauty of loyalty the author uses an incident in English history which shows how the loyal bear themselves in critical emergencies: "In January, 1642, just before the outbreak of hostilities between King Charles I and the Commons, the king resolved to arrest certain leaders of the opposition party in Parliament. He accordingly sent his herald to the House to demand the surrender of these members into his custody. The speaker of the House in reply solemnly appealed to the ancient privileges of the House, which gave to that body jurisdiction over its own members, and which forbade their arrest without its consent. The conflict between the privileges of the House and the royal prerogative was herewith definitely initiated. The king resolved by a show of force to assert at once his authority and, on the day following that upon which the demand sent through his herald had been refused, he went in person, accompanied by soldiers, to the House. Then, having placed his guards at the doors, he entered, went up to the speaker, and,

naming the members whom he desired to arrest, demanded: 'Mr. Speaker, do you espy these persons in the House?' You will observe that the moment was an unique one in English history. Custom, precedent, convention, obviously were inadequate to define the speaker's duty in this most critical instance. How, then, could he most admirably express himself? How best preserve his genuine personal dignity? What response would secure to the speaker his own highest good? Think of the matter merely as one of the speaker's individual worth and reputation. By what act could he do himself most honor? In fact, as the well-known report, entered in the Journal of the House, states, the speaker at once fell on his knees before the king and said: *'Your majesty, I am the speaker of this House, and, being such, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak save as this House shall command; and I humbly beg your majesty's pardon if this is the only answer that I can give to your majesty.'* Now, I ask you not, at this point, to consider the speaker's reply to the king as a deed having historical importance, or in fact as having value for anybody but himself. I want you to view the act merely as an instance of a supremely worthy personal attitude. The beautiful union of formal humility (when the speaker fell on his knee before the king) with unconquerable self-assertion (when the reply rang with so clear a note of lawful defiance); the willing and complete identification of his whole self with his cause (when the speaker declared that he had no eye or tongue except as his office gave them to him)—these are characteristics typical of a loyal attitude. The speaker's words were at once ingenious and obvious. They were in line with the ancient custom of the realm. They were also creative of a new precedent. He had to be inventive to utter them; but once uttered, they seem almost commonplace in their plain truth. The king might be offended at the refusal; but he could not fail to note that, for the moment, he had met with a personal dignity greater than kingship—the dignity that any loyal man, great or humble, possesses whenever he speaks and acts in the service of his cause. Well—here is an image of loyalty. Thus, I say, whatever their cause, the loyal express themselves. When anyone asks me what the worthiest personal bearing, the most dignified and internally complete expression of an individual is, I can therefore only reply: Such a bearing, such an expression of yourself as the speaker adopted. Have, then, your cause, chosen by you just as the speaker had chosen to accept his office from the House. Let this cause so possess you that, even in the most thrilling crisis of your practical service of that cause, you can say, with the speaker, 'I am the servant of this cause, its reasonable, its willing, its devoted instrument, and, being such, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak save as this cause shall command.' Let this be your bearing and this your deed. Then, indeed, you know what you live for. And you have won the attitude which constitutes genuine personal dignity. What an individual in his practical bearing can be, you now are. And herein, as I have said, lies for you a supreme personal good." About the desire for repose and tranquillity are these words of wisdom: "Seek serenity, but let it be the serenity of the devotedly and socially active being. Otherwise your spiritual peace is a mere

feeling of repose, and, as such, satisfies at its best but one side of your nature, namely, the merely sensuous side. The massive sensation that all things are somehow well is not the highest good of an active being. Even one of the most typical of mystics, Meister Eckhart, once stated his case, regarding a true spiritual life, thus: "That a man should have a life of rest and peace in God is good; that he should bear a painful life with patience is better; but that he should find his rest even in his painful life, that is best of all." Now, this last state, the finding of one's rest and spiritual fulfillment even in one's very life of toil itself—this state is precisely the state of the loyal, in so far as their loyalty gets full control of their emotional nature. I grant you that not all the loyal are possessed of this serenity; but that is because of their defects of nature or of training. Their loyalty would be more effective, indeed, if it were colored throughout by serenity. But peace of spirit will be meaningless unless it is the peace of one who is willingly devoted to his cause." In the closing chapter, on "Loyalty and Religion," Professor Royce gives as his final definition of loyalty: "The will to manifest the eternal in and through the deeds of individual selves." And his definition of religion is this: "Religion is the interpretation both of the eternal and of the spirit of loyalty through emotion, and through a fitting activity of the imagination." We do not imagine that this definition will be of any particular use to anybody; but it fairly indicates the quality and value of this volume which seems to us on the whole as unimportant as books of its class usually are. What it conspicuously needs is more of definite and positive Christianity. The author says that the truth contained in ethical religion consists in the following facts: "*First, the rational unity and goodness of the world-life; next, its true but invisible nearness to us, despite our ignorance; further, its fullness of meaning despite our barrenness of present experience; and yet more, its interest in our personal destiny as moral beings; and finally, the certainty that, through our actual human loyalty, we come, like Moses, face to face with the true Will of the world, as a man speaks to his friend.*" In recognizing these facts, we have before us what may be called the creed of the Absolute Religion." Professor Royce holds, as part of his philosophy, that "our relations to the world-life are relations wherein we are consciously met, from the other side, by a superhuman and yet strictly personal conscious Life, in which our own personalities are themselves bound up, but which is not only richer but is more concrete and definitely conscious and real than we are." That is a sufficiently positive declaration concerning a living, personal, communicating God. We wish it were written as positively on some page of the book before us that Christianity is not a religion, but THE RELIGION.

The Philosophical Basis of Religion. A Series of Lectures. By JOHN WATSON, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. 8vo, pp. xxviii, 485. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. Imported by Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$3.00, net.

PROFESSOR WATSON plainly belongs to a different school of thinkers from the author of Pragmatism, reviewed in the March-April number. The

author adopts what he denominates as "Speculative" or "Constructive Idealism" for his philosophy of the universe. He assumes that the categories of knowledge and faith as discovered and acknowledged are founded on the principles of reason. He defines philosophy as "a systematic formulation of the rational principles underlying all experience." In other words, philosophy is reflection made systematic. There is no satisfaction for the mind in the notion of Cardinal J. H. Newman that the ground of authority is located in some external body like the church, for if the church possesses a real claim to authority, it is found in the approval of reason. We can only believe in what the church teaches in so far as it seems true, just as the discoveries of an expert in science are accepted because demonstrable. Doctrines thus safeguarded are "authoritative because they are true, not true because they are authoritative." Newman admits that there has been a certain kind of development in doctrine, but if doctrine is not absolutely infallible, there can be no infallible church to propagate and maintain it. No philosopher of this school can afford to ignore Kant, and so Professor Watson devotes considerable space to an examination of the great German's view on knowledge, dissenting somewhat from Kant's statement that there are other besides natural laws. Kant admits that on the philosophical principle of absolute causation there is no room for freedom, but he defends his position by stating that our perceptive faculties are necessary for the completion of knowledge, which is always imperfect, and the idea of causality is a creature of the human mind, as are time and space, merely forms in our experience. True being may be hidden behind the veil of phenomenal being. Watson thinks that there is a fundamental error in supposing "that the totality of our experience is confined within the sphere of phenomena." Mind is necessary as a complement to the system of nature, but it is not another hemisphere externally attached to matter, though nature and mind imply each other. Moral freedom is a necessary postulate of practical reason, and "the system of nature, the freedom of man, and the existence of God, are but different aspects of the same truth, the truth that we live in a rational universe." Even faith is reason not aware of itself. Speculative Idealism asserts that the universe is a rational system. In distinction from Personal Idealism it teaches that personality must not be identified with abstract individuality. A tree cannot exist apart from the universe, its existence being thus guaranteed, and so knowledge is possible only in the organic unity of nature and mind. So mathematical judgments are universal, true always and everywhere, being based on the principle that the actual world involves a rational system. The difficulty raised by Kant's discussion of causality is met by the assertion that "cause is never an antecedent, but the totality of coexistent conditions, and the only ultimate or real cause is the whole universe." Objection is made to the method of Professor William James in his famous works, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, *The Will to Believe*, and *Pragmatism*, because he seems to assume "that nothing can satisfy the intellect except that which can be expressed in terms of mechanical causation." What James terms the "subconscious life" may be really an inferior and less reliable mental action. In reply to Harnack Professor Watson makes these important

statements: "Though a man be religious without any definite theory of religion, religion involves conception as well as feeling." "Feeling and will are just as impossible without thought as is thought without feeling and will"; Buddhism or Comtism in reverencing an ideal of humanity differs only in words from what other faiths characterize as divine; the fullness of a principle cannot be formulated at any stage in its development short of the last, so that to learn what Christianity is, we must ask what it is now, and then only can we tell what was wrapped up in its first form. The development of Christian ideas is shown in a consideration of the doctrines and arguments of certain distinguished thinkers from Philo to Leibnitz. Philo, perplexed with the existence of evil in the world, asserts his belief in a transcendent God, and adopts the notion of a "logos" as an intermediate instrument in creation and other activities, revealed in various manifestations, so as to suggest that some of the New Testament writers might be affected by his teaching; but John's declaration of "the Word" involves ideas essentially different and independent. The allegorical method of interpretation employed by Philo was common among the Greeks, and pharisaism was much affected by Greek influence, so that what Paul derived thereof came by way of his pharisaic training rather than by direct Hellenic environment. Admit that the Christian authors were acquainted with Judaic or any other doctrine, it is nothing against Christianity that it holds much in common with other faiths. Even heresies have not been wholly harmful, and Christianity must pay a debt of acknowledgment to the Gnostics, to whom belongs "the credit of seeking to interpret all the knowledge, or supposed knowledge, of their time in the light of Christianity." They, also perceiving evil in the world, introduced the notion of "æons" to preserve the perfection of the Absolute in the origination of an apparently imperfect world. It was the separation of God from the work of creation and of Jesus from the Father, made necessary in Gnostic teaching, that Paul so severely condemns in his Epistle to the Colossians. It must be remembered, however, that the issue of the trinitarian controversy had not yet been settled. Professor Watson declares that the logical systematization of Christian doctrine is due to Augustine, "that God-intoxicated man." His struggle with the tremendous problems of evil, sin, the divine sovereignty, predestination, and freewill is well known. The lecture on Thomas Aquinas is quite interesting. This canonized theologian believed in the supremacy of the church, and consequently advocated the infallibility of the Pope as necessary to maintain unity of belief. From this it followed that the sacraments, as Harnack observes, are nothing but the reduplication of the redemption by Christ. Thomas held that no human reason could reach the truths of revelation by inference from facts. Faith is superior to knowledge, and the highest knowledge of God comes by intuition. Christian doctrine is beyond, but not contrary to reason. Freedom presupposes intelligence, and Aquinas reaches the conclusion, with which the author in his adherence to the theory of Constructive Idealism practically concurs, that the perfection of the whole is compatible with a certain imperfection in the parts. Leibnitz is accepted in his dictum that "there can be no contradiction between reason and revealed religion." In wrestling with

the problem of evil Leibnitz affirms that "the cause of evil is not efficient but deficient," and that an act occurs "not because it is foreseen but only because it is willed"—a position very familiar to the advocates and guardians of the Methodist theology. In conclusion, Professor Watson insists that the universe must be taken as a whole. God is present in his world, and the principle of the divine immanence, avoiding pantheistic errors and defects, is established. Man in his second nature—mark the term involving spiritual regeneration—is to be of kin with God. Pessimism is the counterpart of optimism, and those possessing the highest ideals may be most profoundly conscious of evil. Morality depends on the rationality of the universe. If the author is at times somewhat abstruse and difficult to follow, the reader is greatly helped by extended, though not always clear and descriptive, syllabi of the lectures, a brief resume of each preceding discussion, and a copious index at the end of the volume. The book can hardly come into general use, and some of its positions will not be unanimously accepted, but it is an important contribution to the study of philosophy when so many minds are unconsciously under the influence of the materialistic environment, and are favorably disposed to the pragmatic method and purpose.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Marginal Notes by Lord Macaulay. Selected and Arranged by SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN. Crown 8vo, pp. 65. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, 50 cents net.

MACAULAY was the most omnivorous reader of his day. It was his habit to read, pencil in hand, and to dash down on the margins precisely what he thought of what he was reading. By reason of his energetic, incisive, and brilliant annotations even trashy books became valuable. Coleridge had the same habit, and Lamb knew that any book loaned to Coleridge, if it came back at all—which was a little uncertain—would return profusely enriched and enlivened by acute and profound marginalia. No habit is more educative and profitable; it cultivates studious, thorough, and critical reading, and is promotive of mental independence and originality. And this is what books are for, to be marked and annotated, not to be kept clean and neat for show. Let no minister succumb to the desire for fine bindings, or squander his money on rare editions. Leave them to dilettants. It is a form of luxuriousness. If he is a working man, as he ought to be, and in dead earnest about his work, he should buy inexpensive editions, books which he is not afraid to pencil all through with marginal notes, jotting down queries, objections, and hints which the book gives him. This habit will double the value of his library to him; in after years his own notes and comments will be worth more to him than the most elegant bindings, and often more valuable than the book itself. Therefore let every studious and earnest reader, every working mind, plentifully bespatter the pages of his books with marginal comments, with underscorings of approval, exclamation-points of dissent, interrogation-points of hesitation, pertinent references to other books or to other pages in the same book,

and any apt illustrations which occur to him as illuminative or corrective of the truths or errors on the printed page under his eye. This is the way to cultivate mental alertness and acuteness, to become a real thinker, and to derive all possible benefit from books. This is also an immense aid to memory. The secret of memory is attention and what a man has paused over attentively and long enough to make written comments on is likely to adhere to the gray matter of his cerebrum. Moreover, the habit is a training in the art of pointed, sententious, and trenchant writing. Without this habit, there is danger of careless, hasty, indolent, superficial, and unprofitable reading. In this thin little volume before us Macaulay's marginal comments, sparkling with fire and tingling with vitality, are mostly upon the works of Shakespeare and of Cicero and of Plato. These comments are of a quality to make meaningless and monstrous Matthew Arnold's supercilious characterization of Macaulay as a "Phillistine," and to utterly discredit and rebuke Arnold's sweeping and indiscriminating condemnation, which is so lacking in the balance and measuredness he is always pedagogically enjoining upon others as to make his criticisms look more like vicious, personal animosity than like competent and fair-minded judgment. Macaulay's *marginallia*, selected by Trevelyan, begin with some comments on Miss Anna Seward, a trivial and pretentious author of numerous volumes, whose lack of education he exposes by correcting her grammar. She reported Dr. Johnson as having said, "Come, my dear lady, let you and I attend these gentlemen in the study." "No," commented Macaulay, "Johnson said, 'let you and me,' I will be sworn." When Dean Swift, in his *Essay on the Fates of Clergymen*, related under a transparent mask the disappointments of his own ambitious but unsatisfying career, Macaulay asked incisively, what business such a man had in such a profession as the ministry. And when Swift declared that the extreme personal prudence of statesmen was "usually attended by a strong desire for money, by a want of principle and courage and public spirit, by servile flattery and submission, and by perpetual wrong judgment in their bestowal of favors and preferments, when the statesmen came into power and high place," Macaulay commented: "I doubt this. Swift wrote with all the bitterness and spleen of a man of genius who had been outstripped by dunces in the career of preferment. Neither history nor my own observation leads me to think that the prudence and discretion which so often raise men of mediocrity to high posts is necessarily or usually connected with avarice, want of principle, or servility." But the most of this book of marginal notes is made up of comments on Shakespeare and Latin and Greek classics. Here is Macaulay's characterization of the Seventh Idyll of Theocritus: "This is a very good Idyll. Indeed, it is more pleasing to me than almost any other pastoral poem in any language. It was my favorite at college. There is a rich profusion of rustic imagery about it which I find nowhere else. It opens a scene of rural plenty and comfort which quite fills the imagination—flowers, fruits, leaves, fountains, soft goat-skins, old wine, singing birds, joyous friendly companions. The whole has an air of reality which is more interesting than the conventional world which Virgil has placed in Arcadia." Fine indeed is Macaulay's insight

into Hamlet's peculiar character, as a man whose intellect is out of all proportion to his will or his passions. "Under the most exciting circumstances, for example while expecting every moment to see the ghost of his father rise before him, Hamlet goes on discussing questions of morals, manners, or politics. . . . It is most striking to see how completely he forgets his father, his mistress, the terrible duty imposed on him, and the imminent danger which he has to run, as soon as a subject of observation comes before him—as soon as a good butt is offered to his wit. The ghost of his father finds him speculating on the causes of the decline of the fame of Denmark. Immediately before he puts his uncle's conscience to the decisive test, he delivers a lecture on the principles of dramatic composition and representation. And just after Ophelia's burial, he analyses and describes the fashionable follies of the age with as much apparent disengagedness of mind and ease of heart as if he had never known sorrow." Macaulay notes something very striking in the way Hamlet—a man of gentle nature, quick in speculation, morbidly sluggish in action, irresolute, unfit to struggle with the real evils of life—when he finds himself plunged into the midst of such evils, delights to repose on the strong and steady mind of Horatio, a man who had been severely tried and who had learned self-control and endurance from experience. Before the third scene of the first act of *King Lear*, Macaulay wrote: "Here begins the finest of all human performances"; but he reckoned *Othello* the best play extant in any language. On the writings and character of Cicero, Macaulay's notes are full of judicious discrimination. Toward Cicero's views on the crucial problem of the foundations of morality, he was favorably disposed. He held the Epicurean theory of morals to be "hardly deserving of refutation"; and as for the Stoic theory, it seemed to him "excessively absurd." He liked Cicero's *De Officiis* and was in general agreement with his doctrine of duty. Macaulay notes that Cicero's character underwent serious degeneration after he became a partisan and defender of the aristocracy, and that his tastes, opinions, and actions were lowered "like those of many other politicians." The nobles coaxed and flattered him, while using his brilliant talents for their own unworthy ends; vanity deprived him of coolness and wisdom, and made him rash and vindictive; and this led to his banishment from Rome. To these weaknesses, cowardice added itself after his exile, and all that was generous, brave, and elevated in his mind was destroyed. When Cicero, in his defense of Sextius, pays adulation to the degenerate aristocracy of the later republic, Macaulay exclaims in disgust: "And these men thus eulogized were the murderers of the Gracchi, the hirelings of Jugurtha, the butchers of Sulla, the plunderers of the provinces, the buyers and sellers of magistracies." The solemn lesson from Cicero's career is that of warning against the danger of moral decay and downfall due to ambition, inflation, and vanity. Macaulay goes so far as to say that Cicero, in being put to death by the Triumvirs, got little more than his deserts. It is certain, he thinks, that "Cicero suffered nothing more than he would have inflicted. His *Philippics* showed an impatience at peaceful counsels, a hostility to plans of conciliation, and a thirst for blood, which can be attributed only to personal hatred and

which is particularly odious in a really cowardly man." Macaulay does full justice to the splendid eloquence of Cicero, though he ranks Demosthenes above him as an orator; but he calls Cicero's course and character in his later years "infamous." Macaulay greatly admired one of Caesar's sentences. When Cicero sent to Caesar a message of gratitude for the humane forbearance which he, as conqueror, had displayed toward those political opponents who had fallen into his power at the surrender of Corfinium, Caesar answered: "I rejoice that my action should have obtained your approval. Nor am I disturbed when I hear it said that those whom I have sent off alive and free will again bear arms against me; for *there is nothing which I so much covet as that I should be like myself and they be like themselves.*" Opposite that sentence of Caesar's, Macaulay wrote on the margin: "Noble fellow!" With regard to Cicero's *style* as an author and orator, Niebuhr followed Quintilian in saying that "the pleasure which a man takes in the writings of Cicero is a standard by which we may estimate his own intellectual culture." The writer of this book notice remembers that he obtained his first conception of literary and oratoric *style* from being set by Daniel Clarke Knowles at the task of making a free but correct translation of Cicero's Orations into as smooth and fluent English as he was capable of. Cicero once said in public: "I never repent of behaving as if my enmities were transient and my friendships eternal." The works of Plato Macaulay read in a ponderous folio, which weighed twelve pounds, about the weight of a regulation musket in the British army when Macaulay was Secretary of War. It contained about fourteen hundred closely printed pages of antique Greek type. Even the blank spaces of that elegant and rare volume are disfigured, or rather, decorated, by Macaulay's pencilled comments. When Plato enjoins the inhabitants of his Utopia to treat a great poet with profound reverence, but to put him outside their community at all hazards—to anoint his head with precious unguents and crown him with garlands, and then to pass him on quickly to some other city—Macaulay remarks: "You may see that Plato was passionately fond of poetry, even when arguing against it." He underscores Plato's fine definition of the object for which civil government should exist—"the relief and respite of mankind from misfortune." That definition would make it the duty of civil government to abolish the liquor traffic. Of Socrates, Macaulay writes: "The more I read of his conversation, the less I wonder at the fierce hatred he provoked against himself. He took an ill-natured pleasure in making men famed for wisdom and eloquence look like fools. He scandalously abused the advantage which his wonderful talents and his command of his temper gave him. What an exceptional control of his temper the old fellow had, and what terrible though delicate power of ridicule! A bitter fellow he was, with all his suavity." Macaulay thought that one of the finest passages in Greek literature was what Socrates said to Gorgias and Callicles; "These doctrines of yours have now been examined and found wanting, and this doctrine alone has stood the test—that we ought to be more afraid of wronging than of being wronged, and that the prime business of every man is not to seem good but to be good in all his dealings, private and

public." On the last page of the *Crito* Macaulay wrote: "When we consider the moral (or immoral) state of Greece in Socrates's time and the revolution he produced in men's notions of good and evil, we must pronounce him one of the greatest men that ever lived." When Socrates expresses a serene conviction that to die is gain, Macaulay writes: "Every day brings me nearer and nearer to this doctrine." And when Socrates, the condemned criminal, says to his judges, "And now the time has come when we must part and go our respective ways—I to die, you to live; and which of us has the happier lot is known to none except God," Macaulay pencils on the margin: "A most solemn and most noble close!" Some of our readers will recall Macaulay's essays in the *Edinburgh Review* combating the utilitarianism of Mill and Bentham. Macaulay was no more a Phillistine than Matthew Arnold was an angel.

The Golden Hynde, and Other Poems. By ALFRED NOYES. 12mo, pp. 185. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25 net.

We agree with another reviewer that this volume will not place its author in immortal companionship, and also that while it will not enhance his reputation, it should not detract therefrom. We confess to a fondness for Alfred Noyes. The flavor of his verse is his own and it is pure and sweet. To say that he is decent and healthy, without being pale or cold, tame or flat, may not sound like high praise, but amid so much in our day that is diseased and indecent, there is no small joy in finding a young singer who seems really fit to be admitted into respectable society; whose books may properly be left on the table or read aloud, and do not require to be read furtively. Mr. Noyes's work has imagination, distinction, grace, and melody. Tokens of youth are noticeable in laments over mutability, in fondness for classical scenes and the topics of mythologic ages, on which he writes splendidly. An educated youth can seldom wholly avoid their spell. But while not yet out of the classical age, his muse is at home as well in the everyday world around him, and his touch of modern things is vital and graphic. Out of the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice he reads the lesson that all good things await the soul that pays the price by sacrifice, and that on him who sleeps for less than labor's sake there creeps the Pythian snake. Orpheus dreamed away the hours, letting his lyre lie buried in the flowers, and lost his love and his chance. A spirited poem on a classical theme is "The Ride of Phaëthon," from which we take this extract:

Beautiful, insolent, fierce,
For an instant a whirlwind of radiance,
Tossing their manes,
Rampant over the dazzled universe
They struggled, while Phaëthon, Phaëthon tugged at the reins.

Then, like a torrent, a tempest of splendor, a hurricane rapture of wrath and derision,
Down they galloped, a great white thunder of glory, down the terrible sky

Till earth with her rivers and seas and meadows broadened, and filled up the field of their vision
And mountains leaped from the plains to meet them, and all the forests and fields drew nigh.

All the bracken and grass of the mountains flamed and the valleys of corn were wasted,

All the blossoming forests of Africa withered and shriveled beneath their flight;

Then, then first, those ambrosial Edens of old by the wheels of the Sun were blasted,

Leaving a dread Sahara, lonely, burnt and blackened, to greet the night.

For not to the stars, to the stars, they surged, and the earth was a dwindling gleam thereunder,

Yea, now to the home of the Father of gods, and he rose in the wrath that none can quell,

Beholding the mortal charioteer, and the rolling heavens were rent with his thunder,

And Phaëthon, smitten, reeled from the chariot! Backward and out of it, headlong he fell.

Down, down, down, down from the glittering heights of the firmament hurled

Like a falling star, in a circle of fire, down the sheer abyss of doom,

Down to the hiss and the heave of the seas far out on the ultimate verge of the world,

That leaped with a roar to meet him, he fell, and they covered him o'er with their glorious gloom,

Covered him deep with their rolling gloom,

Their depths of pitiful gloom.

A true patriot is Alfred Noyes, and he sings to England not of the glories of war but in praise of peace, as in verses entitled "Nelson's Year—1905," "In Time of War," and "To England in 1907." In the first of these he gives this wish to his country, "May the Christ Child walk beside thee, with a word of peace for England, in the dawn of Nelson's year!" At least one reader of this volume knows by his own touched heart that Alfred Noyes, despite his youth, has power to sound life's deep experiences and to voice the pang and the cry of bereft and grief-stricken hearts. In "The Real Dante," he makes Dante, bereft of Beatrice, cry to her:

"I have lost courage, Love, in losing thee;

Courage to bear this silence of the sky;

Courage to front that dark Eternity;

Courage to brook life's pitiful riddle—*why*,

Why hath God hurt us thus? Poor broken cry

Quivering, unanswered, o'er the world's wide sea!"

To that poor, broken, quivering cry, there is no answer save from the divine mercy, which is "Made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." One poem entitled "In the Cool of

the Evening," expresses that sense of a Divine Presence in nature which almost hears the rustling of God's garment in the evening wind:

In the cool of the evening, when the low sweet whispers waken,
When the laborers turn them homeward, and the weary have their will,
When the censers of the roses o'er the forest-aisles are shaken,
Is it but the wind that cometh o'er the far green hill?

For they say 'tis but the sunset winds that wander thro' the heather,
Rustle all the meadow-grass and bend the dewy fern;
They say 'tis but the winds that bow the reeds in prayer together,
And fill the shaken pools with fire along the shadowy burn.

In the beauty of the twilight, in the Garden that He loveth,
They have veiled his lovely vesture with the darkness of a name!
Thro' His Garden, thro' His Garden, it is but the wind that moveth,
No more! But O the miracle, the miracle is the same.

In the cool of the evening, when the sky is an old story,
Slowly dying, but remembered, ay, and loved with passion still . . .
Hush . . . the fringes of His garment, in the fading golden glory
Softly rustling as He cometh o'er the far green hill.

One of the longest poems is entitled "The Cottage of the Kindly Light." In a cottage on a hill, at the base of which the sea foamed white, a lone widow lived with her little boy, whose fisherman father the sea had drowned. Her one prayer over her little one was that he might never become a sea-going man; she hated and feared the devouring sea. But when the lad was grown—"tall, supple, sunburnt, and a flower of men"—he went to work upon a neighbor's fishing boat till he could buy one for himself. And she had to relive for the son the long waiting and the anxious dread she used to suffer for his father when the fleet of fishermen were off upon the sea. And every night she placed a lamp in the cottage window that, if ever her lad gazed homeward, across the heaving sea, he might remember the mother love that watched and waited for him. Now in those days there went a preacher through the countryside filling men's hearts with fire; and out at sea the sailors sang ever great hymns to God. "Lead, kindly Light," they sang; and on the shore one stood up one night among the gleaming nets shining with silver herring in the moon, and pointed to the lamp in the window on the hill and said: "Such is that Kindly Light we sing about"; and ever afterward the widow's house was called *The Cottage of the Kindly Light*. One night a wild storm rose on the Atlantic, and a cry of fierce despair sounded among the weeping women of the fishing village. The lonely widow on the hill above stood out in the wind and rain, and listened to the roaring dark, "buffeted by the scornful universe, above the crash she stood, one steadfast fragment of the night." She knew well her boy could not come home alive through such a storm. But she did not moan nor pray. In stony silence she stood in the gale till dawn, and there the villagers found her when they tramped up the hill to tell her of her loss. Her brain had given way under the strain, and she met them with a

smile and said: "My boy lost? O, no! He will come! Tomorrow, or the next day, or the next, the Kindly Light will bring him home again." And each night she lit the lamp and placed it in the window toward the sea, saying ever when any mentioned his name: "The Kindly Light will bring him home again." And instead of mourning, she put on her wedding dress, and all that year she went in white through the village streets, where all the women went in black, for all had lost some man. And all that year she said to friends and neighbors: "He will come; he is delayed; some ship has picked him up and borne him out to some far-distant land." When the year had passed, one summer evening the maid to whom the widow's son had been a lover, went up the hill but saw not the Kindly Light in the seaward window. Entering the cottage she beheld the widow kneeling by the window lamp, and near her lifeless hand a fallen taper, with which, with her last strength, she had striven to kindle again the Kindly Light. As the loverless girl stood in the cottage door, there came up from the village church in the valley upon a waft of evening wind the sound of singing; all round her rose, like one great upward flight of chanting angels, the holy hymn,

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Mary Porter Gamewell, and Her Story of the Siege in Peking. By A. H. TUTTLE. 12mo, pp. 303. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, \$1 net.

No one who knows Dr. Tuttle need be told that he has done his work skillfully and beautifully. For this result he had every facility. His close relation to Mrs. Gamewell gave him full and intimate knowledge of his subject; abundant materials for biography—journals, letters, recorded incidents and experiences—were put into his hands; his heart suffused the whole story with sympathy as tender as it was intelligent, and his genius for expression clothed the noble narrative with literary charm. Fully three fourths of the volume is from the pen of Mrs. Gamewell, who had a rare gift for exact and vivid description and a wise mind, highly trained. Of notable value in her part of Dr. Tuttle's book are her record of the Chung King riot of 1886, written while she was imprisoned in the yamen of the magistrate during the raging of the heathen against the messengers of Christ; and her story of the siege in Peking, prepared by her for the press from copious notes, which she made from day to day in the exciting, exhausting, and perilous months of the Boxer assaults, while her husband was superintending with amazing skill, ability, and endurance the fortifications and the defense which, under God, protected and saved the lives of the foreigners in Peking. The story of Mrs. Gamewell's life is worthy to be preserved forever and read the wide world over, for in her we have a typical, we might even say an ideal, Christian woman missionary. To the noble young people whose hearts feel the high brave impulse to do exceptional

service for Christ, her spirit and example will be an enkindling inspiration, while ordinary Christians, leading, amid conventional surroundings, a comparatively commonplace existence, may be thrilled at beholding in her high-souled and devoted life the supernal beauty and dignity which glorify a human life entirely consecrated to Jesus Christ. Such lives as that of Mary Porter Gamewell splendor the dark of heathendom with radiant foretokens of the coming day, the day of the Lord, in which all nations redeemed by him shall rejoice together with joy unspeakable. A straight look at the spirit in which this missionary to China did her work is given us in a letter to a friend soon after the beginning of her missionary life: "I carry about with me a sense of failure all the time, because of things that I do not get done. . . . But I put on a bold front and *refuse to acknowledge that there is anything I ought to do which I cannot do.*" The maxim, "I ought, therefore I can," is as true as any axiom of mathematics. Sent forth to disciple the heathen for Christ, she firmly relied upon the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." Even in times when a tragic death seemed imminent and in others when death would have been a relief, she never feared. "Why should I be alarmed when I know that He whom I serve is with me?" she said. In 1884, two years after his marriage to Mary Porter, Frank D. Gamewell was appointed superintendent of the West China Mission with headquarters in the city of Chung King in the province of Szechuen. There a cruel and bloody riot broke out against the missionaries, whom the Chinese call "foreign devils," or more literally "ocean demons." In her journal Mrs. Gamewell wrote admiringly of her husband's wonderful capacity for emergencies as shown in that strenuous and dangerous crisis: "A simple faith seems to possess him, and his countenance shines confident and bright with the hope and courage and strength that are born of God. So for us, shut up where all depends on God, he is steadfast and strong. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.'" The soul of Mrs. Gamewell is uncovered to us in her letters to friends. Its vicissitudes are seen on two successive days in Peking, in October, 1896. One day she writes: "A depressed spirit of foreboding envelops my being. It seems likely the expected mail will bring bad news. Intense sadness seizes all my unoccupied moments. My spirit may not fall today, but it will not soar." All of a sudden, by one of those strange reactions which all of us have experienced, her soul leaps from the depths to the heights, so that she writes next day: "A buoyant spirit catches me on light feet and swings with easy step through the day. Everything comes easy. My spirits rise and rise like a bottle of yeast, and my head may pop off with exhilaration! . . . Yesterday was bright weather, today it rains. Yesterday my wheels drave heavily; today I fly on light wing." In one of her letters she gives an example of the untrained conscience of one converted Chinaman, who told in class meeting how when he was ill his heathen mother brought him a bowl of medicine over which a heathen charm had been said. He was too good a Christian to countenance heathen superstition, but he must honor his mother; so he could not tell her he did not intend to take it. He asked his mother to place it beside him, and after she had left the room he poured it into a hole in the ground under his bed. But he was not so

much a Christian that he could not lie, so when his mother returned he told her he had taken it. And now in class meeting he was thanking God for his mercy in preventing his mother from finding out that the dose had not been taken, had been poured into the hole? He supposed that the Lord had blessed his lie, and was *particeps criminis* with him in deceiving his mother. Christians who smile at such crude ethics should remember that they are not confined to heathen lands but flourish rankly on Christian soil. "The converted heathen is an infant indeed," writes Mrs. Gamewell; "and some seem never to outgrow their infancy." But there are infant grown-ups in our home churches also, whose moral faculties seem still to be rudimentary; and a mixed and crooked and tangled life of inconsistencies they make. To a friend at home who has a very exalted estimate of Mrs. Gamewell, this missionary woman writes: "I smile in mixed sadness and amusement to see how you idealize me and my doings. I used to have a feeling of insecurity as if placed on a pedestal from which I must sooner or later have a fall; but I am growing accustomed to the precarious position, and have a sense of security in the assurance that the same love that put me there is supporting me in stable equilibrium, and, so far from falling, I cannot get down if I would." That is a very sweet bit of confiding candor. Mrs. Gamewell's circumstantial story of the siege in Peking is worthy to be read with Burtis Simpson's Indiscreet Letters from Peking, published under the pseudonym of B. Putnam Weale. Her account is even more valuable than his and is complementary of his, being written from a different viewpoint, from inside the experience of the missionaries in their terrific ordeal. We take from her story the following glimpse of what life was to the besieged in the grounds of the British Legation during eight awful weeks: "Rifle fire opened upon us at four o'clock in the afternoon of June 20, and never entirely ceased, day and night, until the allies came on the fourteenth of August, and put the enemy to flight. There were consecutive hours of many days and nights when hundreds of rifles were let loose upon us at once, and it often seemed as if the whole surface of our walls was simultaneously covered with bullets. Portions of solid brick walls were pulverized by continuous discharge of rifles against them. Mannlicher and Mauser rifles, provided with smokeless powder, were trained against us in great numbers: for the Chinese were equipped with the best modern appliances and, as it proved, with almost inexhaustible supplies of ammunition. At times the firing was limited to sharpshooters, who climbed into the trees and other high places, to which they could not be easily traced because the smokeless powder gave so little sign in performing its deadly work. One day one of our American soldiers, who was a fine marksman, strode by where I was at work. They told me that he and two others were detailed to watch for a Chinese sharpshooter who had the range of a certain walk of the British Legation which was frequented by the women and children of the Legation. For many hours they kept the grim watch, and then the crack of a rifle was followed by the falling of a human body, and the laconic report was passed in: 'We got him.' It was a ghastly episode, to the like of which we were well accustomed before the day of our deliverance arrived. Many have asked me: 'Were you under

fire? There was nothing there that was not under fire. The hottest fire was received on the lines held by our brave soldiers and where work on fortifications was being pressed; but no spot within the lines was immune. A soldier, coming from his post for brief rest, sat upon a bench under a tree. A rifle ball, intercepted by a tree, glanced his way, struck and killed the soldier. The seat taken by the soldier was often occupied by women or children. I was going on an errand down a walk of the Legation when a bullet came my way with a sharp swish. I had an impression that it had passed through my skirts. In an instant I found myself about ten feet from where I had been and did not know how I got there. I turned to see a soldier falling. He had been walking behind me. He stepped into the place which I had just passed, and by so much I escaped and he fell victim to the rifle shot. One hot night a lady went with me to get a drink at a well in the midst of the Legation. As we made our way through the darkness we walked into a beam of light that shone from a lantern across our path. Instantly a bullet struck the ground at our heels. Before many days had passed shells from batteries of Krupp guns began to scream overhead. Solid shot ploughed through our roofs and fell into some of our rooms. One shot passed over the beds of two ladies, who, if they had been sitting up, might have had their heads taken off. One plunged through the wall of Lady MacDonald's dining room, passed behind a large portrait of Queen Victoria, and tore its way through the opposite wall and fell into the court beyond. Hundreds of shells and solid shots fell into our courts in one day, and rifle shots cut leaves and branches from the trees and lay upon the ground so thick that the children gathered them in handfuls. A large branch of a tree was cut through by bullets and fell across a threshold beyond which lodged a company of women. The enemy started fires close to our lines and threatened to engulf us in a general conflagration. They brought in coal diggers from the hills and set them tunneling mines under our position. One explosion left only two great holes in the ground where had stood the residence of the French Minister and that of the First Secretary of Legation. We were dependent upon wells within our lines for water, and who could tell how soon the fires and the needs of the multitudes would empty the wells, or what security had we against fever from contaminated water? After a few days the odor of decaying flesh filled the air. The drifting horror made night more hideous, and roused from sleep even those who slept the sleep of exhaustion. I have sweltered, with my head under thick covering, in an endeavor to escape the pollutions that weighted the hot night air. Surely, pestilence hovers in an atmosphere like that. Surrounded by an army of unknown thousands, rifle shots like hail cutting through the trees, shell and solid shot falling in our courts by hundreds, mines exploding within our lines, and no telling how soon one might tear the earth under our feet, starvation staring us in the face, unsanitary conditions in a filthy city filling the air with fever if not pestilence—what was to save us? Out of dear, brave Mrs. Gamewell's letters to personal friends we cannot forbear to quote the following: "When another looks through our bent, unlovely life, and says to us in effect, 'I know your ideals are high and true, I know you try for the best only,' we forget the

pain of our own unloveliness in the sweet sense of companionship with a kindred spirit. And such recognition gives courage in the assurance that we are on the right road, and that God is with us both." We close with the following token of her sensitiveness to the beauty of the natural world: "On the whole, a tree is the most sympathetic object in nature, not so awfully set as the mountains, not so fickle and treacherous as the sea, more substantial than the clouds, not so perishable as the grass and flowers—always there, steadfast and strong, with its shifting lights and shadows, soft sighing or brisk tossing, or drenched brightness, seeming to enter into every mood of its friends. It sighs sympathy, whispers peace, murmurs comfort, waves refreshment, or shouts exhilaratingly, according to whether the breeze be gentle or high, whether the day be bright or dripping."

Letters of Dr. John Brown. With letters from Ruskin, Thackeray, and others. Edited by His Son and D. W. FORREST, D.D. 8vo, pp. 368. New York: The Macmillan Company, American Agents for Adam & Charles Black. Price, cloth, illustrated, \$4.00.

IN addition to 280 pages of Dr. Brown's letters, this volume contains twenty pages of Thackeray's letters to Dr. Brown, twenty-five of Ruskin's, and thirty from other notable people, all of them of interest, but far from equaling in value (as one reviewer thinks they do) the letters written by Dr. Brown. Having noticed elsewhere his letters, we may properly present here some glimpses of the letters to him from his friends. Ruskin comes first, and first from him is this about church decoration: "I do not think it of much importance in itself; nay, I think that if much importance were ever attached to it by us, so as to leave it to be inferred that a church was less a church without elaborate decoration than with it, instant and great evil would follow. But I think *the feeling in us* is of importance—the feeling that would rather delight in decorating the church than in adorning our own houses, and would endeavor to manifest in buildings dedicated to God's service the highest qualities of intelligence and sensibility with which he has gifted us." The following bit will be recognized as characteristic of Ruskin: "My only profitable traveling has been on foot, and I doubt whether not only railroads but even carriages and horses, except for rich people or conveyance of mails and merchandise, be not inventions of the Evil One. How much of the indolence, ill-health, discomfort, selfishness, sin, and misery of this life do you suppose may be ultimately referable to the invention of the *carriage* and the *bridle*? I am not jesting." This also has his personal flavor. Referring to some of his own articles on economy, Ruskin says: "Their value is in their having, for the first time since money was set up as the English Dagon, declared that there never can be any vitality or godship in money, and that the value of your ship-of-the-line is by no means according to the price you have given for your guns, but according to the worth and price of your Captain. For the first time, I say, this is declared in accurate scientific terms, Carlyle having led the way, as he does in all noble insight in this generation." In the following some may recognize their own feeling: "I am in a curiously unnatural state of mind, in that at forty-three, instead of being able to settle to my middle-

aged life like a middle-aged creature, I have more instincts of youth in me than when I was young, and am as miserable because I cannot climb, run, wrestle, sing, or make love as I was when a youngster because I couldn't sit writing metaphysics all day long. Wrong at both ends of life!" Here again is Ruskin's intensity of feeling about the pursuit of what is called "Wealth": "The science of Political Economy, as hitherto taught, is a Lie, wholly and to the very root. It is also the damndest, that is to say, the most utterly *condemned* by God and His angels, that the Devil has yet invented. To the professed and organized pursuit of Money is owing all the evil of modern days. I say All. It is Money worship that corrupts the church, corrupts household life, destroys honor, beauty, and life. And the so-called 'science' of its pursuit is the most cretinous and paralysing plague that has yet touched the brains of mankind. I write this as coolly as I should a statement respecting the square of the hypothenuse. None of the Political Economists has yet properly defined Wealth, and they don't know what they are talking about. In no other science did its disciples ever start without knowing what they were going to talk about. Ricardo's chapter on 'Rent' and Adam Smith's eighth chapter on 'Wages of Labor' are quite sky-high among the monuments of Human Brutification; that is to say, of the paralysis of human intellect habitually fed on grass instead of Bread of God." Very interesting is what Ruskin writes about his own experience with Doubt: "I seem to have more faith when in anguish than when in happiness, even when it is the anguish of doubt. The least doubt generally drives home on me the words, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' Doubt always seems to me a trial put upon us by God, and this even when it is doubt of God Himself. I find myself praying to God to take away my doubt of Him, which seems to me to prove that there is in us an instinctive faith that is deeper down than all our doubts." We find this about French fiction and science: "I have been reading French novels, and discover the enormous importance of Revenge in the modern French mind as an Element of gratification and heroism. Sir Walter Scott, in his stories, changed the feudal law of personal revenge into 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' . . . I have been looking at the plates in a great French physiologist's book. He can't draw a dove or a woman or a child, but draws lice and frogs and monkeys most horribly true to the lousiest parts of their nature. And this is *French Science*!" Hear how he scores himself while correcting a lapse of proper courtesy: "Dearest Dr. Brown—It has just occurred to me that you cannot accept my invitation because, like a stupid beast as I am, I forgot to invite your sister too. Of course this was pure inadvertence; my life has been ruined by my stupidity; I am a dolt, a cretin, a log, a stuffed hedgehog, a fossil echinus, not to have thought of her when I was sending the invitation. Pardon me, and come, both of you, directly." Here is Ruskin's inability to appreciate the music of Beethoven: "How did you ever get to understand him? To me he always sounds like the upsetting of bags of nails, with here and there an also dropped hammer." Ruskin's love for Dr. Brown was very tender. When both were growing old he wrote: "A joy indeed it is to have a letter from

you, and to see that you are still my own sweet Doctor, having perpetual sympathy with all good efforts and all kindly animated creatures. And I trust you and I will go on, in spite of our sorrows, speaking to each other through the sweet-briar and the vine, for many an hour of twilight as we did in the morning and at noon." Thackeray's letters to Dr. Brown are of less significance, and we quote only the following. On hearing of the death of Dr. Brown's good old minister father, Thackeray wrote: "He was ready, I suppose, and had his passport made out for his journey. Next comes our little turn to pack up and depart. To stay is well enough, but shall we be very sorry to go? What more is there in life that we haven't tried? What that we have tried is so very much worth repetition or endurance? I have just come from a beefsteak and potatoes, both excellent of their kind, but we can part from them without a very severe pang, and note that we shall get no greater pleasures than these from this time till the end of our days. What is a greater pleasure? Gratified ambition? accumulation of money? What?" During his lecture-tour in America in 1853, Thackeray wrote from Charleston, South Carolina: "It's all exaggeration about this country, barbarism, eccentricities, 'nigger' cruelties, and all. They are not so highly educated as individuals, but a circle of people knows more than an equal number of English (of Scotch I don't say: there, in Edinburgh, you are educated). The Negroes are happy, whatever is said of them, at least all we see, and the country planters beg and implore any Englishman to go to their estates and see for themselves. . . . Tomorrow I go to Richmond on my way to New York, and thence into Canada; and in July, or before, I hope to see that old country again—which is, after all, the only country for us to live in—not that there are not hundreds of pleasant people and kind, affectionate, dear people here, but O for Kensington and home!" Referring to an article in Blackwood's Magazine, Thackeray wrote: "Of the three novelists discussed, I don't believe Bulwer ranks first; I think Dickens does. But, Sir and Madam, Everybody, what after all does it matter who is first or second or third in such a two-penny race? Kindness matters, and love and good will, and doing your duty, and making provision for your young children. May all children be merry and love their papas and mammas, and may we oldsters have as happy a New Year as God shall send us!" In a letter written by R. H. Hutton from the office of The Spectator in 1866 is the following: "*Ecce Homo* and all such books are much on my mind. My preference is for the first part of that book. The latter part gets into the abstract constructive line. Christ is so infinitely greater than Christianity that I fear 'developing' Him, as the mathematicians say, into Christianity, as *Ecce Homo* tries to do. . . . Strauss's *New Life of Jesus* seems to me worse and more intense in its negative bitterness than his old *Life*. . . . I suppose that anonymous article is by Matthew Arnold. It pains me to believe so, but I don't think any one else could have written it. I feel intensely about these things. I feel utterly dumb when my heart is most hot within me; and I can only call upon Christ to vindicate His own reality, instead of waiting for poor foolish little litterateurs like me to speak for Him. 'Oh that Thou wouldest rend the heavens and come down, that the mountains might flow down at Thy

presence!" is my feeling about views and writings which one word from God Himself could render inexpressibly meaningless and contemptible." Ruskin referred to Dr. John Brown as "a good Scotchman of the old classic breed," and Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke of "dear good, sweetly human Dr. Brown." We notice in letters written by Dr. Brown the use of seldom-used dictionary words, such as pervivacious, procacious, nimiousness, expiscate, and appropriquing. As we close this entertaining book we catch sight of these sentences from Dr. Brown: "Dr. Simpson is well, plunging about in his work, and as happy in it as any seal in Baffin's Bay." "A tumid, even flatulent man is Macaulay and not one of the immortals; he lacks the salts of genius, and *fine* intellect, and pure principle." Replying to a friend's frank letter, Dr. Brown shows this degree of self-knowledge: "You are quite right about my tendency to excess in praising. It arises from two causes: first, from my constitutional vice of wishing to please at all hazards—this is one of my worst weaknesses; and, second, from an exaggerative tendency due to my passionate nature—this really interferes very much with my trustworthiness as a critic." Once when Dr. Brown's little son John was away from home on a visit, he put into a letter to his boy this bit of playfulness: "The moon as big as the drawing-room table is getting up with difficulty from behind Arthur's Seat. I suppose some boys at Duddington are holding her down by the tail. Did you ever see the moon's tail? You can only see it in the dark. How are your sore toes? Good night, my dear boy. Be sure to look for the moon's tail and, if you can, bring in a basinful of moonshine and wash your toes in it—you have no idea how queer you will feel."

Greece and the Aegean Islands. By PHILIP S. MARDEN. 8vo, pp. 386. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, ornamental, \$3.

HAPPY the people who can travel in this new century! Mr. Ruskin would not say so, for he abominated facilities for swift and easy travel—railroads and the rest—and wanted everybody to study countries, as the botanist does, on foot. That plan, however, would confine the delightful benefits of travel to a very few and even they could see but little. Now all the places anybody wants to visit are made easily accessible, and a maximum of sight-seeing is made possible with a minimum of weariness. The charming and informing book before us shows this so far as storied regions of Greece and the Aegean Islands are concerned. Those who have visited that classic region will live over the joys of their journeys without fatigue or fleas or fees in reading this book and will probably learn much that they did not know while there; those who intend visiting Greece and its islands will find this a fine book to study in preparation for intelligent travel, doubling the value of their days when there, and may use it as a trustworthy guidebook; while in many a reader it will kindle or quicken a desire to taste for himself the actual enjoyments to be found in seeing the ruins of ancient, the life of modern Greece, and the scenes of both. The author has not loaded his book with hackneyed stuff, nor kept to main-traveled roads, but describes many less familiar places and the sites made significant by recent excavations and discoveries.